PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY 1984

INSIDE OCCUPIED POLAND: UNIQUE IMAGES OF A DYING LAND

MEDIA MALICE: HOW THE AMERICAN PRESS DUM[illegible] ON ISRAEL

FAMOUS CRIMES: HOW TWO COPS SOLV[illegible] THE "MURD[illegible] AT THE MET"

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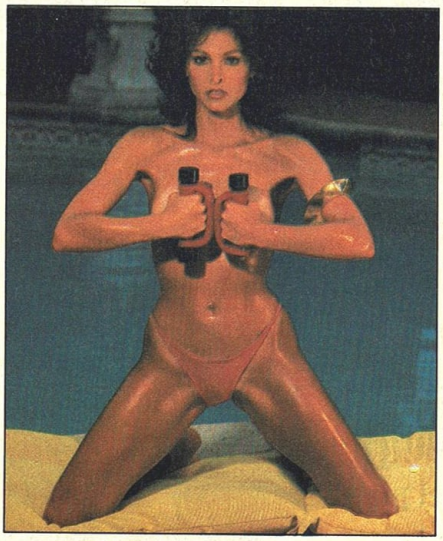

This month's cover features Debbie Zullo who was photographed by Hank Londoner with a Nikon F3 camera, a Nikkor 80-200 zoom lens, and Kodachrome 64 film. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 181.

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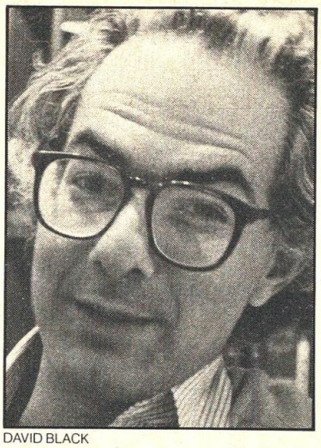

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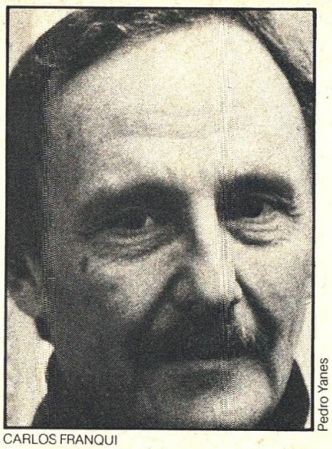

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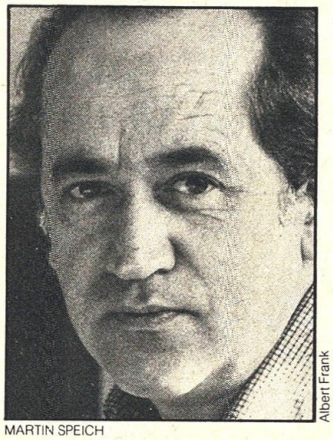

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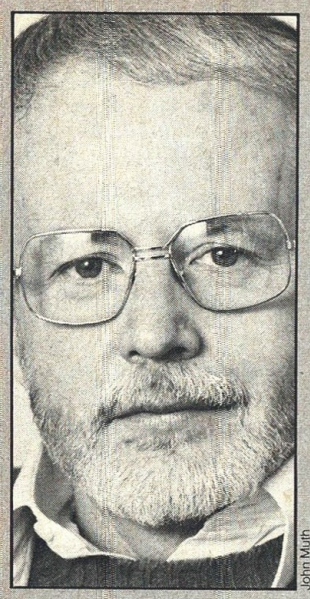

John Muth

JOE FLAHERTY IN MEMORIAM

Joe Flaherty, whose tragic and untimely death of cancer last fall deprived America of one of its outstanding journalists and novelists, was a longtime close and good friend to those of us who worked with him at *Penthouse*. Over the years, his articles and interviews were always among the magazine's literary highlights, but–perhaps even more important–Joe's no-nonsense, streetwise approach to life, combined with his unfailing good humor and camaraderie, proved to be a continuing inspiration and delight. We will always love and remember Joe for the gusto with which he enjoyed life and the incredible courage with which he faced his death. We were proud and happy to print an excerpt from his triumphant final novel, *Tin Wife*, in last month's issue, and we know that Joe's wife and family will take solace in the fact that he will live on forever in his wonderful writing and in the hearts of those who knew and loved him.

HOUSECALL

The crime was horrible and sensational–an ideal tabloid headline-maker with enough meat to become an international scandal. A beautiful young violinist had been sexually abused and then brutally hurled to her death from the roof of New York's historic Metropolitan Opera house during a performance of the Berlin Ballet. There were literally thousands of suspects, most notably Valery Panov, a glamorous Russian defector and ballet superstar. The dead woman had been on her way to talk to him when she disappeared, and rumors centering on either sexual or political intrigue–or both–quickly spread. It fell to two New York City police detectives–Mike Struk and Jerry Giorgio–to find the killer. **David Black**'s vivid account of how these two unlikely partners finally solved the crime is a gripping true-life police story that is more compelling than all the TV cop fantasies put together. "Murder at the Met" (page 52) is based on Black's forthcoming book of the same title, soon to be published by The Dial Press.

An equally compelling story, with much greater international significance, is **Carlos Franqui**'s terrifying account of "Castro's Worst Week" (page 66), an insider's view of how the Cuban dictator pushed the world to the brink of nuclear holocaust during the Cuban Missile Crisis. Franqui, who was director of radio-and-press services during the Cuban revolution, was one of Castro's closest advisers and this firsthand narrative includes exclusive new insights into the reactions of both Fidel Castro and Nikita Khrushchev to John F. Kennedy's bold decision to order the Russian missiles out of Cuba. Franqui himself finally left Cuba in 1968, sickened by the Russian domination of his homeland. The article is excerpted from his new book, *Family Portrait with Fidel*, which was translated by Alfred MacAdam and will be published by Random House.

As Carlos Franqui learned, the Soviets have a unique talent for the systematic acquisition and destruction of other people's countries, and nowhere in the world is this more obvious than in today's Poland. *Penthouse* sent its normally intrepid humor editor, **Bill Lee**, to Warsaw last year and his "investigative cartooning" dispatch "How Many Russians Does It Take To Screw Up A Country?" (page 124) is a deliberately unhumorous account of life in a land that has been politically and culturally fist-fucked to death. Even Bill's previous *Penthouse* assignments to cover Red China and Moscow did not fully prepare him to experience the devastation of an entire nation where, he writes, "there is no butter, no rice, no meat, and, as one young artist said, 'no hope, either.' "

Our interview this month is with one of the premier physicists in the world, **Dr. Edward Teller** (page 70). Teller, popularly known as "the father of the hydrogen bomb" (a title he disputes vigorously) has been spending his recent years working with President Reagan on a futuristic nuclear-defense system and establishing alternative forms of energy. His passionate belief in nuclear power has kept him shrouded in controversy, but as Teller insists in this interview with *Omni* editor **Pamela Weintraub** and German *Penthouse* Editor-in-Chief **Martin Speich**, the facts are on his side: "Nuclear power, from a health standpoint, is the safest source of energy we have. An automobile accident poses more of a danger. There is a paradox: That which is most safe is what we most fear." No matter what your position on this universally important issue, you won't want to miss reading Teller's informed opinions.

You'll also want to read this month's fiction, a chilling short story by **Jonathan Carroll**, called "Postgraduate" (page 98), as well as wine expert **Alexis Bespaloff**'s discussion (page 121) of the sensuous pleasures of fruit brandies aged to perfection; auto expert **Mike Knepper**'s close encounter with the brand-new Datsun 300 ZX (page 140), a revolutionary and impressive car for the '80s; and computer expert **Ken Uston**'s review (page 44) of the latest and best in portable computers.

Of course, the world's experts on the sensuous pleasures of breathtaking feminine loveliness are our own *Penthouse* Pets, whose beauty is revealed again in its evergreen and generous abundance...an appropriate Valentine Day gift for all.

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FEBRUARY

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

SMART ASS

I'm a student at a small eastern college and I never thought that I would be writing to you, but . . .

Last week I had an important midterm coming up and I knew that I would have to study for it. My roommate was out for the night, so I decided to stay in and do some necessary reading. I sat studying and taking notes until 9:30—the telephone did not ring. Nor was there a knock at the door. I didn't have to get up to answer it only to find some blond, brunet, or red-headed coed cheerleader who I had lusted after in physics class standing at the door in a flimsy nightie. Nor did I have to invite her in only to have her confess that she secretly lusted after me. She didn't grab my rampant nine-incher and force it down her throat. Following this, she didn't rip her clothes off and beg me to fuck her for hours on end. I didn't come in quarts, and when we weren't finished she didn't give me a little kiss on the cheek and promise to come back the next night with her girlfriend, one she "knew I'd like."

Instead, what happened was that no one interrupted me that evening. I studied until 11, had a beer, and went to bed. I rose early the next morning, showered and shaved, attended class, and took the midterm. My mark was an *A*. While I was in class, a sexy blonde ignored me.—*Name and address withheld*

CREAMED CORN

This past summer was devastating for our Iowa farmers. Perhaps some of them will take comfort in the knowledge that at least one person took pleasure in this year's crop. I'll explain what I mean. My husband had been away on an extended business trip and I was bored. My vibrator was disappointing, so I made cold cucumber soup with my favorite vegetable "friend," but soon he wilted from overuse. I knew then that I needed a quick fix for my summer doldrums. Being a gardener, I had always wondered about the truth to the Iowan saying, "You can hear the corn growing on a still summer night." So, one night, after watering the tomatoes, I grabbed my camera bag and, with a cold brew in hand, hopped into my pickup and drove toward the splendid sunset in search of an answer.

I headed west into this colorful scene, my sun-streaked hair blowing in the warm wind, and turned onto a rough gravel road. Under my white flimsy top, my breasts danced and I began to play with my pussy lips as I drove along. After about a half a mile, I turned off onto a small road that led into a cornfield. Once I was outside, I noticed that the corn towered three feet above me. The dust from the road was settling in the hot Iowa twilight, as I reached up to grab the nearest ear of corn. Unfortunately, it turned out to be only about seven inches long; a product of the drought. Not discouraged, I turned and parted the tall stalks and plunged into the field. After crossing four rows, I spotted the perfect one. He stood there, bathed in the pink glow of the sunset—fourteen glorious inches. He wasn't an easy catch—I had to work hard to pull him off the stalk. I shucked him lovingly, being quite careful not to destroy his abundant silk.

With my new love, I settled down onto the warm soil between the rows. The feel of the warm earth on my smooth, suntanned body was quite sensuous. I wriggled out of my shorts and top, lay back, and looked skyward—toward the darkening sunset. A lone star blinked a coy, understanding wink.

I dangled the ear of corn over my breasts and let the corn silk brush my sensitive nipples. In anticipation, I spread my legs until my knees touched the cornstalks on both sides of me. The corn was still warm from the afternoon sunshine as I pushed it along the slippery walls of my pussy. Each kernel felt like a little finger as it passed over my aching clit. I breathed deeply as I inched my throb-cob into my juicy hole. I circled him wildly and came with a glorious crescendo. During my last quivers of climax, I can remember thinking "And to think this year's crop was a disappointment!"

Afterward, I lay back, panting on the dark soil, and let the ear slip gradually from my cunt. A few minutes later, I walked to my truck with my dusty lover in hand; a souvenir to help me through the winter blizzards.

As for the validity of the statement, "You can hear the corn growing," well I completely forgot to listen. But I will make a point of returning next summer to check it out!—*Name and address withheld*

A JOHN ENCOUNTER

His name is John. The first time I met him he was just another guy at work. And where I work that means boring. I'm employed at a government research-and-development facility, where 80 percent of the employees are engineers and barely know what a woman is. I figured him for a management type, because he had on a three-piece suit and shiny wing-tip shoes.

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He was conducting a tour of the plant for new employees, and I was on the tour. He was very cute but very straight, and barely smiled the whole time.

Over the next three months, I saw him many times in the hall, but he barely acknowledged my presence, although I got the feeling that he thought I was attractive. Well, he better have—I'm five foot eight, with long, thick blond hair and a sexy, slender build. I finally decided that if I was going to get to him, I'd better make the move. Apparently he had either no interest in or intention of initiating contact.

I got my chance one afternoon when everyone had gone home. I was working late, finishing up a project, when he walked by my desk. He must have been the only person in the building. I saw him turn into the men's room, and after mustering all the courage I could, I followed him in. When he saw me, he smiled. "What's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this," he asked, winking as he did.

"I don't remember saying I was a nice girl," I replied.

"Well, what kind of a girl are you?" he asked.

"Let me show you," I said.

Without another word, I moved over to him and kissed him. It was a long, sexy kiss, with lots of tongue. While we kissed, he reached between us and unbuttoned my blouse, exposing my small, yet lovely, tits. My larger-than-normal nipples gave away my thoughts, as they darkened in color and the tips hardened in his hand. Still kissing, I reached down and opened his pants, wanting to feel his cock. I was surprised at how thick it was. It wasn't especially long, but I couldn't even get my hand all the way around it. I wanted more than anything to feel it split me in two.

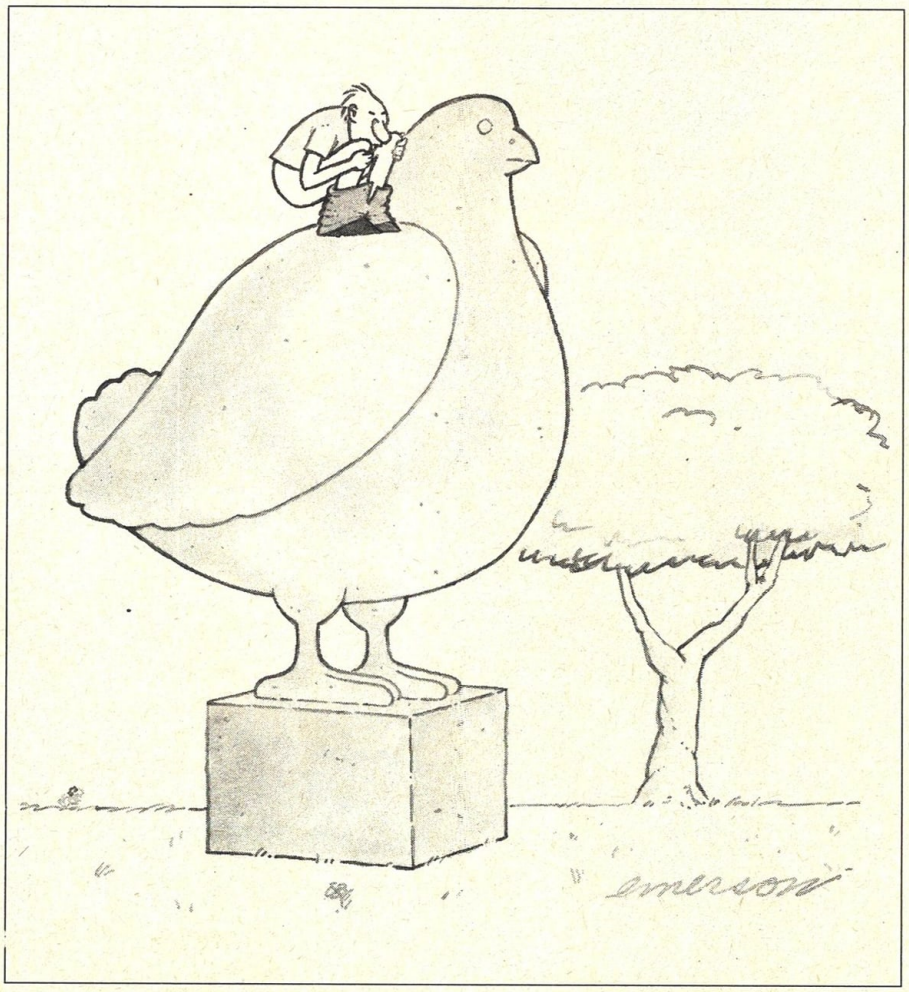
He sat me up on the sink counter and got down on his knees in front of me. Lifting my skirt, he began kissing the inside of my thighs. I inched forward to meet his tongue, and when we met, he promptly worked my clit. Lightning chills worked up my spine. He alternated licking, sucking, and biting until I thought I would explode. I was bouncing up and down in rhythm with his tongue as he pinched my love button between his tongue and his teeth. I moaned louder and louder, faster and faster, as he brought me nearer to the edge. Suddenly he doubled the speed of his little bites and over I went. I screamed and squirmed, trying to get away from his magical tongue and teeth, but he held me tight and kept me at the very edge of consciousness. Then, at the very top, I threw my legs around his head and squeezed his face deep into my crotch, letting myself go. My orgasm seemed to last for hours. I'd never had an experience like it in my life. Finally, sensing that I needed a break, he backed off, slowly kissing the insides of my thighs until he reached my knees. Then he separated from me, allowing me to regain my senses.

After his magnificent performance, I figured I'd better return the favor. I turned him around and, pushing him up onto the same counter where I had just been, I took his big, thick dick in my hands. I slowly massaged the length of it, up and down, in slow strokes. I took his balls in the palm of one hand and kneaded them gently while I continued to stroke his cock with the other hand. Then I got down on my knees and moved my head to the top of his giant organ. It was almost as big as my fist, but I had no trouble getting all of it into my mouth. I worked over the head and ran my tongue around the ridge. Keeping my mouth as wet as I could, I sucked and licked the head of this monster and could feel it throb. I tried to take more of the cock into my throat, but it was just too big. I've been able to take long cocks down my throat before, but this one was different. Just the head of it seemed to fill my mouth, so I concentrated my efforts on it. It was obviously okay with him, because he just leaned back with his eyes closed and smiled. Occasionally, I ran a wet tongue down the seam on the underside, down to his balls, and when I did, he moaned softly. But I always returned to the throbbing head. It got darker and darker, and his breathing got deeper.

Then I began to alternate long licks up and down the underside with wet slurps over the head. His hips started to grind up and down, and he gently held my head close to him. With both my hands clenched firmly around the base of his cock, I began sucking harder at the swollen end, making wet, sloppy noises and moaning deep in my throat. Suddenly his hips started bouncing up and down on the counter, and he grabbed the back of my head, pulling me closer to him. He began to moan, and in between hard breaths I heard him whispering the word *fuck* over and over, faster and faster, until his cock started to quiver. Then, his body stiffened and he started to shoot hot come into my mouth. Eventually, the flow stopped, but his cock stayed stiff. "Now we're going to finish it," he said.

He led me into one of the stalls and sat down on the toilet seat. His enormous rod was still pointing toward the sky, and he pulled me onto his lap, guiding the wet member into my waiting cunt. This was the moment I had been waiting for from the time I first saw his monster tool. From the size of it, I expected pain. What I got was the most exquisite feeling I'd ever had. It slipped in so easily that I thought I was made for his cock. As he rocked me up and down, I felt it against the sides of my cunt, rubbing the lips with each stroke. It was so big that I could feel the pressure hard against my clit, and I started to come almost instantly. As we rocked together, our breathing found a common rhythm, and we came in moments, moaning loudly in each other's ear and holding on to each other for dear life.

For several minutes we sat there, joined



High Tech vs. High Fashion

If you've been wrestling with a decision whether to buy a high tech watch or a high fashion watch—you can relax. Casio, the world leader in digital watches, has just introduced a line of watches that combines high tech with high fashion. A line of men's and women's watches, behind whose timeless, classical faces hum the latest in quartz movements.

The men's watches, besides their hands, have a digital readout that can be set separately—handy for time-telling in two zones. It also gives you the month, date and day, as well as stopwatch and alarm functions.

What's more, several of our men's watches—like the one on the left in the photo above—are guaranteed to function underwater—to a depth of 150 feet.

Our selection of women's watches is wide, elegantly thin and all are as stunningly accurate as they are good looking.

But the most amazing ability these watches have—both men's and women's—is their affordability.

If we've made your decision of which watch to buy any easier, we're glad. But now comes an even harder one: Which Casio?

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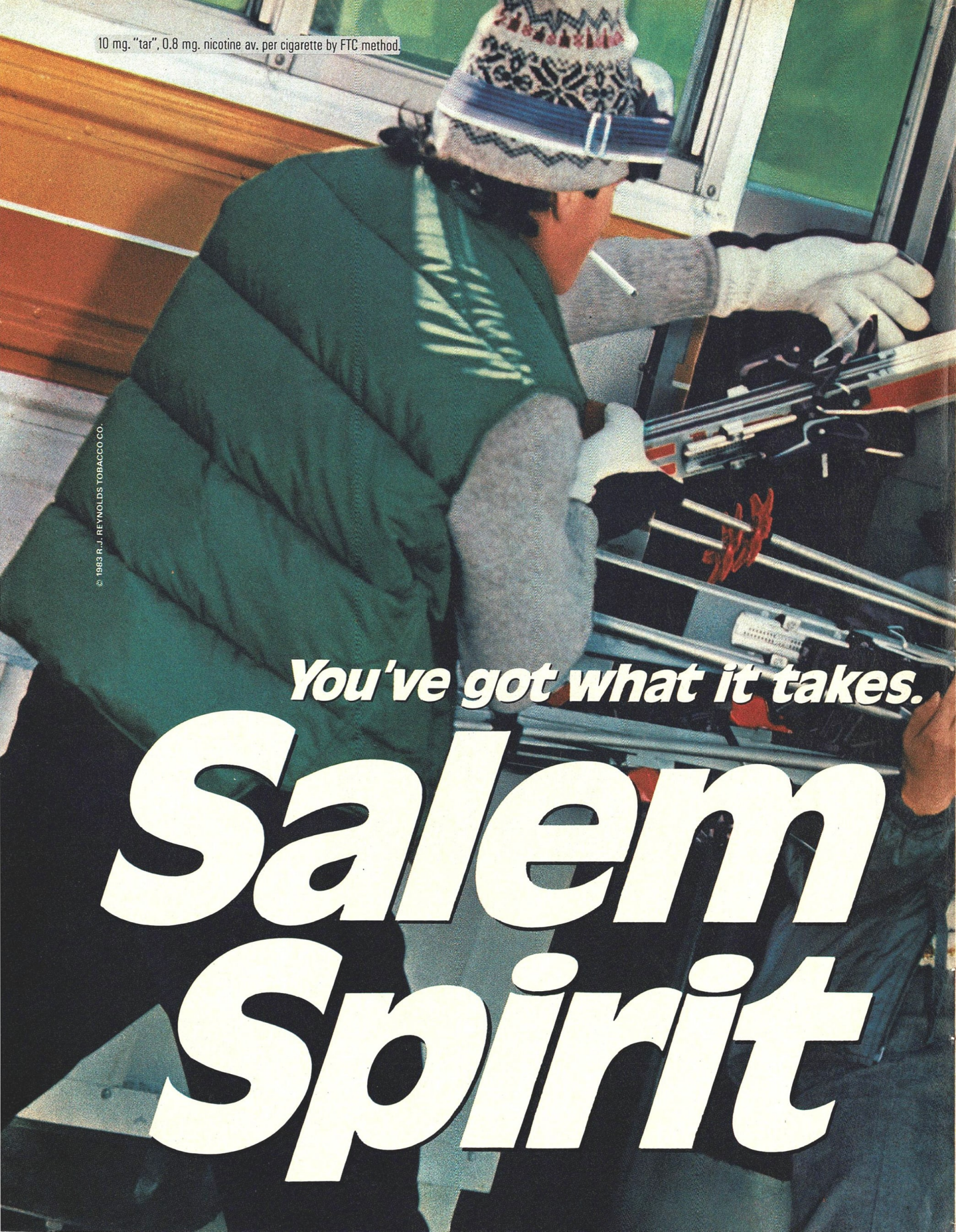
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together, and let our hearts and breathing return to normal. "So that's the kind of girl you are," he said. "Do you often follow men into the men's room?"

"First time I've ever done it," I said, exhausted.

"Lucky me," he said. "What did I do to deserve this?"

"Nothing special," I replied. "I just wanted to meet you."

"You could have just said 'Hi' in the hallway," he said.

"Well, it wouldn't have been as much fun," I said coyly.

"I don't know," he said. "Maybe we can try it in the hallway sometime."

We haven't done it in the hallway yet, but we have done it in some pretty funky places. But the men's room will always be special.—*Name and address withheld*

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING

Recently, a girlfriend of mine came crying to me about the unusual demands her husband had been making on her—specifically, wanting her to screw around much more than she wanted. She told me he wanted her to lay anyone he chose anytime *he* had the urge, plus go out and find it for herself so she could come home and surprise him. I could relate to her problems, as I had gone through about the same thing. I informed my friend of the way I had handled things. She tried it, and it worked for her, too. What we basically did was to enjoy sex more than our husbands wanted us to. I'll tell you how I did this and how I have grown sexually from it.

My husband and I had been into swinging casually for about three years. I didn't really care for it, but since I wanted to please him, I went along. I also had engaged in a few flings on the side, which I enjoyed. After a while, swinging with couples became a bore for Phil, but he still loved to watch another man banging away at my box. We had a few threesomes, and a couple of times he hid and watched as I screwed another guy. I didn't really mind this, but he became obsessed with me being screwed! I encouraged him to find another sex partner to get his kicks, but he wouldn't. He said it had to be me. I had to be the one getting fucked.

I put up with his nagging and pushiness for two years. During this time we had a few threesomes and I would go out with a guy alone once in a while, get screwed, then come home and rub my freshly fucked, come-soaked pussy all over his face. He loved to eat me after I had been screwed; the more come, the better.

Soon I tired of it and wanted to get back to my occasional private flings. I was trying to figure out a scheme to change things when Phil, unaware of what he was doing, told me how to do it!

We were involved in a threesome when he made the remark, "I bet you could outscrew any man, even two or three." That night I did just that! The two guys couldn't stay up with me. I decided then that I was going to burn Phil out. I gave myself three months in which to accomplish my task, and accomplish it I did!

In ten weeks, I had screwed over 110 guys! At first, Phil liked the new me, but then things changed. I would come home fresh-fucked everyday. I would have photos and even videotapes of me screwing one to four guys at a time. I continually told Phil how much I loved getting fucked and it was all I cared about. In those ten weeks, I learned to enjoy sex more than I ever had before. (I think mainly because I was the one in control.) Phil no longer wants me to screw around, or at least doesn't ask me to anymore. I still tell him about the better fucks and the bigger cocks so he can fantasize about it. I even point out the guys I've fucked so he won't forget it was his idea. We now have a very good marriage, and I still have a few guys on the side that Phil doesn't know about.

This took place over two years ago and is still working for me. Every once in a while, I put on a videotape of my escapades just to keep my man aware of what could happen. Teasingly, I always ask him when we are going to get back into it again. I don't, however, think I will ever have to worry about it again. (Although I wouldn't be so quick to turn it down now!)

My friend went through this six months ago and says her problems seem to be solved too. She encouraged me to write to "Forum" and let other ladies know how we took control of our sex lives.—*Name and address withheld*

THE BEST CURE-ALL

This is an unforgettable summer experience. Since I am employed as the waterfront director at a boys' camp in New England, I have spent several nights alone in the bathroom satisfying my male needs. But little did I know that one of my fantasies would become a reality.

One sunny afternoon, during the camp's daily swim period, several campers were having trouble disembarking from the dock in a rowboat. Because I am director of the entire waterfront operation, it was my duty to assist the young skippers in launching their vessel. While rushing over to push the bow of the boat, one camper tried to swing the oar into place. Unfortunately, instead of the oar falling into the boat, the blade squarely struck my left gonad. I screamed in a tone three octaves higher than my normal baritone voice and doubled over, nearly passing out from the excruciating agony. My fellow staff members rushed to my aid and carried me to the infirmary. It was here that my dreams began to unfold.

The nurse on duty, Jonelle, is a petite blonde with golden-brown skin, long slender legs, and a cute little ass that has been the object of many a counselor's desire. When she saw the location of my injury, a flirtatious grin flashed across her wet, sparkling lips. She then directed my res-

"Look, I'm the doctor here . . . I said stick out your tongue!"

ST/O/P

Digital Processor Circuitry

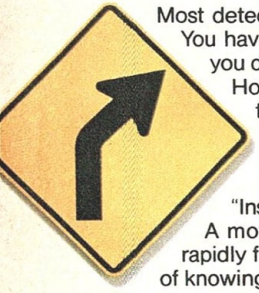
RADAR REPORTER

If you're the sort who notices legends in the making, you've seen what car magazines have been saying about ESCORT. "**All things considered, the ESCORT is the best piece of electronic protection on the market,**" concluded *Car and Driver.*

Subtle Meaning

"Protection" is the word to remember. It means *more* than just long distance warning. Our superheterodyne circuitry finds radar—wherever it may be hiding. But the key to ESCORT's industry-leading protection is the *way* in which it warns you.

Red Alert



Most detectors simply sound an alarm. You have to go on full alert, because you don't have enough information. How close is the radar? Just over the hill, or a mile away? Is it ahead or behind? X band or the insidious K band?

And how is it being used? "Instant-On" from a stationary trap? A moving radar unit approaching rapidly from ahead? You have no way of knowing.

Advantage ESCORT

ESCORT gives you the full report on radar. Upon radar contact, the alert lamp responds and the analog meter shows radar signal strength. At the same time, you will hear an audio warning—pulsing slowly when the radar is weak, quicker as it strengthens, then constant as you approach close range.

ESCORT even uses a separate warning tone for each radar band. "Beep" for X band, a more urgent "brap" for K band because you have less time to act. And always, there is the meter for quick visual verification.

ESCORT tells you everything you need to know about radar encounters, while other detectors leave radar an unsolved mystery.

Whom Can You Trust?

Another problem with most detectors is false alarms. They sound off so often you're never sure if it's radar or something else. And recently the problem got even worse.

Some short-sighted marketers began importing cheap detectors from overseas. But these units had a slight problem. They *transmitted* radar signals on both radar bands, setting off all detectors for up to a mile away.

We quickly responded with ST/O/P™ (STatistical Operations Processor), special digital circuitry to recognize and reject these spurious signals. With ST/O/P, ESCORT does not report on fellow travelers.

Only on radar.

User Friendly

And when the warning does come, it's in a friendly voice. The audible warning is the same frequency used for Morse code (1024 Hz). And a fully adjustable volume control lets you set the level—ESCORT can cut through a Ferrari's interior noise, or leave a resting passenger undisturbed. Even the alert lamp is carefully thought out. It's bright enough to be seen in direct sunlight, but is automatically dimmed during nighttime radar encounters.

A quick glance at the red LED assures you that ESCORT is on, and a City/Highway switch optimizes performance to either condition. All of this packaged in a low-profile aluminum case only 1½ inches high and 5¼ inches wide so you can have it, but not flaunt it.

The Bottom Line

It's easy to try the ESCORT system at no risk. Just dial our toll-free number; we're only a parcel delivery away. Take the first 30 days as a test. If you're not absolutely satisfied, we'll refund your purchase and pay for the postage to return it. We also back ESCORT with a full one-year limited warranty on parts and labor.

ESCORT will take the mystery out of radar. So order today.

It's Easy

By Phone: Call us toll free. A member of our sales staff will be glad to answer any questions and take your order. (Please have your Visa or MasterCard at hand when you call).

CALL TOLL FREE. . . . 800-543-1608
IN OHIO CALL. 800-582-2696

By Mail: We'll need to know your name and street address, daytime phone number, and how many ESCORTs you want. Please enclose a check, money order, or the card number and expiration date from your Visa or MasterCard.

VISA MasterCard

ESCORT. $245.00
Ohio residents add $13.48 sales tax.

Speedy Delivery

If you order with a bank check, money order, credit card, or wire transfer, your order is processed for shipment immediately. Personal or company checks require an additional 18 days.

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accessories and
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refinements of
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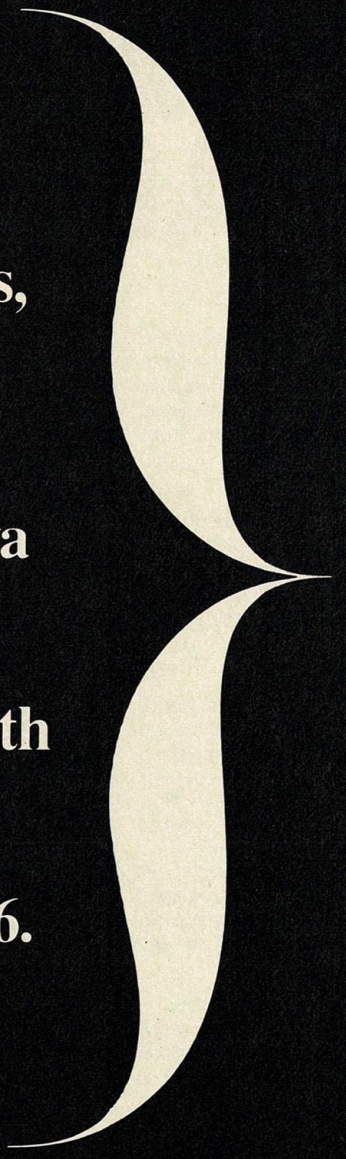
and Bronica
into one camera
you'd still end up with
a camera that
falls far short of
the new Rollei 6006.



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Introducing the next 10 years in medium format photography: The New Rollei 6006.

The Rollei 6006 is the only medium format camera in the world with interchangeable magazines using a revolutionary built-in darkslide . . . not the usual separate slide so often lost. The magazine is fully interlocked to prevent removal if the darkslide is not in place. Or shooting if the darkslide is in place.

The Rollei 6006 is the only medium format camera in the world that provides off-the-film flash exposure control. A special silicon sensor measures the flash light reaching the film plane and relays the information to the flash computer.

The Rollei 6006 is the only medium format camera in the world with a film transport motor fast enough to shoot sequences at speeds up to 1½ frames per second.

The Rollei 6006 is the only medium format camera in the world that's fast enough, friction and stress free enough to make ten exposures per second on a single frame.

The Rollei 6006 is the only medium format camera in the world that provides true integrated exposure automation with shutter speed priority. Exposure times from 1/500 to thirty seconds (the widest range of any medium format camera), are electronically generated in the camera.

The Rollei 6006 is the only medium format camera in the world with totally electronic lenses and the resultant advantage of consistant, reliable performance never possible in mechanically activated lenses.

New interchangeable magazine design includes built-in darkslide that among other benefits prevents accidental removal of an open magazine.

The Rollei 6006 is the only medium format camera in the world in which stray light entering through the finder is compensated for electronically.

The Rollei 6006 is the only medium format camera in the world with a built-in port that provides supplementary access to the micro-computer for even greater exploitation of the electronics system.

The Rollei 6006 is the only medium format camera in the world with both left and right hand shutter release.

The Rollei 6006 is the only medium format camera in the world offering total compatibility with the complete Rollei SLX system, including the only Zeiss lenses in the marketplace with exclusive Rollei HFT coating.

In short, the Rolleiflex 6006 is a stunning example of contemporary electronic control. Functions such as aperture setting, shutter speed, film transport, frame counter, mirror release and prerelease, over- and underexposure signals, power management, stray light compensation, and film advance both at the beginning, and winding off at the end are governed by an integrated process computer acting through linear motors in the lenses and a high performance drive motor. For more information, explanation and demonstration of the operating characteristics and system applications which make the Rollei 6006 the most incomparable camera of its time, we invite you to see your Rollei dealer, or write for product technical reports.

Inexpensive, pre-loadable film inserts make changing film simple and fast.

The finder of the Rolleiflex 6006 shows five color-coded LED's indicating correct exposure, under- or overexposure, and low battery condition.

Dedicated automatic flash units are available to provide precisely metered light.

Rollei
fototechnic

The fully electronic Rollei 6006 benefits both from the superior quality of the 6x6cm image size and from the technical advances of 35 mm. Simply stated it is the most advanced roll film camera system in the world.

BERKEY PHOTO

Berkey Marketing Companies, 25-20 Brooklyn-Queens Expwy, Woodside, N.Y. 11377

cuers to the examination room, where they laid me on the cot and left me in the care of this desirable sister of mercy. I quickly forgot all about the pain when I noticed the seductive look that appeared in her eyes as she slowly and gently removed my swim trunks. She began to explain the procedure for nursing the genitalia back to life. In a soft voice, she told me that she would have to massage my scrotum to relieve the pressure and slowly ran her wet tongue across her cherry red lips. She knew exactly how to relieve a masculine ache.

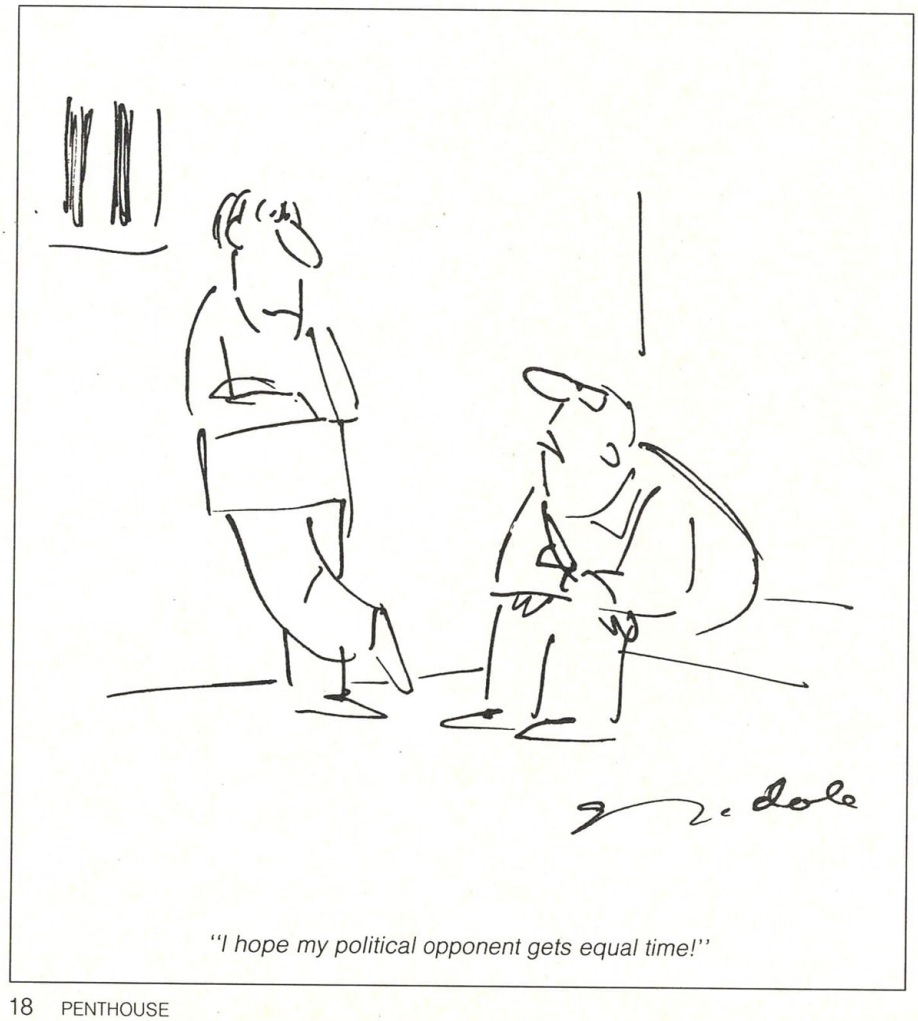
To our mutual delight, as one swelling subsided, a new one began, indicating that my injury had not threatened my future fatherhood. Suddenly she began stroking my impressive ten-inch torpedo. Staring trancelike at my one-eyed trouser snake, she slipped her free hand down her white nurse's uniform and began to massage her massive buoys, bringing her quite round nipples to full erection. Suddenly the head nurse entered the room to check on my injury. The three of us were suddenly startled, and my erection began to subside. To my surprise a horny little grin danced across her face. I guess it had been a long, lonesome summer for all of us who work at camp.

Lydia, the head nurse, staring at my once-again throbbing penis, slipped quickly out of her hospital shirt and high-riding cutoffs and seductively moved toward Jonelle and I. Jonelle licked her wet lips and began gliding her tongue up and down my swollen shaft. In two shakes, I exploded in her mouth in utter ecstasy. Lydia, who was now rubbing her entire body, enjoyed watching my delight. After Jonelle licked up every drop, Lydia strode over to the examining table and began thrusting her steamy hot surprise onto my waiting tongue. She began feeling her soft, well-groomed pussy—moaning each time she thrust down on my face. I greedily lapped up all her love juices as they ran down her golden thighs. Her intense wetness indicated it had been a long summer for her as well. She screamed "Give me more!" as her back arched and she experienced what seemed to be multiple orgasms. Next, they told me that they wanted to take turns fucking me: Each would have ten thrusts each and then it would be the next person's turn. The penalty for going over ten strokes would mean skipping a turn. Lydia told me to be the judge and whoever felt better would get to have me up their ass hole. We all agreed to the contest. Jonelle went first. In order to win, a certain amount of foreplay and dramatics was needed. Jonelle danced around the room, shoving her dripping pussy at my face and sliding her abdomen up and down my tongue. Next, she began to purr softly as she rubbed my dick between her golden-brown tits. Each time the tip of my dick brushed against her chin, she would lick the head of my shaft and at that same time gently squeeze my tightening blue balls. Jonelle then decided it was time for her judgment to begin. Lydia looked on curiously, as Jonelle started slowly downward, moaning until all ten inches were inside her. She then acted as if she were possessed, pumping me so furiously that Lydia had to slow her down.

Lydia told Jonelle that it was her job to watch over the infirmary and to get lost. Jonelle understood. She got up, dressed, gently kissed me, said that she hoped that I felt better, and left. Lydia came over to me and said it was time to receive my prize. She began by kissing my entire body, and told me that she had to satisfy her own desires in her room as well. The thought and sight of seeing a girl masturbate totally excited me beyond my wildest imagination. As Lydia performed before me, she said it was time to satisfy her wanton love canal. She took in all of my ten inches and looked as if she could have taken more. Slowly she went up and down and twisted from side to side. As she reached her tenth thrust, I screamed, "Don't stop!" I bounced up and down on the bed, matching her every thrust. Suddenly, we pulled ourselves tightly together and climaxed. As our palpitating heartbeats subsided, we pulled our sweaty bodies apart. "Now, how about that reward?" she asked. I told her to run to the supply room and get some lubricating jelly. Lydia was back in no time. She told me that she had never tried butt-fucking but that her roommates at school had told her it was great. I instructed her into a sixty-nine position and told her I would apply the jelly and slowly insert my fingers up her ass to loosen her tightness.

After fingering her well lubricated anus, I positioned her on her knees on the bed and instructed her to hold on to the bed rails as I entered her. I slid my tip in and told her to rub her clit at the same time to enhance the feeling. Inch by inch I slid and twisted inside Lydia's ass hole. Her ass hole felt so tight! I slid in faster and faster. Then she arched her back, grabbed the bed rail, and yelled, "Camp forever." I began to come, spurting steamy-hot come inside her now experienced ass.

After Lydia and I had finished, we both agreed that we have never experienced anything quite like it. Lydia let me rest in the infirmary and in the morning came in to examine my swollen scrotum. I told her that I didn't think the redness was from the waterfront injury. She just giggled and walked out of the infirmary. Camp was not quite the same for Lydia, Jonelle, and I for the rest of the summer.—*Name and address withheld*



"I hope my political opponent gets equal time!"

AN ADORABLE DUO

I am a thirty-one-year-old male, living in a small town that thrives on stifling Midwestern values; so my style is somewhat cramped. Men are men, supposedly, and women are women . . . but not me. As I write this, I'm wearing a frilly lace corset

that's pushing up on my breasts. I'm also running my hands across the silky red panties that are wrapped around my waist and swollen cock—they are damp with pre-come. I'm wearing stockings over my shaved legs, and garters which are attached to my lovely corset. My feet look absolutely breathtaking in my new high-heeled shoes. It's a bit hard to write this letter, because after I put on my makeup (I just adore the eyeliner and shadow), I did my nails with a glossy burgundy-red polish. In a minute I'll be putting on my cocktail dress (it's blue and cut low in the back). Then my wife and I will go into the bedroom and fuck like two heated lesbians in mad, passionate love.

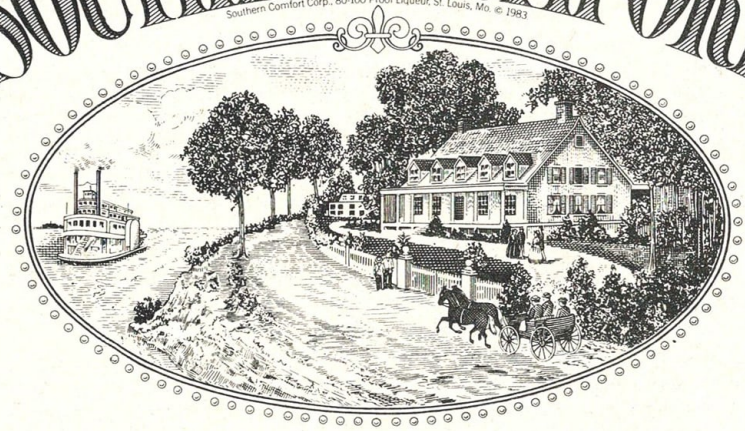
Phyllis didn't know about my desires to dress up until after we were married. I think she had a good idea, though, because every time she went out to buy lingerie and makeup I always insisted on coming along and helping her with her choices. One day, while we were in the women's section of a department store, she was looking at hose and garter belts and said, "Hmmm, I bet you'd look good in this." I only halfheartedly dismissed her statement. Soon she caught on—when I insisted she buy her undergarments one size larger. I'll never forget the time we were looking at sheer satin nightgowns in an exclusive, very expensive women's dress shop. She said, "I bet you'd like this," and, by some Freudian slip, I replied, "I'd love to wear something as nice as that." My bluff was called. She smiled knowingly, then led me through the pantyhose, makeup, and dress departments. She was always careful when asking what I liked, because clerks were never too far away. But I still about died from embarrassment, thinking everyone in the store knew about me, yet my cock was hard and eager.

I've just put on my silk full-slip. It's so soft and sexy! Why should women be the only creatures permitted to wear the soft, silky clothing? When I'm fully dressed and feeling absolutely stunning, I strut around the house in my dress and makeup, with everything else underneath, until my wife and I can no longer keep from making passionate love. Like I said before though, when I'm dressed to kill in my alluring attire, my wife insists I remain as feminine as possible. When we finally make it to our giant bed, I'm ordered to keep my mouth open while she furiously sucks on my rock-hard cock. Any girl knows that the only good come is warm come, so naturally, after I explode in her mouth, she doesn't swallow it, she kisses me and makes me eat my own love juice. Oh, I love it! Although I have no desire to make it with a man, I must admit that come is delicious. It should be served as a delicacy in the finest restaurants, I always say.

After the blowjob, and occasionally a good, hard fucking, my wife straps a dildo around her waist and rams it up my aching ass. Can you picture it, *Penthouse* readers? Doesn't it sound delicious? Although

SOUTHERN COMFORT

Southern Comfort Corp., 80-100 Proof Liqueur, St. Louis, Mo. © 1983



"The birch logs crackle in the fireplace. A little Southern Comfort in the coffee warms the spirit. Seems like a good time to count my blessings. Especially the very pretty one sitting next to me".

COMFORT & COFFEE

Hot black coffee (regular or chicory). 1 oz. Southern Comfort. Sugar (to taste). Whipped cream (optional). Pour Southern Comfort into mug of steaming black coffee. Sweeten to taste. Garnish with whipped cream.

COMFORT CAKE

Cake 1 18½-oz. Duncan Hines Yellow Cake Mix. 1 3¾-oz. pkg. Instant Vanilla Pudding Mix. 4 eggs. ½ cup cold water. ½ cup cooking oil. 1 cup chopped pecans or walnuts. ½ cup Southern Comfort. Glaze ⅛ lb. butter or margarine. ⅛ cup water. ½ cup granulated sugar. ¼ cup Southern Comfort. Combine cake ingredients in large bowl; beat at medium speed for 2 minutes. Pour into greased and floured 10-inch tube or 12-cup bundt pan. Bake at 325° for 1 hour. Set on rack to cool. Invert on serving plate. Prick top immediately; drizzle and brush half of glaze evenly over top and sides. Reserve half of glaze. After cake has cooled, reheat glaze and brush it evenly over cake. To make glaze, melt butter in saucepan. Stir in water and sugar. Boil 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Remove from heat and stir in Southern Comfort.

For a free copy of Southern Comfort's newest recipe guide, please write to: Recipe Booklet, Dept. CB, Box 12427, St. Louis, MO 63132, or call toll-free: 1-800-325-4038.

I've gone through many pairs of pantyhose and dresses (they always end up stained), I absolutely love it.

No one knows about our sex life but us, and I hope it stays that way. But I think several of the girls in the women's stores are a bit suspicious, because my wife always buys half of the clothing in her size and half in mine. I've also gone out on my own to buy blush and mascara. "It's for my wife," I always say. "She's got to be at work in fifteen minutes and she's dressing now . . . she's absolutely adorable."—*Name and address withheld*

FORUM UPDATE

About one year ago, I wrote to you concerning my luck in meeting and making love to the most beautiful woman in the world. You printed my letter in your July '83 issue. Here's an update.

I am now a 40-year-old attorney in Southern California and am still making love with the same beautiful blonde whenever her husband's absence makes it possible. Our sex lives together are incredible. Our out-of-bed relationship is fantastic, too.

After our first night together (July '83 issue), she admitted to me that she had never had a climax with a man until she had fucked me. This revelation flattered me.

Recently I took her, her two children, and her housekeeper to a nearby resort for ten days. By 10 P.M. on our first night there we were alone in front of the blazing fireplace. She was wearing a very sexy black negligee that never fails to arouse me. But then again, she's so beautiful that if she wore an army poncho she would still turn me on.

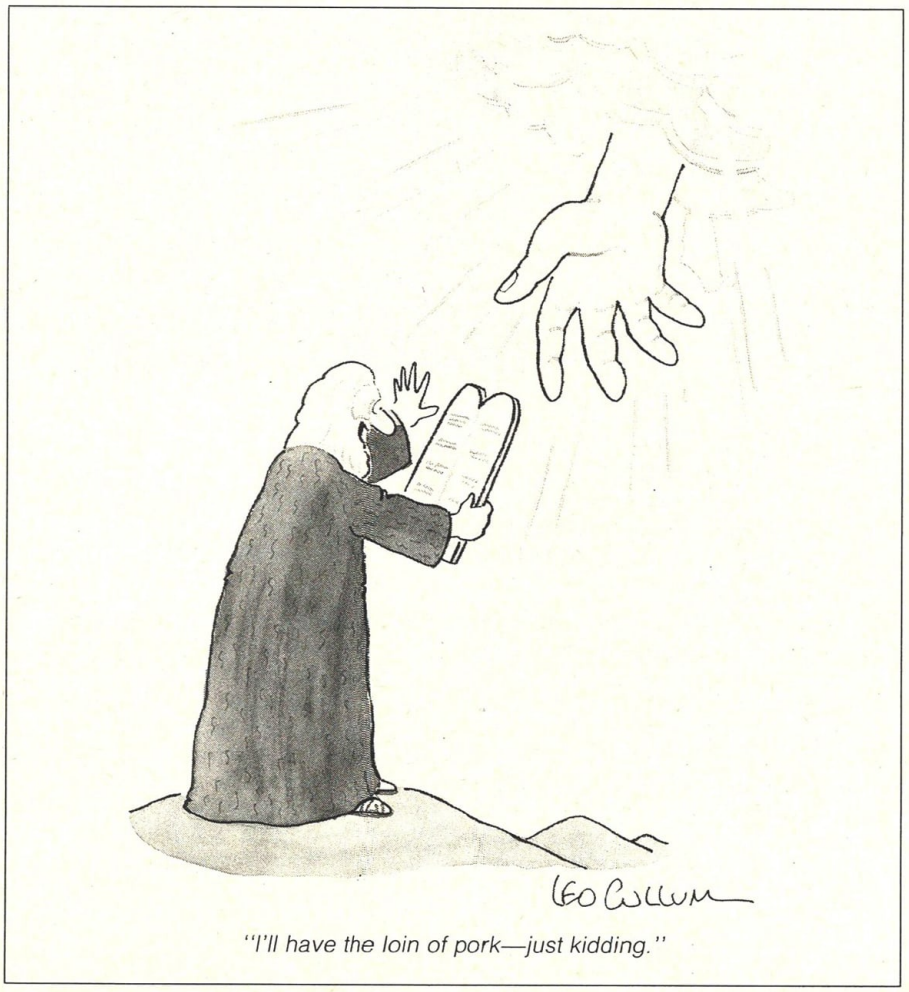
We small-talked and had a few drinks, and then I started kissing her eyes, forehead, lips, and neck. As I moved to her ultra-sensitive ears, I started to lightly stroke her cunt, never touching her clit. By the undulation of her hips, I knew she wanted more direct stimulation on her cunt. I opened her gown and started licking her nipples and sucking her tits and increased the rubbing of her cunt. She moaned, and I knew her first climax was not far off. Soon my hand stopped teasing and got down to some serious finger-fucking. She became incredibly aroused and begged for more, which I readily agreed to. I fingered her through three or four climaxes by alternately rubbing her clit, stroking her vagina, and penetrating her ass hole with my fingers. Finishing her off, I plunged one finger into her ass hole and one into her cunt. She screamed in ecstasy and came again.

Slowly I licked my way down her tummy to right above the bush. I licked around it, touching her ass hole all the while. I then nipped and sucked on her cunt lips until she came. I then had her roll over so I could work on her ass. I licked her hips, coming very close to her ass hole. She was humping her hips up and moving them, trying to get my tongue into her anus. I teased her some by avoiding her ass hole and got so hot from her squirming that I started on her ass hole by lightly licking and probing. God, is she tasty! Then I started stroking her clit with my thumb as I continued licking her ass. Just as she climaxed, I ran my tongue up into her ass hole. She screamed, bucked, and moaned, making it hard to keep my tongue up her ass.

She came numerous times that evening and was becoming almost hysterical from all of the climaxes. Delicately, she rolled over onto her back and said, "Please love me." I moved up to her beautiful, soaked cunt and slowly entered her. She has a wonderfully talented cunt that seems to gobble my cock like her mouth does. I savored each incredible inch as I sunk into her. I slowly started to pump her. I love to watch her face as she comes, and come she did; screaming, moaning, and arching her pelvis in an attempt to get more of my meat into her. She begged me not to stop, which was about the furthest thing from my mind. I stroked my cock into her rapidly and started to feel the come rising in my nuts. We came together, both of us screaming. I spurted gobs of come into her (she says she never lets her husband come in her unless he wears a rubber). Slowly I pulled out after marinating my cock in this lovely creature. Then I licked my come out of her.

Later she became aroused as I jacked off. She sucked my nuts while I pumped my cock. When I came, she caught all of the come in her mouth and drained my cock, not ceasing until it was limp. She then shared the come with me and let me lick it out of her mouth.

The next ten days were filled with loving. We are planning to marry, and before that I will be the lucky lawyer who does her divorce for her. Remember, if you are average-looking and see a real honey you want, go for it. You may get as lucky as I did.—*Name and address withheld*



"I'll have the loin of pork—just kidding."

BALD BALLS

I am a twenty-nine-year-old male, and for as long as I've had pubic hair I have trimmed it. It gets my rocks off just thinking about it. About a year ago, I was curious as to how long and bushy it would get if I didn't trim it (I cut it weekly to about one inch long). I let it go for a year and couldn't believe how thick and curly it got. I promised myself I wouldn't touch it until my birthday. Well, with my birthday one week away, I was getting pretty anxious. It had grown to almost five and a half inches long, and you could barely see my limp dick through it. I then decided not only to trim it but to shave it all off. I'd shaved once or twice before and loved it—I couldn't wait to do it again. My wife knew nothing of this. I thought I would surprise her. But guess again. What was about to happen was beyond my wildest dreams.

My birthday was on Saturday, and my

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wife and her friend were going to be out at the spa for two hours, giving me plenty of time to lather up and shave myself. With the house to myself, I set up a towel and a mirror on the floor of the bedroom. First, I slowly trimmed off the bulk of the crop. Then I lathered up and shaved myself clean. The feeling of the cold steel gliding over my abdomen, prick, and balls was almost too much to bear. I had a raging hard-on in no time—which made it easier to shave my dick.

When I was finished, I got up to shower, and guess who was standing there watching the whole thing: my wife and her friend Denise. Needless to say, as I stood there naked and completely smooth, I wasn't sure what to do next. I stammered out "Surprise!" for lack of anything else to say. Rachel (my wife) grabbed my hard-on and started jerking me off while Denise undressed, revealing a hair pie that went up to her belly button. Denise took over on my cock as my wife undressed. The scene began when both asked to be shaved! Let me tell you, shaving myself was fun, but shaving them was better!

In no time, there were three totally smooth crotches going at it like there was no tomorrow. It seems my wife caught on to my shaving plans and set the whole thing up.

I've been smooth for four years now, and while the threesome has never occurred again, Rachel and I have had some great hairless sex.—*Name and address withheld*

SAY SOMETHING DIRTY

Several years ago I enjoyed the sexual charms of a number of females. Several were colleagues, and the most memorable was my secretary, Violet. She and I had a yearlong affair during which we made love in my psychology office and at one another's home when our respective spouses were away.

Violet is a tall, slender, striking blonde with small, pert breasts, exquisite legs, and perhaps the most beautiful ass of our time. She possesses the most seductive and sensual voice I have ever heard, the eyes of a temptress, and, when it suits her, a most wicked smile. Many times a devastated male would stumble into my office and profess immediate love and passion for the lady he had only just met. She was a hell of a good secretary, too.

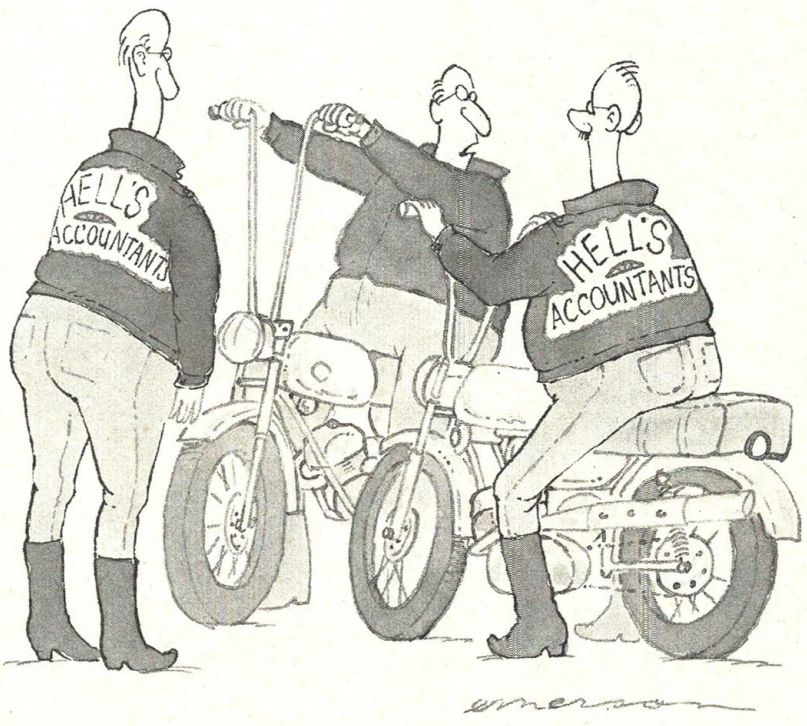
One summer night, when my wife had gone home for a vacation, Violet came over. After a few drinks and our usual quarrel, I carried her up the steps into my bedroom. She was soon out of her jeans and shirt and modeling for me. I snapped a couple of pictures of her partially nude and put the camera down. The tension from our quarrel was still in the air along with our ever-present contest for personal supremacy over the other. I again lifted her up, hot with lust, and threw her on her back onto my bed. I pulled her panties off roughly and stood looking down at her as I slowly unbuckled my own jeans and removed them. The tension, force of wills, and sexual lust between us was overpowering. As I lowered myself on top of her, she whispered in a very husky voice, "I hate you. I hate you." Our eyes were locked, and she pulled me down to her, kissing me with an unbelievable passion. We kissed for a long while and I began to roughly caress her body. Working down across her breasts and belly to her pubic area, I suddenly turned her over onto her stomach and rubbed my hands along her back, thighs, and ass.

I moved up to her neck, lifted her hair, and whispered to her, "tonight." My fingers were playing between her cheeks and occasionally one would enter her ass hole. A smile came over her face, "I somehow knew I was going to lose this to you tonight." Rising up onto my knees, I put my index finger into a jar of petroleum jelly and, spreading her cheeks, bent down and lovingly kissed her virgin ass hole goodbye. I slowly slipped my finger all the way into her rectum. I don't know who groaned loudest or with more satisfaction. My finger felt so good and looked so nice implanted in her bottom, I was hard put to pull it out, but I did. Telling her to relax, I placed my penis against her small, pretty opening. The first inch was surprisingly easy, but then she tightened up and the final push was slow and difficult. When fully embedded in her ass, I lay down on top of her to hear her moan, "Oh, God! Oh, God!" over and over. "It's beautiful, I feel so full!" We fucked slowly at first, then more energetically, with her ass coming up hard to meet my thrusts. A wicked smile was on her face.

I suddenly pulled out of her ass hole, pushed her over onto her back, and slammed my cock all the way into her sweet pussy with one thrust. Violet's face recorded her confusion at my leaving her ass and her pleasure at having me in her love hole. "Do you hate me now, babe?" I asked. "Say it to me—say, 'I hate you.' " "No, no, I love you," she cried. "Yes, you love me and you hate me for that, don't you?" I asked. "You're mine, Violet, mine—aren't you?" Her brown eyes stared straight into mine. "Yes. Yes. I belong to you, I'm your cunt."

Violet was fucking me hard now and kept saying she was my cunt. I continued to talk to her and have her repeat it to me. "Yes, fuck me. Fuck Violet's cunt with your cock," she screamed. "Fuck it hard. Fuck it till it hurts."

I turned her over on top of me and started pulling and pinching her little titties. We talked more. She told me how she would masturbate and fantasize that she was a princess at her court, sitting on her throne with only a robe on, and while everyone looked on, I would come in, throw my cape aside, open her robe, and fuck her with my big cock. The most exciting fantasy she shared with me, however, was



"Want to ride downtown and gang-audit somebody?"

when she said, "I want to eat Gladys's (my wife's) cunt. I want to suck and lick it while you fuck her ass hole. I do. I really will, you know." I whispered that I would pull out of my wife's ass hole just before I came and would shoot off on her ass and pussy and also watch it drip on her face. She said she would lick up all of Gladys's love juice and my come.

She continued to talk dirty as we fucked, until I was near coming and needed to concentrate. "Shut up, slut!" was all I could growl out. As I did, she shuddered in orgasm. I came in her hole a minute later.

At work the next day, she told me she was so sore she could barely sit down, but each little jab of pain brought the memory of the previous night to her mind; and that smile was still on her face.—*Name and address withheld*

WHAT A PAIN!

I have become a sadomasochist through knee surgery. I had a terrible ski accident, at the onset of the winter season and tore the ligaments in my knee. During my six-month rehabilitation period, I had to undergo hours of therapeutic manual manipulation of the knee. This grueling process entailed wrenching and pulling the knee this way and that in order to break the adhesions that were restricting the knee from reaching a 90-degree flexion. Pain played a major role in my rehabilitation, and as a result, I have not only built up a certain tolerance to pain, but have actually become totally dependent on it as an erotic stimulus.

In the first stages of therapy, I was taught various exercises and treatments that caused severe pain in the knee and upper-thigh region. Often, tears would well up in my eyes and my breathing would shorten. Surprisingly enough, however, as time went on, I found myself looking forward to my visits to therapy. These activities provided both relief from the dull throbbing in my knee and a heady sense of stimulation, similar to the sensational feeling immediately following sexual gratification. My knees would weaken, my blood circulation would increase, and a hazy flush would fog my head.

From my research, I've learned that it is a popular idea among both scientists and psychologists today that pain is an irrelevant response in the chemistry of the human body's nervous system. Therefore, it would be possible to build up a tolerance to pain if enough pain was generated into the body's nervous system over a period of time. My only concern is whether or not a person can develop a desire for pain as a necessary element of physical stimulation.

In the latter months of therapeutic manipulation, I noticed an incredible change occurring. As the therapist rendered the manipulation to my knee, a prominent degree of sexual arousal was evoked. Pain became no longer a derogatory term for an undesirable stimulus. Rather, it was a source for great sensation. Moans and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 176

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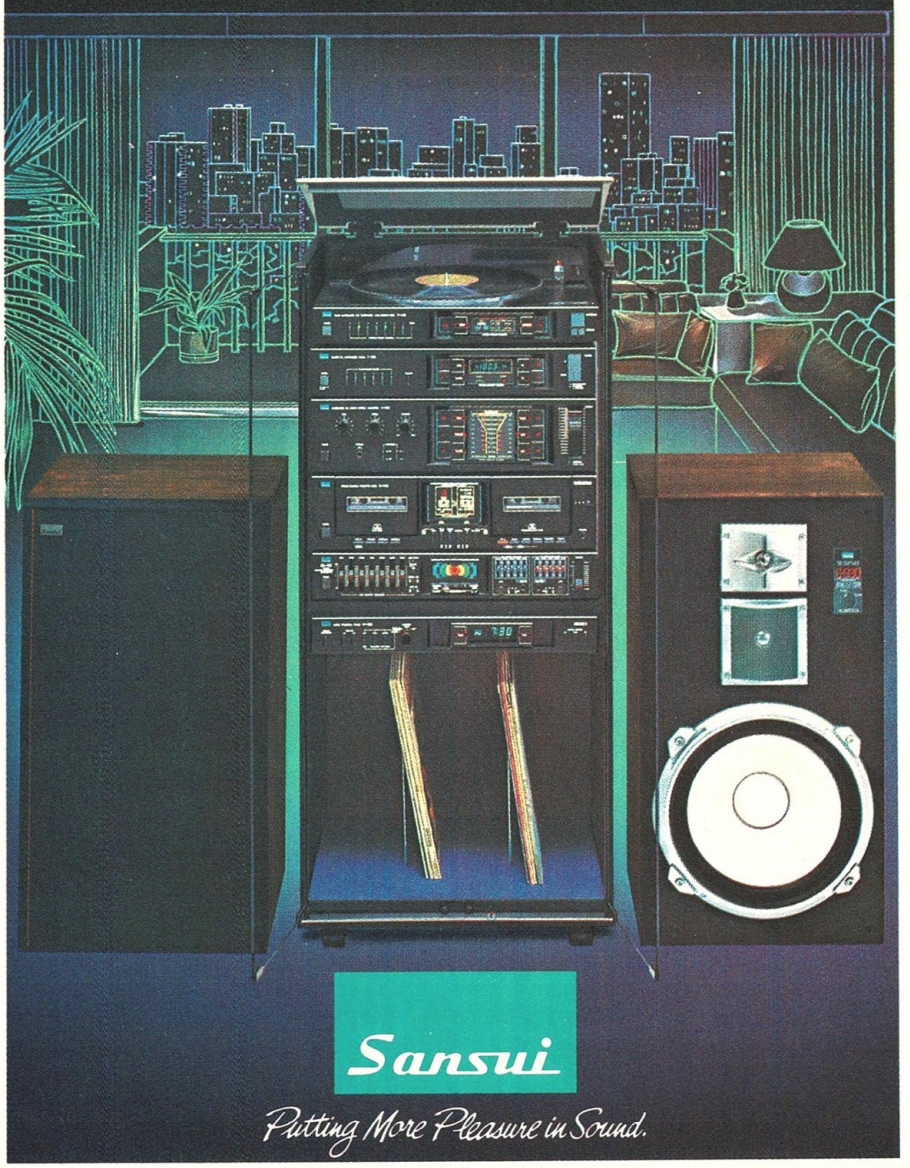

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MEN'S RIGHTS

"Your viewpoint on the visitation issue ignores the great social need for the children of this country to have strong relationships with their fathers as well as their mothers."

An open letter to the Honorable Mario Biaggi, Member of Congress, 19th Congressional District, New York, and a member of the House Subcommittee on Select Education:

Dear Mr. Biaggi:
Your recent efforts have been directed against the legal rights of men. On one occasion you stated: "One of our main purposes today is to examine the consequences associated with nonpayment of child support, including its relationship to child abuse." You continued: "Today in our nation the number of delinquent parents has risen to 21.3 million. Almost 55 percent of the women who are legally entitled to child-support payments are not receiving the full amount, and more than half are getting nothing at all." You then added: "The government is also cheated by the nonpayment of child support, as it is forced to spend more than $590 million a year to go after delinquent parents."

At a subcommittee hearing, you predicted congressional passage of a bipartisan bill that presents a variety of strategies to improve existing, woeful collection practices. These strategies include mandatory interception and withholding by both public and private employers of individual federal and state tax refunds until all back child-support obligations are satisfied. I understand that the legislative agenda calls for the Senate to consider the legislation in February 1984.

To fully comprehend your statements at the subcommittee hearing, I believe one must examine two other relevant matters. First, you sent a letter to one Daniel Dreiser (a copy of which I have) on August 25, 1983. It proves that you have an obvious bias against men. In your letter to Mr. Dreiser you said, "My efforts have been concentrated on those fathers who are delinquent on either all or part of their child-support obligations. I am fully aware of the fact that there are many other fathers in this nation who are supporting their children and who are honoring their child-support obligations. However, I believe that the issues of visitation and child support are completely separate, both legally and morally. Parents' responsibility to their children must be met whether visitation is awarded or enforced."

Your viewpoint on the issue of child visitation totally ignores the great social need for the children of this country to have strong relationships with their fathers as well as their mothers. There is a legal and moral relevance and importance to the issues of child support and visitation. The enlightened view is to grant visitation to a father even when he is unable to pay the child support ordered.

Second, your House Subcommittee on Select Education issued invitations to a few of the men's-rights organizations in New York State *on the day of the hearings*. Obviously, when one receives an invitation on the day of a hearing, one will probably be unable to rearrange schedules.

It is inconceivable to me that you, as an able legislator and respected, influential public official, would willingly participate in the deliberations of a legislative committee that exhibits gender bias. If testimony had been taken from opponents of your committee's child-support legislation, you would have learned that the proposed federal legislation infringes upon existing state divorce, alimony, and support laws. Every state grants discretion to trial judges to determine the amount of alimony and child support. These are clearly areas reserved for the states and not the federal government. The offer by your committee to grant a bounty—namely, not withholding federal welfare payments—to those states that punish nonpaying men is really an improper use of legislative power.

Your proposed legislation and, indeed, your own personal views are counterproductive, since they give no credence to the problems of men. I understand that the Federal Office of Child Support Enforcement last year spent more than $500 million to collect child support. Yet, the government did not spend one dollar to enforce visitation rights. The federal policy has been reflected by your double standard, and has no other purpose than to broaden the gender gap. It is indefensible for you to say that support and visitation are separate legal and moral issues when in fact they are profoundly interrelated.

I ask you to evaluate the following proposals: First reopen the subcommittee hearings, and second introduce federal legislation enforcing visitation orders. O+

BY SIDNEY SILLER

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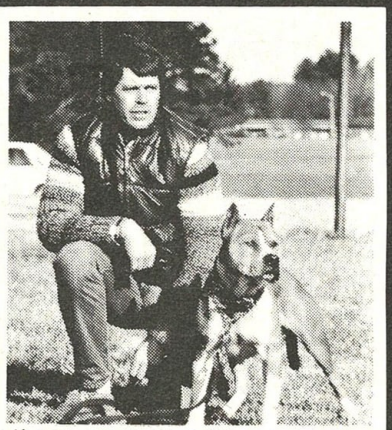

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

THE ENIGMATIC BOWIE

I thank you and Robert Palmer for the David Bowie interview in the November 1983 issue.

Interviewer and subject were well matched, and Robert Palmer never surrendered to the fashionable sin of oversimplifying the motives of this complicated artist. David Bowie seemed almost embarrassed by his symbolic life as a star, and his generous recognition of the influences in his work will bring him continued success.

That a man with such talent for mystery could be so courageous is something we might never know except through Robert Palmer.—*Patricia Dollard, Vancouver, B.C.*

KORDA ON STATUS

I greatly enjoyed the article "Status" [November 1983], by Michael Korda. I've been away from the status capital for a few years, but I've discovered that it's only the seekers that need status. Those who really have it don't need symbols! Liquidate assets to offset liabilities and I'm pretty certain that those with all of the symbols will have the least at the bottom line.

So, status seekers, don't be misled. If you've got it, you don't need it, and if you haven't got it, try working for it!—*Howard B. Middlewood, Jr., Harrison, Ind.*

I found Michael Korda's article most enlightening. However, he neglected to discuss the epitome of status: skipping Mr. Korda's how-to feature in favor of a *Penthouse* Pet pictorial because you already *know* you have it.—*Don Vaughan, Lake Worth, Fla.*

JUST TO SAY THANKS

In early November, a friend of mine called from Cincinnati and said that he had seen a picture of me and my invention, "The Civilizer," in the December 1983 issue of *Penthouse*.

I was so excited! I kept saying, "Are you sure? Are you sure it's me?" I thought he was kidding. I quickly ran out and bought *Penthouse*, and much to my surprise there I was in your delightful section "Hard Times."

I am very pleased with the entire presentation. The headline, "A Raging-Good Idea," was really great and the picture and write-up were equally wonderful.

I want to sincerely thank you for doing this for me. You see, I never dreamed at my age that I would ever be in *Penthouse* magazine.

Thank you again.—*Monya Scully, New York, N.Y.*

SILLER STIRS 'EM

Sidney Siller's "Men's Rights" [October 1983] column compelled me to examine why I have "accepted . . . in a passive way, [the] encroachments that women have made at men's expense." If passivity has characterized male response, then it has inevitably accelerated the legal inequities and inroads on male rights. I think this complacency is even more remarkable considering that generally any substantial social change is readily objected to, only if it is because it is change. In the present case, however, the rapid change is entirely logical for Western society. It is also tenaciously espoused by effective proponents, and their cause could potentially be taken up by at least half the population. And it no doubt will, eventually (as long as we don't return to a more "barbaric" existence where division of labor along sex-age lines is more necessary).

As in most cases of drastic social change, the desired evolution is not really the one that is demanded by advocates. People instigating dramatic ethical and legal changes must always demand much more than they hope to actually achieve—even to the point of appearing punitive or vindictive when compensation for past wrongs is asked for by way of reverse discrimination. Compromise is most likely the case when diametrically opposed forces collide, be they biological or social processes. The seeming reversal of the man-woman inequality is so alarming to some men probably because they are too impatient to wait for the attitudes of women extremists to become tempered by time and reality. It is the next generation of humanity who will enjoy the compromises that will have resulted. Indeed, at present it is not the best time to be a man.—*Steven Minta, Jackson, Wyo.*

I believe that for millions of years men and women were economically equal and shared their homes and their children. But the Industrial Revolution yanked men out of the home and isolated them from their children. Women were made prisoners in their own homes and children became their jailers—both were utterly dependent on men for support. Out of that grew a huge body of laws to protect women from the worst abuses from men that crept into the system. Support for wives and children is big in this law.

A revolt came into being, women fight-

ing for economic equality, men for family rights. When women began working again, employers' eyes lit up with dollar signs. "Hell, yes, we'll hire women! They got men supportin' 'em. They don't need *near* the wages."

I see it this way. *Penthouse* and Siller must get into fathers' custody rights or your readers will be a bunch of unnatural bums whose only interest in women is what they have between their legs. If you don't attack alimony, women's attorney fees, child support (blackmail), housing prejudice, job prejudice, religious prejudice, and social prejudice—suffered by divorced men—you will be driving fathers to become militants like me who run secret groups to help men snatch their kids and hide with phony ID's every time some SOB files a child-support-enforcement petition, usually without the mother's knowledge or consent. If you fail to support Women's Lib (not women's lip) in its demands for economic equality, you will alienate a tremendous number of women out there who want to support you but won't so long as you continue your antiwoman junk. As to lawyers? Who cares? They're just hired guns anyway.—*Eugene Austin, Orange, Calif.*

PIA'S ADORABLE

After viewing your October 1983 issue, I barely have enough control to write this letter. The stimulating pictorial of Pia Zadora was the most sensual layout I have ever had the pleasure to lay eyes on. Her pert young breasts and gifted thighs were tremendously displayed by the talent of Bob Guccione. With the success of two heavenly movies and two flawless albums behind her, Pia capped it all by appearing in your magazine. Keep up the good work.—*Mark Chaney, Orlando, Fla.*

If there is a sexier or more beautiful woman in the world than Pia Zadora, I'd give my right arm to see her. Thank you *Penthouse* and Pia!—*Patrick Keating, Sunnyvale, Calif.*

20 WORST

I am writing in regard to your article appearing in the October 1983 issue of *Penthouse* about the "20 Worst" college football teams in the country.

Each year the coaching staff here at West Point attempts to put together a strong, competitive, and winning football team. This is not an easy task. New cadets entering the academy each July must be able to do much more than simply play football. They must be academically in the top of their high school, show potential for leadership, be physically fit, and most importantly, be willing to give up many freedoms normally enjoyed by college students as they pursue a career in the profession of arms. It is in many cases the daily sacrifices that cadets must endure that makes West Point somewhat unattractive.

It takes a special kind of athlete to be willing to give up a possible professional career in football in order to serve his country as an officer in the regular army later on. West Point makes the same demands on its football players as it does on every other cadet. Unlike many civilian colleges, there is no special status given to a football player.

It is important to understand the purpose of West Point. Our mission is much more important than to produce a winning football team. Its purpose is to produce leaders for the United States Army. During its long history West Point has produced some of the finest leaders in American history. Graduates include Lee, Grant, MacArthur, Eisenhower, Bradley, and Patton.

If the time ever comes when the United States finds itself involved in armed conflict, our nation can be confident in the knowledge that West Point graduates are serving among the ranks of our military forces. It is then that your readers will be thankful that West Point is training and educating leaders and not just producing football players.—*Cadet Steven F. Cummings, West Point, N.Y.*

AUTUMN LASSES

In the ten years I've been reading *Penthouse*, I've never written to you. However, your pictorial of Julia Parton [November

"Looks like another bank failure."

1983] was the best I've seen since Laura Doone. Please let's see more of her. Perhaps as Pet of the Month and no doubt Pet of the Year.—*A.F., Naperville, Ill.*

I was really impressed with the December 1983 issue of *Penthouse*. The Pet of the Year was very beautiful and I was really impressed with Miss Lisa Schultz. She is a very beautiful lady and can bend like no other. I would like to see more of her—maybe as next year's Pet of the Year.

On the whole, I am very impressed with your magazine. You are the finest but of course you already know that!—*Name and address withheld*

OLIVIA

Congratulations! You did it again!

While picking up the newspaper the other morning at the local newsstand, I thumbed through your latest issue of *Penthouse*, November 1983. To my surprise and total enjoyment, you had a special feature on the erotic artwork of Olivia De Berardinis. I've been a fan of hers for a long time and have saved her pictures whenever I could find them. Thanks again for the pleasant surprise.—*Fred Bohmer, Clark, N.J.*

LALE HAILED

First, I must say that the women featured in *Penthouse*, especially those shown within the last year, are among the most beautiful in the world. But there is one woman who turned me on and has kept me turned on since I first set eyes on her. Lale Hansen [November 1983] has to be the most perfect woman I have ever seen. From her cover photo to her centerfold shot, and all the others in between, Lale is downright fantastic. Her sparkling eyes, shapely lips, and super smile are pure heaven. Her full, creamy-white breasts set against her great tanned body just make my mouth water. Her slender waist, long legs, perfectly rounded rear, and terrific-looking pussy have had me literally dreaming about her. Oh, yes! Lale is one woman I would love to spend the rest of my life with.

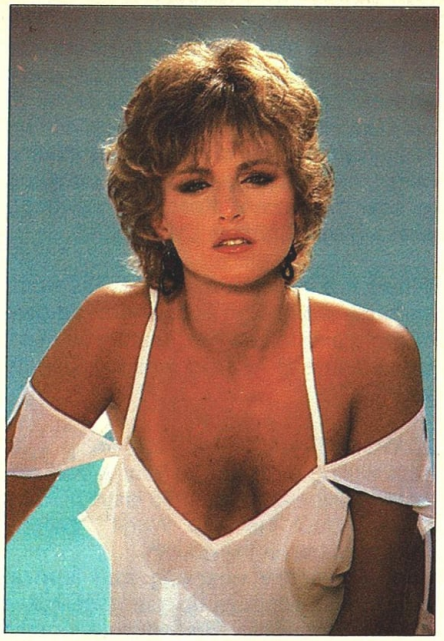
It will be hard, if not impossible, for *Penthouse* to find a woman better than her. Lale is simply, in one word, perfect.—*Kenneth L. Curtis, Cleveland, Ohio*

Ed Holzman's "The Sky's the Limit" [November 1983] is the best! I pay the highest compliment to all responsible for this particular pictorial. Bravo!

Lale Hansen is possibly the best layout ever for *Penthouse*. She is provocative, spontaneous, and sensitive. This pictorial is deserving of a triple A+ for its clarity. Sumptuously superb!

Finally, I enjoyed the spontaneous erotic art of Olivia De Berardinis. Her Oriental ménage à trois is my favorite.—*Name and address withheld*

The members of the Boy's Ranch would like to commend you on your superb photographic presentation of Lale Hansen in



the November issue. We believe this to be *Penthouse*'s best effort to date, with new and artistic angles of presentation. It is refreshing to see this extra effort with subject matter that other publications so shallowly present.

The Boy's Ranch consists of experts in the field of female anatomy, so this notice of a job well done comes with distinction and merit. We are all dedicated readers of *Penthouse* and will continue to look forward to each new issue. Thanks again.—*The men of the Boy's Ranch, Poway, Calif.*

Here's another shot of Lale (above) for all you men of distinction!—The Editors

PRAGER'S VIEW

In reference to your "View From the Top" lead [November, 1983], Emily Prager refers to society's branding of Vicki Morgan as an "untouchable" and "the sleaziest of blackmailers." I ask, should Al Bloomingdale feel pity for someone who was paid for services *given consciously*? Ms. Prager would have us believe Bloomingdale forced Vicki Morgan into prostitution; hardly the case I'm sure.

Also, President Reagan should in no way be tied with Bloomingdale's kinky sexual preferences. I personally know little about my close friends' sex lives and the implied stereotyping of government officials is much more than ignorant. It seems Ms. Prager believes that Reagan could have changed this. The alarm clock is ringing and it's time to wake up, Emily.

In reference to the "aidless victims of AIDS" and the group of "functionally illiterate American children," I'm damned tired of watching 30 percent of my already minuscule paycheck go to street slobs and fry-brains who, although offered an education, prefer to enroll in the government's "easy money" programs as did their fathers before them. As for the illiterates, why is this predominately in large, urban areas? Could we be seeing the second-generation freeloader? Undoubtedly we'll be supporting these people in the years to come.

In conclusion, I would imagine Ms. Prager writes her column in the den of her "status symbol" house somewhere in never-never land. Are you feeling somewhat guilty, Emily? Obviously our system of government has done its fair share of collective shitting, but seldom is heard the plight of the impoverished, lower-middle-class, salt-of-the-earth working slobs who support these parasites. What of the collective shit we eat?—*Scott Schnabel, Solon, Ohio*

THE POLITICS OF CANCER

Thank you very much for your long-running, 11-part series "Cancer: Suppressing Potential Cures." I am a registered nurse who primarily works with cancer patients, and I am involved in learning about alternative therapies for cancer. Over the years your articles have helped many to realize that surgery, radiation, and chemotherapy are not the answer to curing cancer. People will now be able to learn the politics behind cancer research—that the American Cancer Society does not have the American public's best interest at heart.—*Barbara J. Baruth, R.N., Pittsburgh, Pa.*

VON BOLSCHWING'S LEGACY

I found your article "Not Just Another Nazi" [August 1983] to be an informative piece of journalistic reporting. I believe Christopher Simpson deserves a pat on the back for reporting all the facts of this controversial topic while remaining unbiased.

One cannot help but condemn Otto Albrecht von Bolschwing for his activities during the war, but at the same time one should not forget his activities after it. After the war, the Soviet threat was considered so ominous by the government and the public that the CIA employed an ex-SS agent to carry out very dangerous missions. These missions required Bolschwing's talents and were completed to the CIA's apparent satisfaction. That the CIA used a man guilty of crimes against humanity for missions that were thought to be of great significance at the time is not in question here. What *is* in question is that he was charged with crimes committed prior to his employment 34 years after helping the CIA. I believe that Bolschwing should either have been punished immediately or, prior to his employment, been made aware of the fact that he would be tried at a later date with his record of cooperation taken into account.—*Kevin Burns, Bad Aibling, West Germany*

Thanks for the fine, thought-provoking article on Otto von Bolschwing in your August issue. Thanks also for the appeal for responses. Mine follows:

The Nuremberg war trials, as well as the subsequent manhunts for Nazi "war criminals," were nothing but a farce. There was

no justice given to the millions of murdered Jewish people by these acts. At best, they should be labeled as a misguided revenge.

Justice is a moral concept toward which civilized man must always strive, but which he probably will never reach. Men like Bolschwing were used as scapegoats by a world horrified to see so plainly displayed the horrors of war and racism. This was not justice.

Also, if we need to indict those who participated in the atrocities, let's not forget to include those who gave their consent by quietly ignoring the situation—the entire German people.

My reading of various sources also indicates that the U.S. government knew of the atrocities from the start but took no action. In the eye of "justice," both countries were as guilty as those who actually participated in the planning and execution.

Let's stop looking for justice in the witch-hunt and turn our efforts to make sure this type of mass slaughter will never again be permitted in the world.—*John Taylor, Kennesaw, Ga.*

In response to your questions pertaining to such matters as the case of Otto von Bolschwing:

I am of the opinion that we have used the terms "justice" and "society" too loosely, for actually we have only token fragments of each.

We *assume* that because of what we see, those of us who walk the streets are, as a whole, law-abiding citizens, and we term it—society. Yet, anyone who has even a smattering of awareness knows there is no such thing as a law-abiding society. (All of those incarcerated are not guilty, or insane, nor are all of those on the streets innocent.)

The police of every city and state in every country rely to some extent upon their "snitches" to solve "important" crimes. Why, therefore, shouldn't our government agencies use the same basic tactics to handle deeper issues?

Those people who experienced (and survived) the Holocaust of World War II in Germany are the people who have particular interest in justice being served where Nazi war criminals are concerned, and certainly no one can blame them for wanting revenge, in some measure, for their suffering.

However, certain governmental agencies apparently feel, for one reason or another, that their priorities come first—on behalf of society's "best interests," and so they have used and probably will continue to use people who have committed war crimes for reasons that come from the criminal's "in" with those whom our government *must* deal with, with "help." All *is* fair in love and war!

Of course, it goes without saying that *most* of all of us would prefer to see justice done, especially where war crimes against a people are concerned; and let us not forget Pearl Harbor and the Bataan Death March at the hands of the Japs. However, justice in the hands of a few men is not what it is cracked up to be. It never has been and never will be. Only the justice that deals with the inner man is real justice—it is many times slow to act, but it is sure.

" . . . for whatsoever a man sows, that shall he also reap."—*Cecil Williams, Jacksonville, Fla.*

This article proves only that one can do almost anything as long as he proves useful enough to someone with enough power to save him when he blows it.

If the world believed in good over evil, would we ever have to doubt our honor?

This article was extremely entertaining and should not be left to die in the pages of a forgotten issue of *Penthouse*. Please be so kind as to ask our government to make a four-hour epic, Hollywood-style, of Bolschwing's life and allow every taxpaying citizen the right to view it free of charge. After all, we did pay for it!—*Name and address withheld*

In many years of dealing with the illusive figure called "justice," never have I found it unmasked so well. The association of Otto von Bolschwing with major international agencies and organizations throughout his life forces the reader to face reality.

Whatever moral values one possesses, it can be seen that justice is defined by those in power. They make it a means to an end rather than an ultimate achievement or goal. Opinions on Bolschwing can range from seeing him as a hero who was betrayed by the CIA to viewing him as a maniac who was finally knocked down by God, nature, or both.

My point is that his death was not justice. Had justice been involved, the man would have paid his debt long ago. Justice as an end knows no cause other than itself. Only as a means can justice be manipulated to serve others as it was throughout the life and in the death of Otto von Bolschwing.—*Michael J. Toutlewiez, Joliet, Ill.*

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NOT HERE, NOT EVER

I am writing in regard to your interview with Simon Wiesenthal [October 1983]. Where does he get off saying the First Amendment guarantees individual freedom, *but* that freedom has a border. Wrong! That's what the Constitution and America are all about—freedom. Freedom like no other country has or ever had.

The interview actually tells of two cases, one in Sweden, the other in Germany, where people were jailed for handing out leaflets. One was jailed for almost *four* years. Well not in the good old U.S.A., mister. Not ever. Love it or leave it. That's the bottom line.—*Charles R. Davis, Jr., Cleburne, Tex.*

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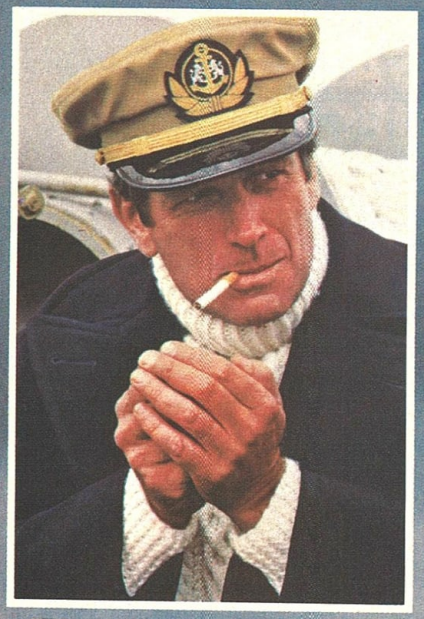
MERIT



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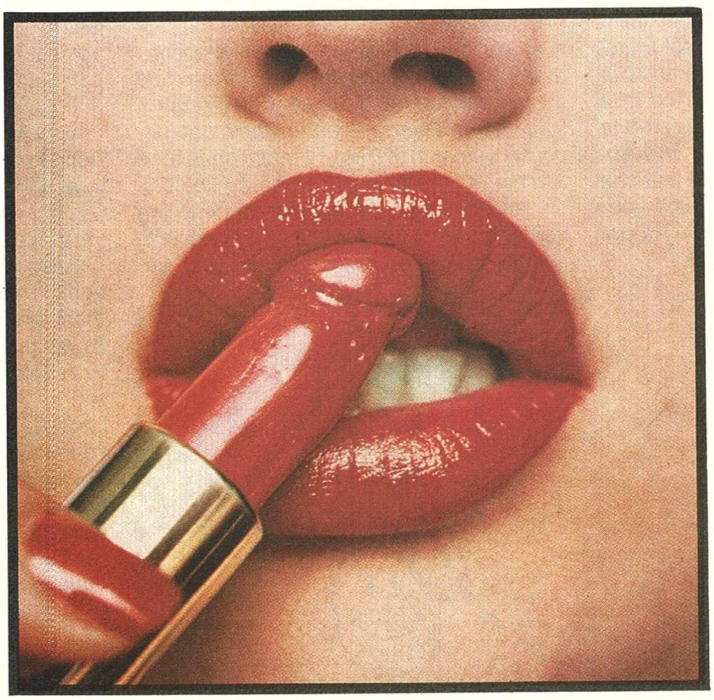
"Sucking on a cough drop
and then sucking on his erection
can be very pleasurable
for your man. It's kind of like
a hot-fudge sundae:
hot and cold all at the same time."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

My wife and I will be celebrating our twentieth anniversary this year, and I would like to have a sexual encounter with her to remember the greatest experience we've shared together—an overseas vacation. One afternoon, having spent the entire morning on the beach, we retired to our room to take a shower.



We began to play around in the shower and were soon both hot for each other but decided not to rush, in order to make the most of our time. I had long been after Linda to allow me to photograph her in various stages of undress and in the nude. I'm especially fond of sexy undergarments and lingerie, and it doesn't take much to arouse my sexual feelings when she's wearing a sheer bra and panty outfit. As we were both relaxed, she agreed to let me photograph her. She posed in a low-cut bra and high-cut panty outfit. She then removed her bra and I asked her to rub her breasts and pussy. The crotch of her panties was actually soaking wet by this time. All the while, my Polaroid was snapping away. My cock was pulsating and throbbing along with my heart. I could barely focus the camera.

When she was completely nude, she asked how I'd like her to pose. I had her lie on both her back and her stomach with her legs totally spread. Then I asked her to touch her pussy. I could hardly keep from coming in the towel draped around me. Then she took some poses of me, which I truly enjoyed. In one I lay flat on my back, legs spread, with my purple cock pulsating. In another I held my ass high in the air with my cheeks spread. We then looked at the pictures and made love hotter and better than I could ever remember. She had let me eat her pussy only a few times before then, but now we both enjoyed it.

My lack of experience, coupled with her inhibitions, was forgotten. But since then I have only nibbled on her beautiful cunt lips and usually settle for just inserting my cock and letting go. Linda is extremely attractive, about five-two, with full 36-inch tits and a lovely ass. She is absolutely built for making love and is the most beautiful girl in the world. She has never given me head, outside of a few licks, and I have never really pushed the issue. We make love either with her on top, in her ass, or conventionally. And over the years I have brought her assorted vibrators and lingerie, but she rarely gets in the mood to wear them. As for the vibrators, she has never let me insert one. I often kid her about using it on me. I have never been rear-ended, so to speak, but would love to have her do it to me. I feel I might enjoy it, and if I had one of the vibrators with me right now I might just do so.

Although my wife is extremely inhibited, I love her and have never sought sexual fulfillment in other places, although I've had ample opportunity. I'm sure she also has had offers, but I do not believe she has accepted them either. I would like both of us to encounter all we can, including a threesome or more, which I have read so much about. I think my wife (although she would never agree if I asked her) would love to watch me make love to another woman. I doubt if I would enjoy my wife with another man as much, but would allow it, provided I could help in choosing him and she was doing it with me present. The sight of another man's cock in her pussy might excite me, under the right conditions. As for a foursome, I have read too much about women doing each other and the men the same. But I might even consider all possibilities, provided my wife was present and approved. I would enjoy it, I know, if my wife would willingly take both me and another man in her wonderful cunt and ass at the same time.

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to
Xaviera Hollander, Penthouse Magazine, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

Should I discuss these sexual encounters with my wife before I look elsewhere? I honestly feel that she wants to experience certain things but remains too inhibited to enjoy them. All we ever read or hear about is the sexy, love-starved divorcée, widow, widower, etc., who has had a whole new world of sex opened up once he or she became single again. I want to experience all such encounters now with Linda, while we are young, alive, and married. Please give me some advice on how I can juice up our sex life without creating a sorry episode.—H.C.

After 20 years of married life, you and your wife have barely scraped the surface of sexual experience. With three positions to your name and a few mediocre blowjobs (the odd "lick" and "nibble," in your own words), you now want to lay the responsibility for making sex fun on someone else by embarking on a threesome or foursome.

I would say that you're still sexually at the kindergarten stage. You want to use a vibrator, you want your wife to wear lingerie, you want her to make love to another man but only if you're present. And in a foursome, you would even be prepared to "do" another man provided your wife approved. I can tell you beforehand that she won't. If she's not prepared to suck your cock and is as inhibited as you say, I doubt that she will permit such high jinks.

You have, in fact, answered your own questions in the phrase "juice up our sex life." I suggest you buy some books on sex or some video porno films to give yourself some ideas about the other 68 positions there are in bed. Once you've become all-around lovers and are totally happy with each other, then go and look around for more partners to share your newly acquired knowledge with.

SCIENTIFIC BREAKTHROUGH

I'm a 33-year-old female who works as an aide in a hospital. One day, while taking a man's rectal temperature, I began to roll the thermometer between my thumb and finger. When I was finished taking his temperature, I had the man turn over, and to my surprise he had a huge erection!

Later, I figured out the connection between my rolling the thermometer and the man's hard-on. I decided to try it on other male patients as well and learned that, while it doesn't always work, a good many men get erections from it.

Of course, I had a businesslike expression on my face as I was pretending I didn't even notice the erection. When I told my husband of my discovery, he thought it was cute but warned me to watch out, because one of these days I might be in for a shock—if I made a guy come by doing it.

I thanked my husband for the warning and told him I wouldn't fool around with the thermometer anymore. But just between you and me, Xaviera, I haven't stopped. Is it possible for me to make a man come with nothing touching his penis? I'd love to see a man come that way. Can you suggest anything I might do to make it happen? Of course, I want it to look like an accident.—L.W.

It is an old tradition among prostitutes to stimulate a man's anus during the sexual act in order to speed up his orgasm. In your case, by inserting the rectal thermometer in your patients' anuses you may well have stimulated their prostate glands, which in turn could have caused their hard-ons.

I personally don't think you have to worry about your patients coming. You are giving them a most pleasurable experience, and since these men have probably been sick and deprived of sex for a good length of time, they are no doubt very grateful for this extra service. I once got a letter from a young male doctor working in an old-age home who was virtually pulled into bed by a 70-year-old woman. Like you, he suffered from guilt feelings after having made love to her, and yet he could not resist the temptation to go on pleasing other elderly ladies in the home. Now, I don't know if the management of the hospital approves of your "French" benefits, but it wouldn't hurt to be discreet about your experiments.

Have you ever given an enema to a patient? This can be even more exciting for them, and afterward, when the bowels are clean and empty, you might sneak in a little manual anal stimulation.

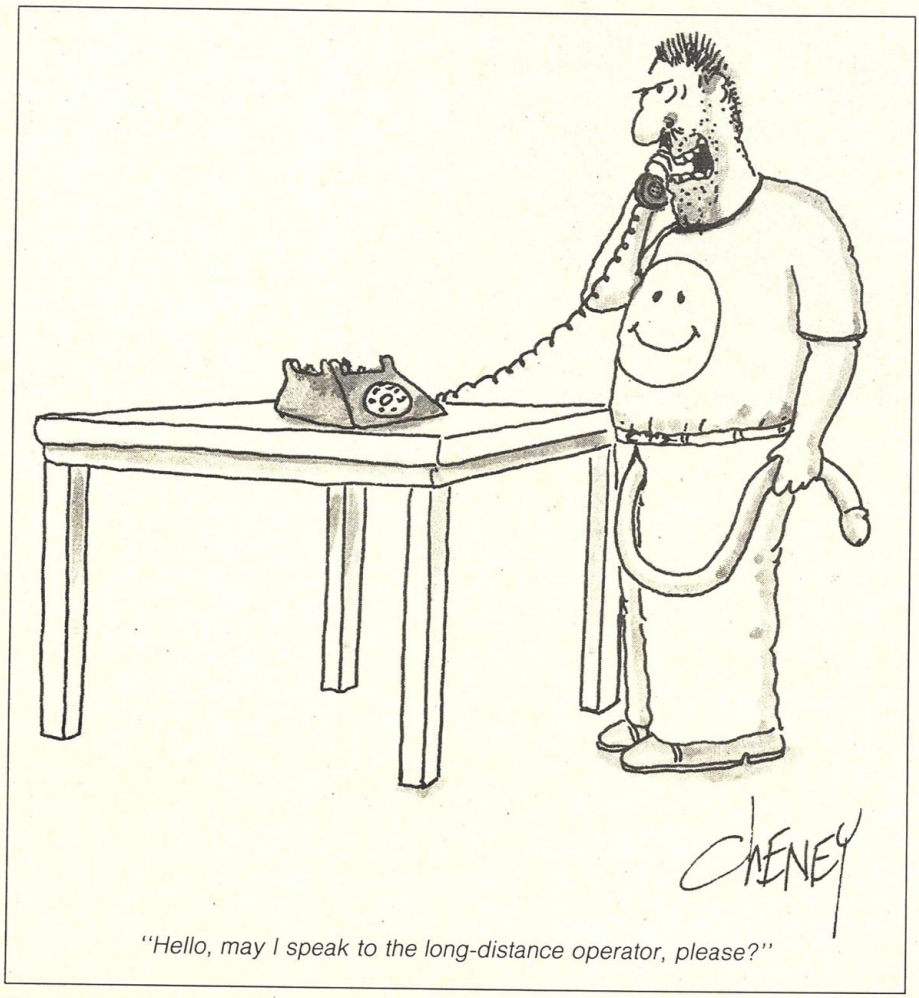
LAST LICKS

I am writing this letter in order to lend some advice to one of your former letter writers. The writer mentioned a sensation gained from the use of mouthwash prior to fellatio. He said he had never been able to repeat the sensation and you suggested the ice trick. My wife and I had been using ice for years when recently, quite by accident, we discovered a trick similar to the one the gentleman wrote about.

During a bout of sore throat, my wife had been sucking on mentholated cough drops. I came home extremely horny one night after a day of photographing various models for a TV commercial. Sensing my condition, she was quick to respond. Without thinking of the cough drop in her mouth, she put her lips around my cock, and the sensation was unbelievable!

After I had been satisfied, she suggested I also suck on a mentholated cough drop and then go down on her. "Crashing through the ceiling" does not begin to describe her reaction when I licked the cough drop and then transferred the cool sensation on my tongue to her clit. Then I found an even better method: By holding the drop between my lips, I was able to impart the sensation directly to her entire vaginal area. This increased sensitivity—and pleasure—for both of us.

I hope some other readers can make



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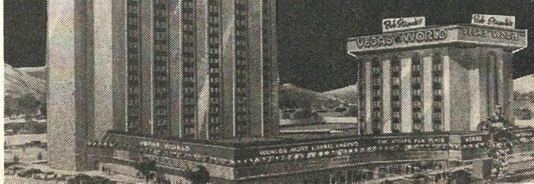


use of our discovery. I have always found your column a source of helpful hints for the enjoyment of sex.—J.B.

Sucking on a cough drop and then sucking on his erection can be very pleasureable for your man. It's kind of like a hot-fudge sundae: hot and cold all at the same time.

Thank you for sharing your findings with us. Maybe more of our readers can come up with ideas on how to add new sensations to our sex lives—by putting things not only in our mouths but in other parts of our bodies as well.

MAKING A MAN OUT OF HER

I'm an attractive, 23-year-old woman who lives with two bisexual men, Bill and Luis. One day, I was sitting around with nothing to do when, almost unconsciously, I picked up a black eyebrow pencil and thickened my thin eyebrows. Pleased with the effect, I went on to make sideburns and then drew in a mustache. Then I went to Bill and Luis and asked them how they liked "Raymond."

Bill told me I looked very handsome as a man and asked if he could help me. He took out an old wig he had (Bill is a hairdresser) and cut some of the hairs off and taped them to my face. Then Luis got out some thick bandages, which I wrapped around my boobs to flatten them. A double-dildo was my dick.

That night, I decided to try out my new style on the town. I took Bill along to keep me out of any trouble. As far as we could tell, no one knew Raymond was really a woman.

Since that night, Raymond has been out on the town twice more. He is becoming an obsession with me, I think, and I only wonder why I waited this long to play this game. Also, the idea of making love to a woman while disguised as Raymond appeals to me immensely. On the other hand, I'm quite proud of my body the way it is. I'm told that I'm a beautiful woman, and in a way I think that Raymond is just the kid in me and that my obsession with him might just be a way to avoid the usual emotional restrictions that go along with sex.

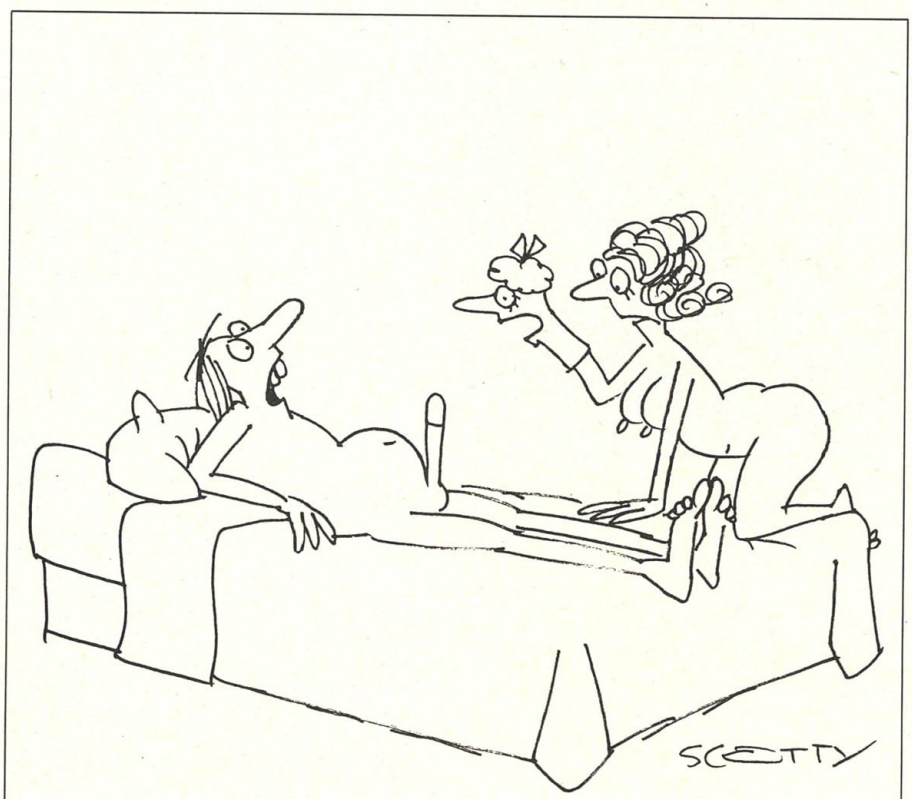
Anyway, I'd like to know what the whole thing means and would be much more comfortable with the opinion of someone who is more sexually experienced—namely, who is you.—R.J.

Your story reminded me of a German journalist girlfriend of mine who, while researching an article about male and female identities, went out into the world dressed and made-up as a man. She later told me she had really experienced how it felt to be treated as a man and had made interesting observations about the very different ways in which people related to her cross-dressed self as compared with her normal self. She paid particular attention to the differing rules of etiquette: Where men would normally open the door for her or buy her drinks, she now had to push her way into busy discotheques and fight for a seat at the bar. Nobody helped her take her coat off and nobody lit her cigarettes. A few straight chicks actually made a pass at her, but did so in such a passive way that she realized how aggressive males are expected to be if they want to get any action.

My friend continued living this way for approximately a month, when she decided it was more fun being a woman and so switched back. Now, you like to cross-dress for different reasons—you are not doing it for an article you intend to write but simply enjoy pretending to be a man. To me, your dressing up as Raymond suggests that you might enjoy taking part in the role-playing that goes on in many lesbian relationships. You would probably be very comfortable taking on the "butch" type with another woman who prefers to take a more submissive, feminine role.

When I was living in New York, I once fancied a rather butch lesbian myself. Her hair was cut in a mannish style, and she came on to me as directly as any man would. Since I love both sexes, I must confess that a woman with butch behavior can be sexy, but—all options considered—when making love to a woman I prefer having a soft, feminine body next to me. I'm generally the one who acts the butch part and attacks first. So things between me and that butch girlfriend got to be a little too competitive for comfort. Nowadays, when I make love to a man he's really got to be all man—not by any means a Mr. Muscleman, but down-to-earth and virile.

Anyway, as far as you're concerned, I think you are heading more and more toward a predominantly homosexual sex life, and I only hope that in all this confusion you can sort out which is your favorite identity.



"You're not really into blowjobs, are you, Beverly?"

ROAMIN' NOSE

Over 40 years ago, I heard the joke about the blind man passing the fish market who tipped his hat and said, "Hello, girls." I wonder if young people today would understand the humor in that. At the time it made sense. Those of us who eat pussy are aware of the definitely fishy smell it has, and after a long session of finger-fucking, the scent can still be on your fingers the next day.

In a recent column, you mentioned that young pussy tastes and smells like honey, and I agree with you. It's probably been over 20 years since I experienced a fishy-smelling cunt.

And I guess this raises the question of what happened. Did I randomly select women years ago who had this characteristic and have I more recently encountered those who don't? Or is this simply a function of greater attention to personal care and cleanliness? Or has there truly been an evolutionary phenomenon in which that

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particular smell has gradually disappeared?—E.K.

Are you complaining? Recently I was on holiday in Jamaica with my lover. One evening at a party we met a charming and attractive lesbian who invited us back to her house afterward for coffee and a joint. The Kingston area was suffering from a severe drought at the time. However, while she was making the coffee it started raining. My boyfriend, who is addicted to classical music, found some Vivaldi in her record collection and put it on the stereo. The girl asked him if she could "borrow" me for 15 minutes or so and invited him to watch or participate. Unusually for him, he declined the invitation, saying that after hearing nothing but reggae for three weeks he preferred to listen to Vivaldi and the rain! But he told us to go ahead and do what we pleased.

I would have liked to wash up first, but when I turned on the taps, nothing came out. However, in the bathroom I found a large bottle of water, obviously an emergency supply, and as usual I washed my pussy.

When I started to suck her clitoris I discovered that she had a definitely gamy fragrance. Since we were both slightly high and very excited, I licked my way through it and we both enjoyed our lovemaking.

Afterward, she asked me if I wanted to wash up. I told her, a little sarcastically, that I normally wash *before* sex. . . . So if you're searching for smelly pussies, go to drought-stricken areas. The present-day popularity of oral sex, not to mention twentieth-century advances in plumbing, have cleaned up our sexual act. In the U.S.A., I think there is a tendency to exaggerate hygiene. With vaginal deodorants, scented sprays, and douches, American pussy tends to have lost its natural flavor.

A CHANGE OF DIET

I'm sure there are others who have the same problem that I have. I was raised to believe that sex was only for having babies. The whys and wherefores were never really explained to me, and I was never allowed to date or to have a boyfriend in high school. Needless to say, when I married my husband I was very shy and naive when it came to sex. Throughout our twelve years of marriage, my husband has been very patient and has taught me a lot about sex, most of which I enjoy. I still have one hang-up however: I do not like my husband to come in my mouth.

He'd like me to suck him and swallow his come every time we make love, but I've done this only three times in the last 12 years. Bad record, I know. I want so much to please him and to turn him on in this manner. Can you tell me what I need to do to overcome this inhibition of mine?

My husband's semen is very thick and salty-tasting. I don't know if this is why I don't like to swallow it or if it's a mental block I acquired in my repressive childhood. Please help me. I don't want my husband going out to look elsewhere for this type of sexual relief. I want to please him myself.—H.E.

People often say that sperm tastes salty. I personally do not agree. To me, it has a distinct taste of bitter almonds. At its best, it has a nutty flavor, but possibly your husband's semen tastes too salty because your man has not washed himself very well and there is still a residue of sweat on or around his penis. If you convince your husband to change his diet, that may improve the taste of his sperm. If he eats sweet things—like pastries, chocolate, ice cream, or candy—or if he drinks sweet liqueurs or soft drinks rather than beer or whiskey, it is very likely that he can develop better-tasting semen. But beware—it might also affect his waistline.

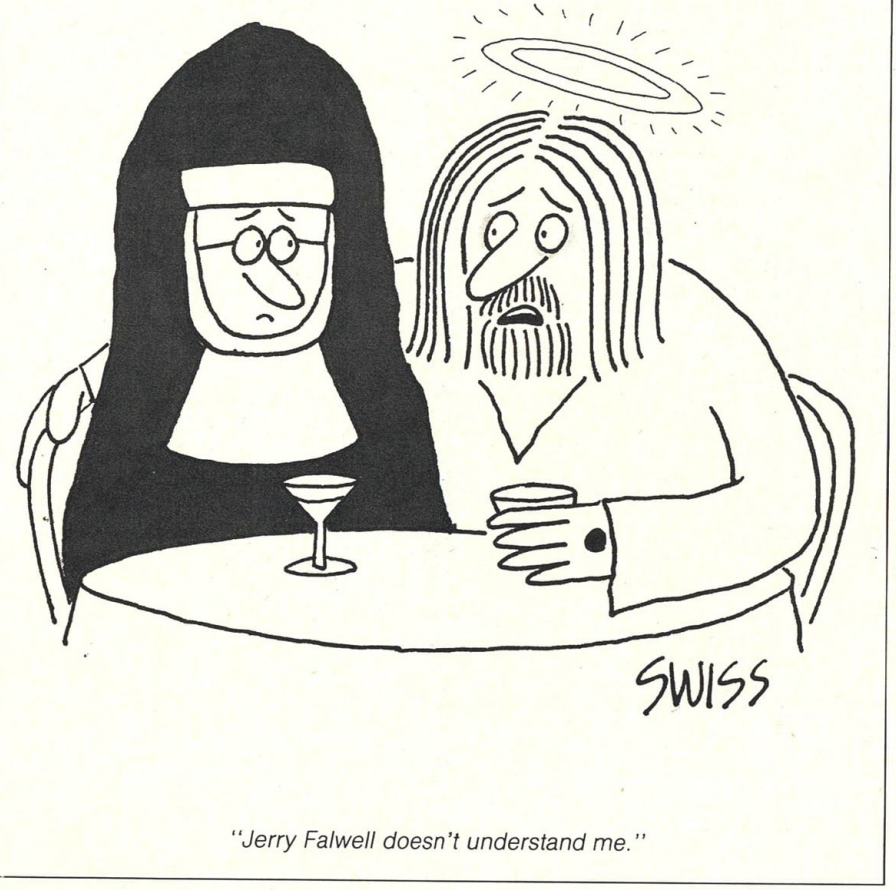
I don't really see why you should have to do this if you don't want to, anyway. Some men insist that their women swallow their sperm. For a genuine, macho chauvinist, it is a great achievement to get a woman to perform such an intimate act. In a way, it's almost debasing and symbolizes male dominance. One of the most common requests made to a hooker is to "gimme a blowjob all the way," because the guy's wife is unwilling to do it. I myself have gulped down gallons of sperm, but only that of men with whom I have been emotionally involved and then almost invariably in the 69 position, when it has been a matter of give-and-take and when we achieved a great simultaneous orgasm.

So, if your loving is on a level of total intimacy and he won't mind lapping up *your* vaginal juices, then you might justifiably want to learn to enjoy swallowing his sperm. But if he needs this act of servility to make him feel like a "real man" and you only want to play along with his game, you can always let him come in your mouth and then, discreetly, spit it into a tissue; or you can keep your mouth shut after he's finished coming and then sneak into the bathroom and surreptitiously spit it into the sink. Whatever you do, don't make horrible retching noises. No man wants to know that you think his sperm tastes disgusting. If you really want to call his bluff, take a generous mouthful of his come and then kiss him to see how he likes the taste of it.

I don't think your problem has anything to do with your childhood education. Few parents say anything really harmful to their children about sex (other than that it is for reproduction rather than for fun). And few mothers, of course, give their daughters instruction in oral sex.

YOUNG LOVE

About two years ago my wife, Jennifer, and I moved to a suburb of New York after I was transferred there on my job. Jennifer and I had always had a good sex life, but



"Jerry Falwell doesn't understand me."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 144

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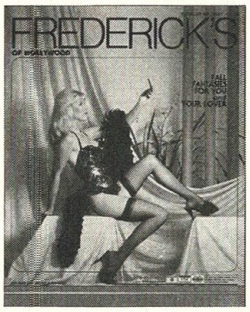

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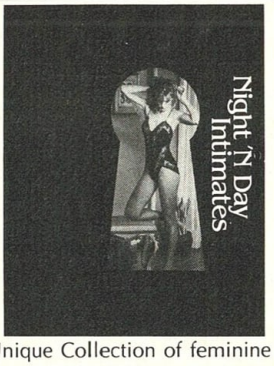

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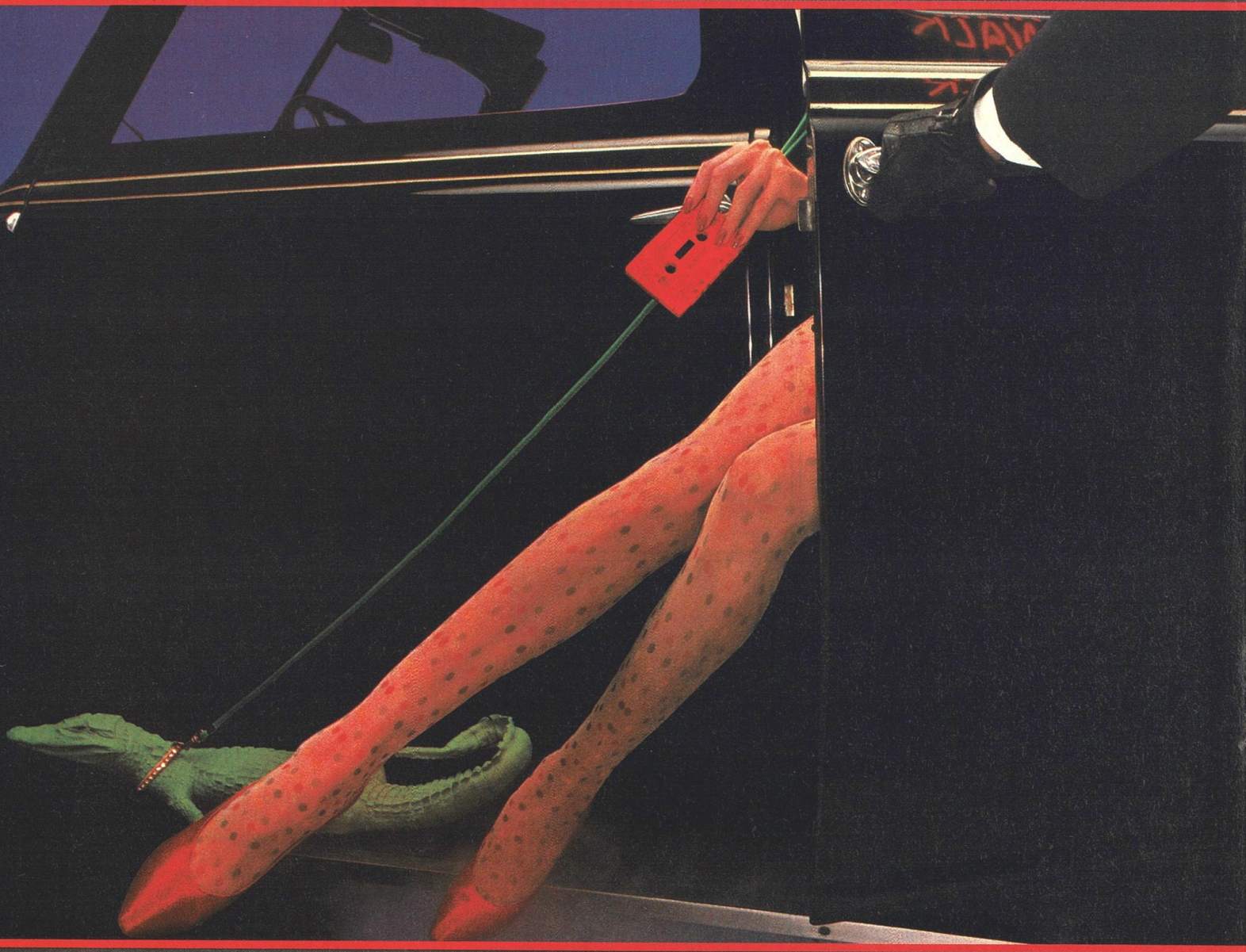

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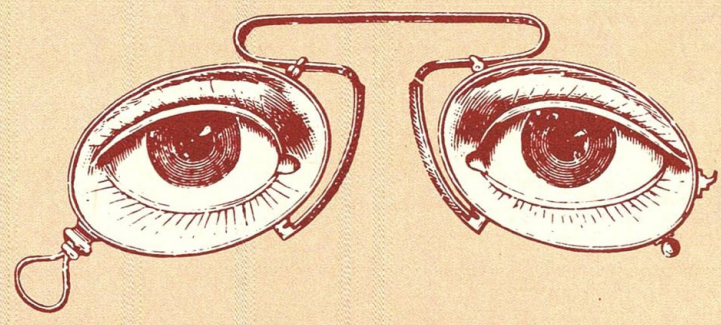


VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE PIG HAS IT!

BY EMILY PRAGER

One of the perks of being a columnist is having a forum to predict the outcome of presidential elections. Many of my colleagues base their forecasts on such mundane considerations as voting patterns, polls, candidates' platforms, power of political machines, and the like. But, clearly, these indicators have nothing to do with the random fate, the yin and yang, the subtle vibration and birth aura, that are the basic stuff of which political mysticism is made. That is why, in advance of the '84 election, I feel it has fallen to me to predict the outcome based on the ancient Chinese astrological calendar.

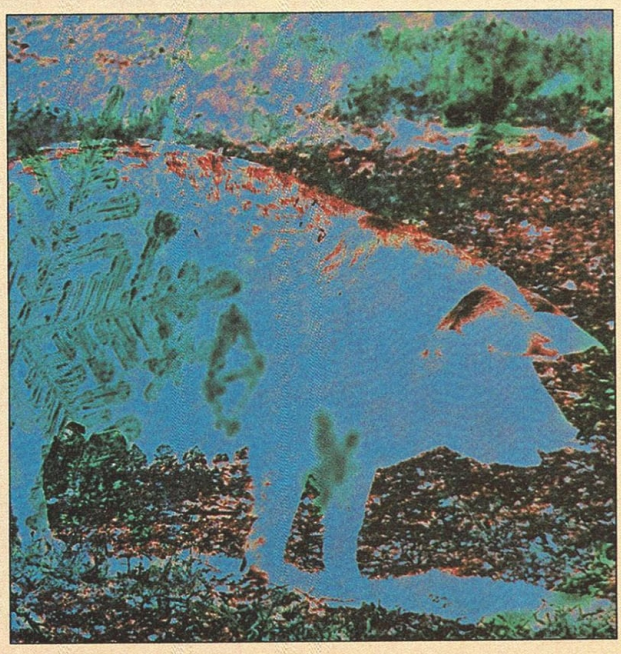
There are 12 animal signs in the Chinese horoscope (Rat, Ox, Tiger, Cat, Dragon, Snake, Horse, Sheep, Monkey, Rooster, Dog, Pig), each associated with a particular year, and every 12 years the cycle repeats itself. This year, 1984, is the *Year of the Rat*. Your sign is determined by the *year* in which you were born, and the animal ruling that year has a profound influence on your life. What happens to you in a particular year depends directly on your birth animal's affinity with the animal ruling that year. For example, if you are a Rat, you can expect to fare badly during the Year of the Horse, as the Rat and Horse do not get along, and fare well during the Year of the Rat. As a Rat, you can expect a great year during the Year of the Rat, and so on.

Okay. Now, I'll start with the front-runners and work back: **Fritz Mondale**, born January 5, 1928, under the sign of the *Cat*. The cat is known for his love of ease and his distaste for conflict. In fact, he will do or say anything to keep harmony. In this light, it is of note that Mondale has been accused of being beholden to special-interest groups. Clearly, it is the cat's refusal to make waves that is at work here. The Cat fares well in the Year of the Rat. There is steady progress at work but it will not be as fruitful as hoped. Mondale should be careful of putting too much trust in friends. It could be a year of betrayals.

John Glenn, born July 18, 1921, a *Rooster*. The Cat and the Rooster cannot stand each other, so look for lots of bickering between Mondale and Glenn. The Rooster is brutal and frank, eccentric in his aggressiveness, but at heart he is a profound conservative. He is somewhat of a boaster, often promising more than he can achieve, but he is incredibly daring, the stuff of which great soldiers are made. But despite having the right stuff, the rooster does not fare well in the Year of the Rat. Money will be scarce. Friends will let him down. And he will be troubled by bad business deals.

Ronald Reagan, amazingly enough, was born February 6, 1911, in the Year of the *Pig*. What a surprise! Chivalrous, gallant, the original "nice guy," the Pig is a bit of a mug. Surrounded by wealth and a genius at fund-raising, he should, nonetheless, avoid handling finances, as he is so naive and guileless that he is a favorite victim of swindlers. The Pig is not deep but he is passionate and will often crucify himself to justify his own actions. His main fault is his inability to say no to family, friends, and co-workers. The Pig has a vintage year in the Year of the Rat. He might worry too much but he will manage to surmount all difficulties. The only thing he has to watch out for is the Snake, who has the ability to surround the Pig in coils and squeeze him to death.

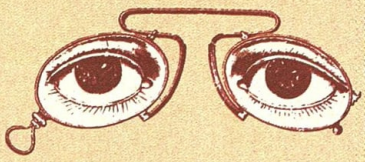
And the *Snake* in our candidate lineup is, interestingly enough, the Democratic wild card, the only black, **Jesse Jackson**, born October 8, 1941. That Jackson is a danger to Mondale and Glenn pollsters have already predicted. A Rat year is a year of activity for the Snake. He will advance in his career and be involved in dramatic events, both good and bad. Financially, he will come out even.



DAN MORRILL

Gary Hart, born November 28, 1937, is an *Ox*. A Rat year is a very prosperous time for an Ox. Luck favors him. He assumes new posts of importance, gains recognition at work. And his home is full of celebrations.

In closing, I predict that Reagan, the Pig, will win. Mondale, the Cat, will have a good showing but not as good as expected. Glenn, the Rooster, will fall on hard times early. Jackson, the Snake, will tip the balance, causing considerable damage to the Pig, the Rooster, and the Cat. And Hart will end up in a position of power beyond all hopes and predictions. I make these statements in full knowledge of the ancient Chinese proverb: He who predicts the outcome of elections this far in advance could end up looking like an *Ass*. But, frankly, I doubt it. You see, I am a Rat. This is the Year of the Rat. Clearly, I'm golden.



TELEVISION

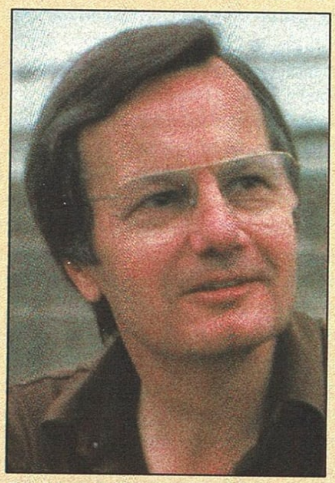
HISTORICAL JAUNTS

William D. Moyers came to public television in 1970. His credentials were impressive. He started out as a newspaperman, in Texas, was appointed press secretary to President Johnson, and then went on to become the publisher of *Newsday*, the influential Long Island daily. As the host of the weekly, half-hour PBS public-affairs series "This Week," and in his subsequent "Bill Moyers' Journal," he established a reputation as one of the most intelligent and provocative newsmen working in television. In 1976, he was lured away from PBS and hired as the chief reporter for "CBS Reports." He returned to public television several years later with the Emmy-award-winning series "Creativity."

Early in 1983, CBS Cable broadcast "The Democrat and the Dictator," Moyers's remarkable video essay concerning the lives of Franklin Roosevelt and Adolf Hitler, the two rulers who ascended to power within weeks of each other, clashed in war, and then died in the same month. The show was to be the first in a special series entitled "A Walk Through the 20th Century." But CBS Cable soon went down the drain à la Bab-O, and Moyers's series, which was still in production, went with it. The project seemed to be doomed. Then Chevron, the company that had funded "Creativity," came forward with a $2-million grant enabling Moyers to complete his series for PBS. If it is true that ecocidal industry has usurped our country, it is also true that we at least have got a few good hours of TV to show for it all.

"A Walk Through the 20th Century," which commences on the evening of January 11 and will continue, without repeats, through next October, comprises twenty hour-long programs. The show's subjects—"The Arming of the Earth," "World War II: The Propaganda Battle," "The Twenties," "Postwar Hopes, Cold War Fears," "The Second American Revolution" (about black civil rights), and so on—are nothing new. But the manner in which they are treated, the way in which they are looked at, is fresh, and the series as a whole stands as a rare instance of television doing so well what no other medium can do.

Bill Moyers is an inquisitive man, and a smart man. He abhors the myriad little lies that infest history. (He gives us the Rough Riders walking, not riding, over Kettle, not San Juan Hill.) But he is no Jakob Burckhardt. Were this series transformed into print, into a collection of essays, it would have little to recommend it, either as history or as prose. What truly captivates us in "A Walk Through the 20th Century," what truly enlightens us, is not Moyers's history lessons but the images that illustrate them.



Bill Moyers returns to PBS.

The film clips, videotapes, and photographs that bring this series to life succeed in elucidating the surface of modern history as no book could. These pictures—most of them culled from the Corporation for Entertainment and Learning's more than 11 million feet of archival film—are nothing less than wonderful. The facial twitches of tyrants, the smoking shambles of decimated cities, convertibles speeding down the lost Technicolor highway of the 1950s, the whirring into being of the Ferris wheel, the sputnik, and the cruise missile—the entire sound and fury of this ruinous and glorious century unfolds in glimmering imagery. The most mesmerizing of the 20 shows are often those that are concerned directly with imagery—"The Reel World of News," which views history through the crooked eyes of the old nickelodeon and movie newsreels; "World War II: The Propaganda Battle," which includes scenes from Nazi filmmaker Fritz Hippler's *The Eternal Jew*, Frank Capra's *Why We Fight*, and other curiosities; and "The Image Makers," which examines popular manipulation through public-relations ploys and advertising.

At times, the visual element is pushed to an extreme. Engravings and still photographs are drolly enlivened by animation techniques remindful of "Monty Python's Flying Circus." The effect, as in one of the series's shows, "T.R. and His Time," is cloying. But this is a small complaint, and it is perhaps made only because the usual TV fare has so accustomed us to complaining. "A Walk Through the 20th Century" is one of the best things we are likely to see on TV in 1984.—*Nick Tosches*

"A Walk Through the 20th Century": one of the best television shows we are likely to see in 1984.

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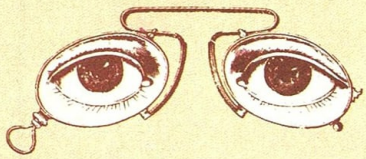


COMPUTERS

TRAVELING LIGHT

Computer manufacturers are betting that the market for portable computers will grow enormously over the next year or so, and they're stumbling over one another to come out with them. But "portable" is a term up for interpretation. What's portable for one person is not for someone else. The term also tends to insinuate "inexpensive," which is not necessarily the case. "Portable" lumps together a wide range of systems. Knowing who offers what and for how much will enable you to make the best selection and save the most money.

Though no longer in production, the **Osborne 1** represented a remarkable step forward in enhancing the portable-computer package and keeping the price reasonable. It features a built-in monitor, two disk drives, a keyboard, 64K of memory, and more than $1,000 of excellent software. The entire system weighs only about 23 pounds, folds up into a suitcase, and fits under an airplane seat. The $1,795 price tag shocked the industry and delighted consumers. The company had trouble meeting the demand. Users, however, discovered two main drawbacks: The monitor was too small (only about five inches), and the disk drives didn't hold much information (92K).

Inevitably, a better computer was developed, which corrected shortcomings of the Osborne 1. This was the **Kaypro II.** It has a nine-inch screen, which works out to almost four times that of the Osborne, and its two disk drives hold almost 200K each, more than double the capacity of the Osborne 1 disk drives.

A lot of excellent software comes with the Kaypro II and the unit, weighing 26 pounds, folds up into a suitcase. It now sells for $1,600 or less. The newer Kaypros, like the Kaypro 4 and Kaypro 10, offer even greater disk-drive capacity.

The **Compaq** is another excellent portable machine. It's well built, good-looking, and sturdy, with 128K of memory, one 320K disk drive, and a nine-inch screen. It weighs just under 30 pounds.

The Compaq's big advantage is that it can run most of the thousands of programs written for the IBM Personal Computer. This is great for people (like me) who must have a video-game fix every day or two. Several excellent games have been written for the IBM PC, which can be played on the Compaq.

The retail price is $3,000, and this is without a printer. Software is sold separately.

Just introduced—the **Compaq Plus** can store 29 times as much information as the Compaq, by means of a fixed-disk system. With so much storage capability, you won't have to worry about all those floppy disks getting lost, or chewed up by the dog.

Retailing for $5,000, the Compaq Plus is best suited for the serious user who wants to save space and travel with his computer. If you're not sure you fall into this category, you can always upgrade the original Compaq by replacing one of its disk drives with the fixed disk drive. The fixed-disk upgrade option costs $2,500.

It is definitely possible to go to a store and buy one portable unit that has everything you need; and plugs into a single outlet!

This wonder deal is the **Actrix** (formerly Access) computer. The Actrix has 64K of memory, a seven-inch screen, two disk drives of 169K each, a sturdy keyboard and—get this—a printer built right in. You also get a built-in modem, which is a device that allows you to plug into data bases and other computers via telephone lines, and a complete set of Perfect™ software, including word processing and financial analysis.

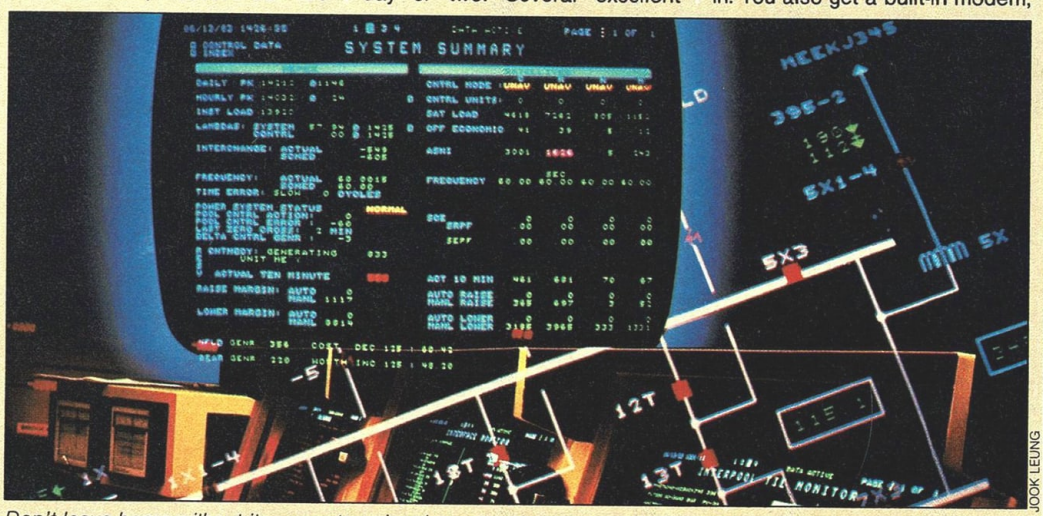
The entire, single-unit system costs about $2,200. (The padded carrying case with shoulder strap is another $40). The Actrix fits under most airplane seats, but with its weight of 33 pounds, I wouldn't want to tote either of the two I own from the ticket counter to the check-in gate of even the smallest airport.

The Actrix is a godsend for someone who is totally unmechanical. It's for the user who wants to buy a whole system in one fell swoop and then start using it right away with no fuss, no bother, and no more comparison shopping for accessories. I believe those I own are among the best buys I've ever made.

The TRS 80 **Model 100** from Radio Shack is one cute little machine. It weighs only four pounds or so, and it's about the size of a spiral notebook.

While not in the same class as the Osborne I, Kaypro, Compaq, or Actrix, the Model 100 is a convenient, truly portable unit that allows you to work just about anywhere. If there's no electrical outlet handy, you can operate it on four AA batteries. The unit has a sufficiently wide screen, but it displays only eight lines at a time. The built-in modem, however, keeps you in touch with the world.

The Model 100 comes with either 8K of memory, for $800, or 24K, for $1,000, and by adding an 8K RAM upgrade ($120, plus installation charges), you can have 32K. The unit is amazingly simple to use. People with no knowledge of computers can be writing with it (anywhere) five minutes after buying it. Now that computers travel, don't leave home without one.—*Ken Uston*



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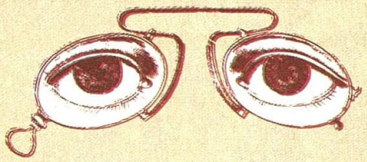


FILMS

HOMEGROWN HEROES No matter what the features in the Sunday papers say, film doesn't create myths. A few films have become myths in their own right. And lots of films, especially those of the 1940s and 1950s, had myths within them—a Garbo, a Bogart, a Monroe—often half a size larger than the image projected on the screen. As for mythologizing real-life people, those people will more likely find themselves in an updated version of the old biopic, reminiscent of the "lives" of Curie, Edison, Zola, which were my first direct experiences with boredom at the movies.

So I think that Philip Kaufman's ***The Right Stuff*** and Jonathan Kaplan's ***Heart Like a Wheel*** function as dramatized documentary rather than anything more esoteric. I don't mean to lump them together. *The Right Stuff*, chronicling the early years of America's space program, deals with such luminaries as John Glenn, Gordon Cooper, Wally Schirra, and Lyndon Johnson. *Heart Like a Wheel* tells the story of Shirley Muldowney, who drives hot rods to win races, and whom you may never have heard of. *Heart Like a Wheel*, considered as a movie rather than a national phenomenon, is also the better film.

That's not to dismiss *The Right Stuff*, a clever and tactful work, more palatable than the book for omitting Tom Wolfe's socioculturall profundities and his rhetoric: the italicized asides, the 10,000 random exclamation points, etc. It is full of excellently judged performances, thrilling stunt work, and some especially lovely visual effects by the independent abstract filmmaker Jordan Belson. It very reasonably fills its three hours and ten minutes, and occasionally makes good dramatic use of them. Sometimes it sinks into gimmickry, as in its portrayal of a not-so-funny—but meant-for-laughs—flustered government man (Jeff Goldblum), or in that of a bulky black-suited minister who, near the beginning, officiates at test pilots' burials and then keeps cropping up in the background to remind us of doom. But more often it rises through its vignettes to a real appreciation of the astronauts and their wives (especially the wives, those uninflected Middle American types it seems, decently, to admire) and what they went through.

The film's effect on the political career of John Glenn (well played here by Ed Harris) has received too much attention. Chuck Yeager (Sam Shepard) is its real center. A great test pilot who wasn't an astronaut, Yeager, with his wife (Barbara Hershey), must express a response to life that is both romantic and complete enough to oversee a story of which they are not exactly a part. That they very nearly do this says something about two fine actors.

Bedelia as Shirley Muldowney.

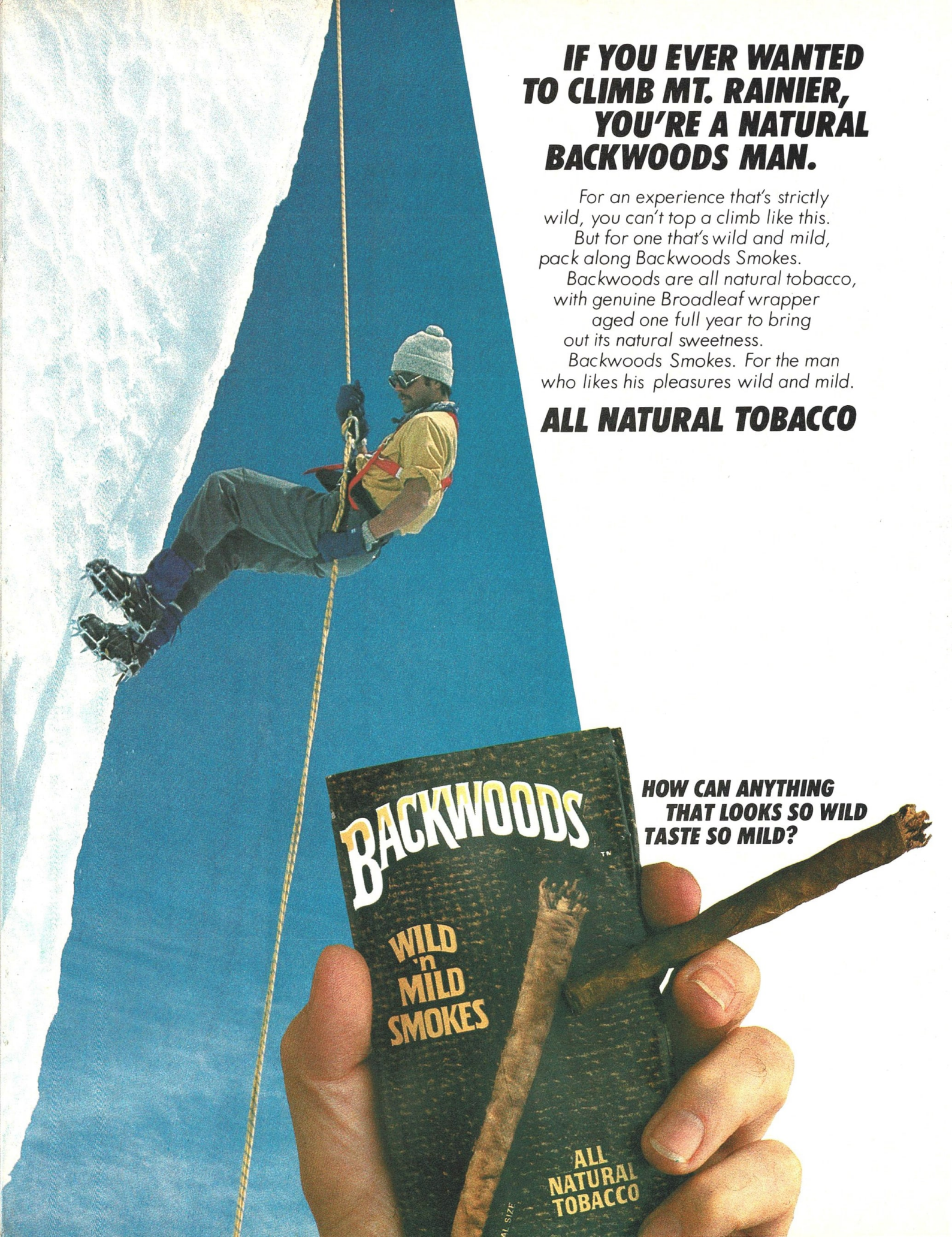
A feeling for actors is one thing to admire in *Heart Like a Wheel*: the superb Bonnie Bedelia portraying 20 years of the life of Shirley Muldowney, Hoyt Axton as her father, Leo Rossi as the auto mechanic she marries, Beau Bridges as the race-car driver she loves for a while. It is perfect casting and fine teamwork, promoted by Jonathan Kaplan's good sense never to push his ordinary people into self-satire or to claim for them more significance than their roles can bear.

I don't know where he'd push them anyway. The story of "Cha Cha" Muldowney's rise to fame on the hot-rod circuit seems more an expression of self-will than of anything exemplary about women's rights or even of an extraordinary love for auto racing. The love must be there, but Kaplan has chosen instead to concentrate on the poetry of passing time—at which he beautifully succeeds. Perhaps you will take from *Heart Like a Wheel*, as I did, the memory of certain fades and dissolves and transitions, which often move up from the bottom of the frame.

The Right Stuff*: chronicling the early years of the space program.*

Peter Duffell's ***"Experience Preferred . . . But Not Essential"*** has, if anything, slightly too much dramatic definition, being the account of how one young Englishwoman spent the summer of 1962 waitressing at a resort in Wales. The film begins as the new girl, Annie, arrives at the Grand Hotel, silent and shy; and it ends as she leaves, radiantly self-confident—and what comes between holds no major surprises. It does hold lots of minor surprises, however, and since *"Experience Preferred . . ."* lives in its details, that makes all the difference. This is a modestly wonderful movie about five waitresses, two waiters, two cooks, and the handsome woman who manages the reception desk and sleeps with her boss when nobody's looking.

Indeed, everybody sleeps with somebody, or is about to—which makes this the nicest hotel in the world, and makes the movie focused on it a love comedy—not by any stretch a sex comedy—of extraordinary good humor. Except for the novice, Annie (played with sympathy and no false emotion by Elizabeth Edmonds), and the Scottish chef (Ron Bain) who courts her, the dining-room and kitchen staffs are a motley lot, sporadically spastic, a bit overage, knocked up, worn down—but not without their resources and not without a spirit of comradeship that rings true and keeps turning up small miracles of oddball intelligence.—*Roger Greenspun*



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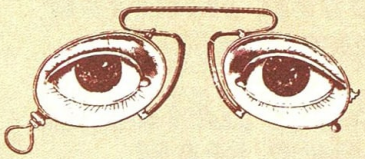
HOW CAN ANYTHING THAT LOOKS SO WILD TASTE SO MILD?



SOUNDS

THE PERFECT BEAT

In New York City's dance-music subculture, **Arthur Baker** and **John Robie** are known as "the gurus." They don't exactly look the part. Baker, who has shoulder-length hair and beard and baby-fat cheeks, lounges around recording studios and offices in funky knit T-shirts and Bermuda shorts. But looks are deceiving. Baker, alone and working with his electronics-whiz sidekick, Robie, is responsible for the freshest, most radical new pop-music sound of the last few years.

It all started when Baker noticed how popular the German synthesizer band Kraftwerk had become among blacks and Latins in the New York dance clubs. He was introduced to Robie, a former keyboard player who knew his way around a synthesizer, and the pair went into a recording studio with the disc jockey **Afrika Bambaataa** and a group of rappers called **Soul Sonic Force**. The result was "Planet Rock," a hit single on the Tommy Boy label and the most influential dance-music disc in recent memory. It combined the robotlike percolation of an electronic drum machine, or "beat box," layers of electronic cross-rhythms, and street-smart black rap vocals. "Planet Rock" was widely imitated but never equaled—until Baker, Robie, Bambaataa, and Soul Sonic Force created the even more spectacular follow-up, "Looking for the Perfect Beat," a seven-minute electronic and rap symphony.

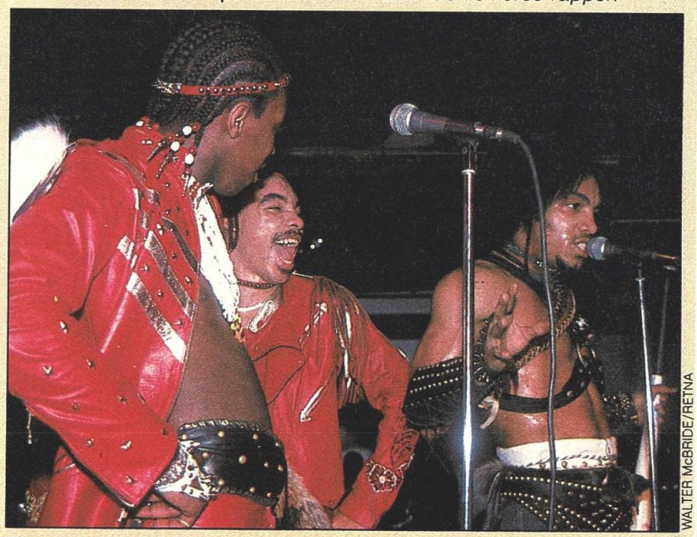
Halfway through "Looking for the Perfect Beat" there's a riveting, sharp-edged percussive effect. Called "scratching," it's the sound a disc jockey makes by setting down the stylus on a record and rhythmically worrying the disc back and forth with his finger or thumb. A skillful DJ, well-known as **Grand Master Flash**, pioneered the musical use of scratching on a series of 12-inch singles he recorded with a rapping quintet called the **Furious Five**, for New Jersey's Sugar Hill label.

Recently, the sounds of scratching, electronic drum machines, and the fast-talking rappers' jive first perfected by inner-city DJs have spread beyond the urban dance-music underground. Jazz keyboard player **Herbie Hancock** showcased these sounds on his Columbia album *Future Shock*, with the help of the New York production team known as **Material**. "Rockit," a single culled from the album, rapidly ascended to the No. 1 position on the national dance-music charts, giving Hancock his first pop-crossover hit since his early-1970s fusion album *Head Hunters*. "Rockit" added another element to the intriguing stew of electronics, robot rhythms, and streetwise chanting—Afro-Cuban rhythms, contributed by the Cuban percussionist **Daniel Ponce**. Cuban and drum-machine rhythms also merge on "Shango Message," a collaboration by Ponce, Material, and DJ Afrika Bambaataa on the Celluloid label. Ponce and Material also collaborated on the Cuban percussionist's first album, *New York Now*, another Celluloid release.

Meanwhile, electro-bop gurus Arthur Baker and John Robie have been working their synthesizer magic on groups closer to the soul-and-black pop mainstream. *Planet Patrol* (Tommy Boy), the first album from the **Planet Patrol**, grafts gritty, Temptations-style singing onto a synthesizer drum-machine background and allows Baker and Robie to flex their songwriting muscle as well. The Baker-Robie number "Cheap Thrills" wouldn't have sounded at all out of place on a classic Philly-sound album by the O'Jays or Blue Notes, though the Planet Patrol version adds spectacular video-arcade sound effects to the pumping rhythms and electronics and raw, heartfelt singing.

LYDIA CRISS/STAR FILE PHOTOS

A Soul Sonic Force rapper.



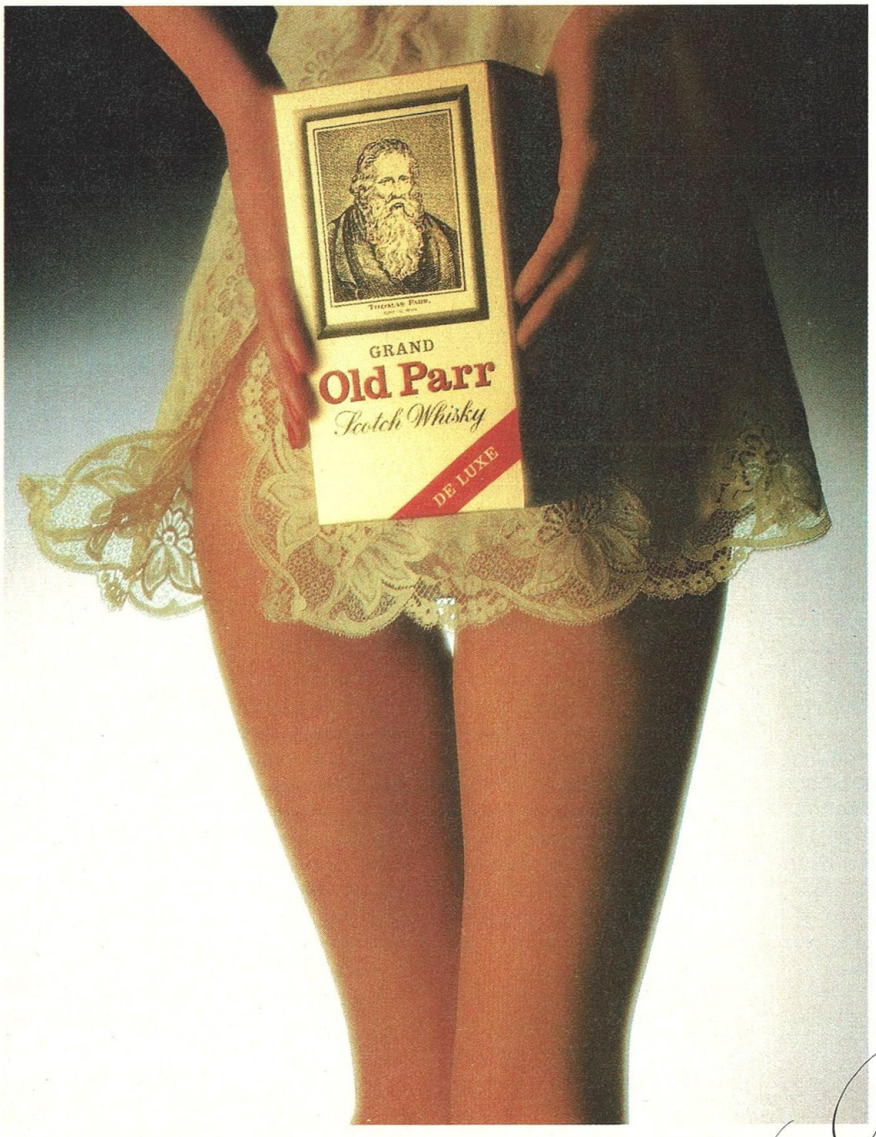
WALTER McBRIDE/RETNA

Grand Master Flash: "scratching" your way to the top.

Baker worked as co-producer on the most melodious black-pop album of the year, *Candy Girl*, by the teenage vocal group **New Edition** (Streetwise). The group's lead vocalist, Ronald Devoe, has the vocal chops and slinky sex appeal of a 15-year-old Michael Jackson, and some of the album's songs sound too close to early Jacksons material. But with the five piping-high, adolescent-male voices in the lead, comparisons with the Jacksons are unavoidable—and New Edition does have the energy and talent to stand on its own.

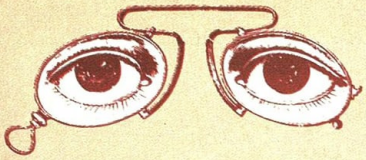
The innovations of New York electro-bop have been extremely influential in England, where synthesizer groups like **Yaz** and **Soft Cell** are attempting to replicate the Baker-Robie mix of swirling electronics and intensely soulful vocals. Already there's some two-way traffic across the Atlantic. The English pop songwriters **Glenn Tilbrook** and **Chris Difford**, formerly leaders of the band Squeeze, recently recorded a lush, mysterious dance-music single called "The Amazoon" with Grand Master Flash and the **Furious Five**. The British rock band **New Order** recorded a dense, glowering single called "Confusion" for Streetwise records, with Arthur Baker as producer. Where these artists have pioneered, others are sure to follow. The new sounds of electro-bop—chugging Roland, DMX, and Linn drum machines, scratching and other turntable manipulations, rap vocals, and synthesizer cross-rhythms bubbling up from the surface—are the sounds of tomorrow's pop mainstream.—*Robert Palmer*

"All I can give a man who has everything is more of the same".



Old Parr De Luxe Scotch Whisky

Old Parr



SCENES

BEE STINGS

She is the most famous woman in Japan. **Mieko Enomoto**, a Penthouse Pet, took the country by storm two years ago when she testified against former prime minister Kakuei Tanaka in the sensational Lockheed bribery trial.

Mieko told a stunned courtroom that her ex-husband, a government secretary, had accepted $2.1 million in Tanaka's behalf in exchange for the prime minister's influence in promoting sales of Lockheed's Tristar passenger plane. Until she came forward, the five-year-old trial had failed to produce a shred of evidence to support the accusations against the prime minister. Her surprise appearance, however, augured a guilty verdict that threatened to have political reverberations in Japan for years to come.

At a press conference following the hearing, Mieko expressed mixed feelings about her decisive role. "A bee stings once, and it dies," the 31-year-old beauty said. "I feel like the bee right now." That plaint transformed her into an overnight folk heroine, earning her the nickname Mieko the Bee.

Although she became a staple of front-page banner headlines, public opinion was sharply divided on Mieko's court appearance. Japanese men were outraged by what they viewed as her "active treachery" while the women in this country quietly cheered.

"In the case of my standing up at the witness stand in the Lockheed trial, I only did what any Japanese should do," Mieko says in retrospect. "But the public did not see it that way. I ended up inundated by voices saying that the act was a brave, revolutionary move against the establishment, that it was a noble deed, and that I was a strong woman, period. But it was as if I were swallowed up in a whirlpool of time."

Afterward, Mieko retreated from the public eye and began writing about the experience surrounding the trial and the basic human drives that cannot be deterred. "There is always spiritual struggle which goes on inside of me," she says. "And I believe that in whatever I do, my philosophy of tackling life with full spiritual concentration is always there." Her memoirs were subsequently published in books and magazines and became best-sellers in Japan.

In 1981, Mieko remarried and moved to New Zealand. She lived a private life for a while, raising public speculation as to her future exploits, until she resurfaced in a pictorial in the August 1983 issue of the Japanese *Penthouse*. Once more she captured the attention of the Japanese public as well as that of the press. Headlines proclaimed: MIEKO THE BEE TAKES HER CLOTHES OFF and THE QUEEN BEE BECOMES NUDE.

"Yes, I am always quite bold in a 'there I go!' sort of way," she admits with regard to the renewed publicity. "It was over two years ago when 'there I went!' and stung like a bee. And this time, the bee taking her clothes off may give people the impression of another 'there I go!'

"Through the [*Penthouse*] photos and through my words, I want to tell everyone exactly who I am—openly, without any secrets."

Mieko is characteristically blunt about her appearance in *Penthouse*, proving once more that she is a woman of formidable mind and body. "Some people may have thought it would be interesting to take the clothes off 'that noisy bitch.' Well, I thought it would be fun to do that before being asked. So here I am. Look as hard as you like. It doesn't hurt a bit."

KANO TENMEI

The most famous woman in Japan: Mieko Enomoto, a Penthouse Pet, brings a government to its knees.

KANO TENMEI

Japanese Penthouse*: sold out.*

The power of Mieko's popularity was evidenced when her picture graced the cover of the Japanese edition of *Penthouse* magazine. The entire print run of 250,000 copies was sold out in one day.

Mieko's pictorial corresponded, ironically, with Tanaka's conviction on the seven-year-old bribery charge. The former prime minister, who had continued to lead the largest faction of the governing Liberal Democratic party in Japan's parliament, was sentenced to four years in prison and fined the amount of the bribe plus interest. Once again, the two adversaries vied for front-page headlines.

Mieko feels a well-deserved sense of satisfaction for her latest baring-all efforts. "I have been able to express with my body what no man can with his words," she says. "If I may say so, I feel I have expressed my inner thoughts in a manner unique to women."

Mieko hopes that her blows against the empire will raise the consciousness of women and spur fair treatment between the sexes. Just how far the pendulum has swung is already quite evident when a mere bee's sting can bring a corrupt government to its knees.—*Bob Spitz*

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS

"Worst case of multiple personality I ever saw."

The beautiful young
violinist had been sexually assaulted
and then hurled to her death.
A glamorous Russian defector was only
one of thousands of suspects.
This is how two cops solved the crime.

MURDER AT THE MET

BY DAVID BLACK

Helen Hagnes Mintiks's naked and bound body was not found for 11 hours after she left the orchestra pit at the Metropolitan Opera. The Berlin Ballet was performing that night—Wednesday, July 23, 1980—with guest stars Valery Panov, his wife, Galina Panova, and Rudolf Nureyev—all Russian defectors who have become celebrities. The second ballet

PAINTING BY RICHARD NEWTON

on the evening's bill, the pas de deux from *Don Quixote*, danced by Panov and Panova, ended at 9:29. Helen put her violin under her chair. The orchestra was not needed for the next act, Five Tangoes, which was to be performed to taped music.

Helen had planned to duck out during her break to get a quick drink with another violinist, Elena Barere; but in the women's locker room she told Elena she wasn't feeling well. And she had to talk to Panov. She went up one flight to stage level, looking for Panov's dressing room.

About a quarter of an hour after she left the pit—at 9:45—Helen was seen walking away from the area where the stars' dressing rooms were, down a corridor that passed behind the stage. She was accompanied by a man who seemed to be discussing something with her. They turned a corner and saw a ballerina, dressed in practice leotards, waiting for an elevator.

Helen stopped next to the ballerina and chattered away. She didn't know her way around that part of the building, she said. Was the ballerina performing that night? Was Panov busy? Would it be a good time to talk to him?

The man stood slightly behind Helen, saying nothing, but somehow part of the conversation. The elevator came. The three of them entered it. The ballerina pushed the button for C-level, the third basement.

"Now, which floor do I have to go to?" Helen said.

The man said either "second" or "third floor." He may even have pressed the button. Helen looked at him.

When the elevator door closed, Helen began chattering to the ballerina again. She didn't want to bother Panov. She knew how busy he must be. Did he speak English?

The elevator stopped at C-level. The ballerina got off and went to a rehearsal hall. Helen moved to the back of the elevator. The door closed. She was alone with the man.

The elevator rose. The man said something rude to Helen. She slapped him.

In the elevator, the man must have done something that scared Helen enough to make her do what he said. On the second floor, he took her off the elevator and led her from one side of the building to the other, down a dark corridor. The right-hand wall was lined with racks of costumes, which were shrouded with pale dustcovers. The floor was silent except for the distant hum of the huge air-conditioner fans on the roof. At the end of the corridor, they turned right, passed another elevator, and went through a door into a stairwell.

The stairs were wide, twice the width of stairs in a house. The man walked Helen down five flights—from the second floor to the first floor to A-level, where the stairs narrowed and the walls seemed as though they were closing in, down to B-level and finally C-level. They stopped on the small landing at the bottom, a space about eight feet by five feet, the size of a cell. It was dark, dirty. "Fat Louie Sucks" was scrawled on one wall. Against another wall leaned a folding chair. There was a shut door and around its knob, some rope.

Helen screamed. She tried to slug the man. He grabbed her hands, and when he couldn't silence her, he pulled out a hammer from his belt. He threatened to hit her. She stopped screaming. He told her to strip. She did. She was tan except where she'd been covered by a two-piece bathing suit. Her legs were shaved up to her thighs. She was in the last days of her period. Terrified, she took out her tampon.

The man told her to lie down. She did. The floor was cold and gritty. Looking up, Helen must have seen a pipe passing up through the ceiling to the level above, the ceiling itself—with smudges on it like scuff marks from shoes—a dizzying perspective. The man, probably still dressed, his fly unzipped or at most his pants pulled down to his knees, lay on top of her. He tried to enter her, but couldn't. So he rubbed against her, between her legs, until he came. He stood, told her to dress. She gathered up the clothes strewn around the floor—blue panties, pink bra, black slip, black jersey, and black skirt—and put them on.

> He slit her skirt and slip. As he was cutting off her jersey, she must have felt the knife at her neck. When he cut off her bra, she must have felt it between her breasts.

After a rape or attempted rape, the rapist usually runs. But what if he doesn't run? Panic. When you're forced to admit the incredible is happening, panic can make you laugh as easily as cry—or it can shock you silent. The mind skitters around, looking for an out, a loophole. This can't be happening. Not to me. You try to make bargains: rudeness but not pain, pain but not rape, rape or attempted rape but that's all. It wasn't even a rape. He didn't enter. I won't complain. I'll be grateful if this is all it is.

The man told Helen to walk upstairs. She did. He followed. They retraced their steps: C-level to B-level to A-level to the first floor. Through the door and down a hall was the stage. Beyond the stage was the audience, hundreds of people who could help her if only she could reach them.

Second floor. Third floor. The stairs were endless, like stairs in a dream.

On the third-floor landing, on the other side of a door, a radio was broadcasting a baseball game. How wonderful the ordinary drone of the announcer must have sounded—life going on as usual, the dull routine of a typical summer evening—and how terrible it must have been to be shut off from it. Helen ran to the door and pulled. It was locked. She must have kept pulling and pulling, hoping that it would open. Pleading, praying that it would open.

The man grabbed her. They struggled. A flower and some bobby pins fell from her hair, a pen spilled from her pocketbook. The man shoved Helen and said, "Keep walking upstairs." With every flight, the roar of the air-conditioner fans grew louder. On the sixth floor, the man made Helen go through a door, past an air shaft that plunged down floor after floor, where the sound of the fans was like an approaching subway train, then through another door and onto the fan roof, where the noise was deafening.

The roof smelled wet, moldy. The surface was gravelly. They walked down a short hall, past a crate stuffed with rags, past a metal ladder that was set into the wall and seemed to go nowhere—one more escape cut off—around a corner onto the main part of the fan roof, which looked like a penitentiary yard, an enclosure formed on one side by the wall of the building and on the other three sides by a two-story rampart with a metal walk running across the top. Along the base of each rampart is a rectangular pit; in each pit, set below the level of the roof, are the air-conditioner fans: two small ones on each side and four larger ones along the back. The fans look like great concrete cakes. Inside are propellers with blades the size of a man.

The man tied her hands behind her back and bound her feet together. He told her he was going to leave her on the roof. He promised to call someone and tell where she was.

He left the main part of the fan roof, went down the short hall toward the door, and stopped.

"What if she gets free?" he wondered—just as she did get free. He heard some rattling, rushed back onto the fan roof, and saw Helen run to a pipe that divided the roof, sit on it, swing her legs around and over it, and head toward another door—escape.

The man chased her, vaulted the pipe, caught her, and carried her back to the wall where she had been sitting. He tied her up again, using some rags he'd found in the crate, and took off her shoes so she'd have trouble running—the gravelly surface would hurt her feet. He carried her to the biggest fan pit, and lifted her over the edge, then down into the recessed area, where he leaned her against one of the fans. The noise—and worse, the vibration—must have been terrifying, the mas-

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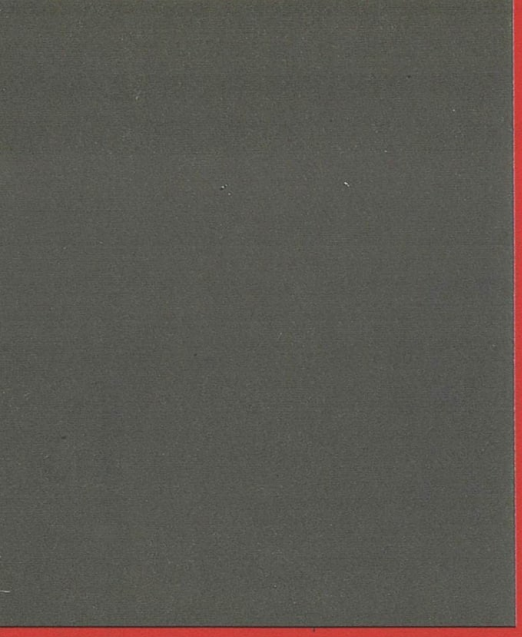
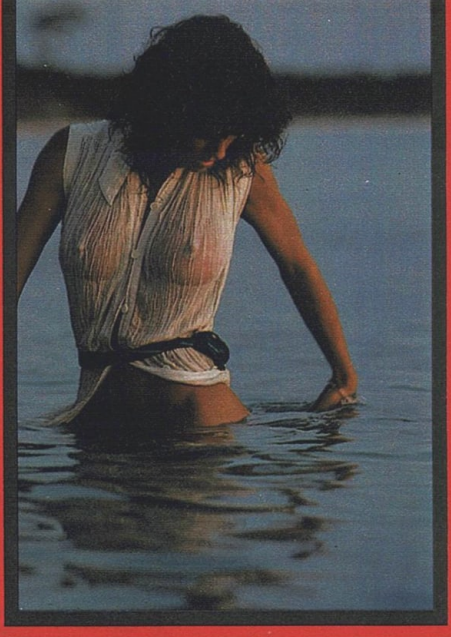
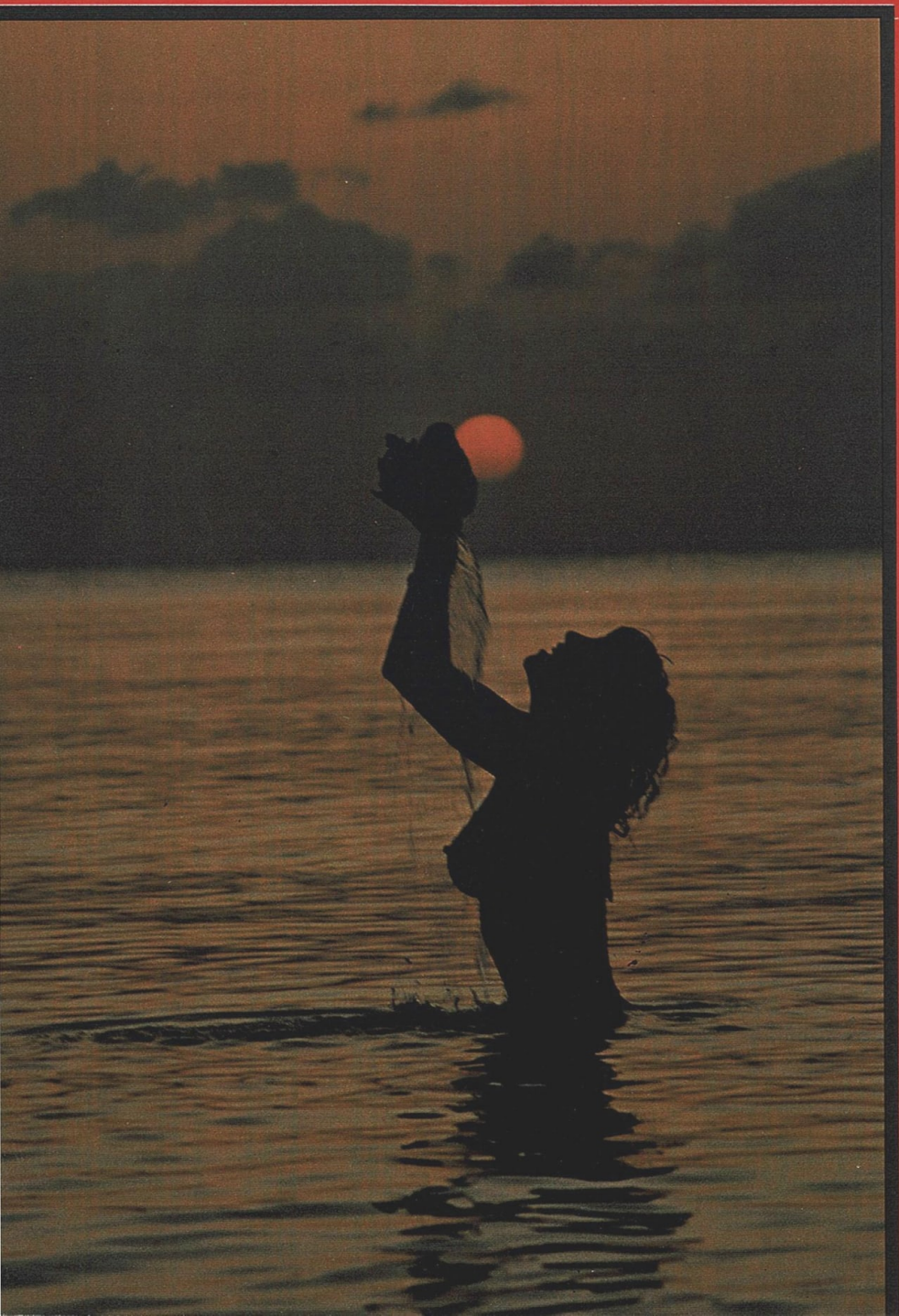
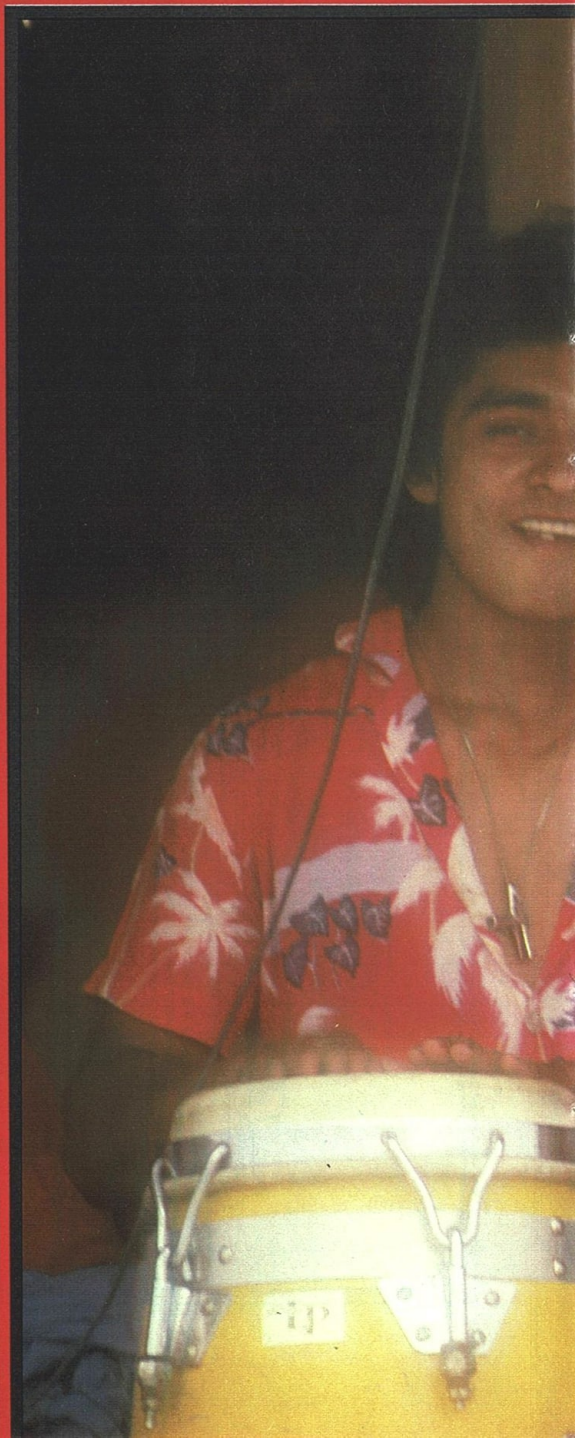




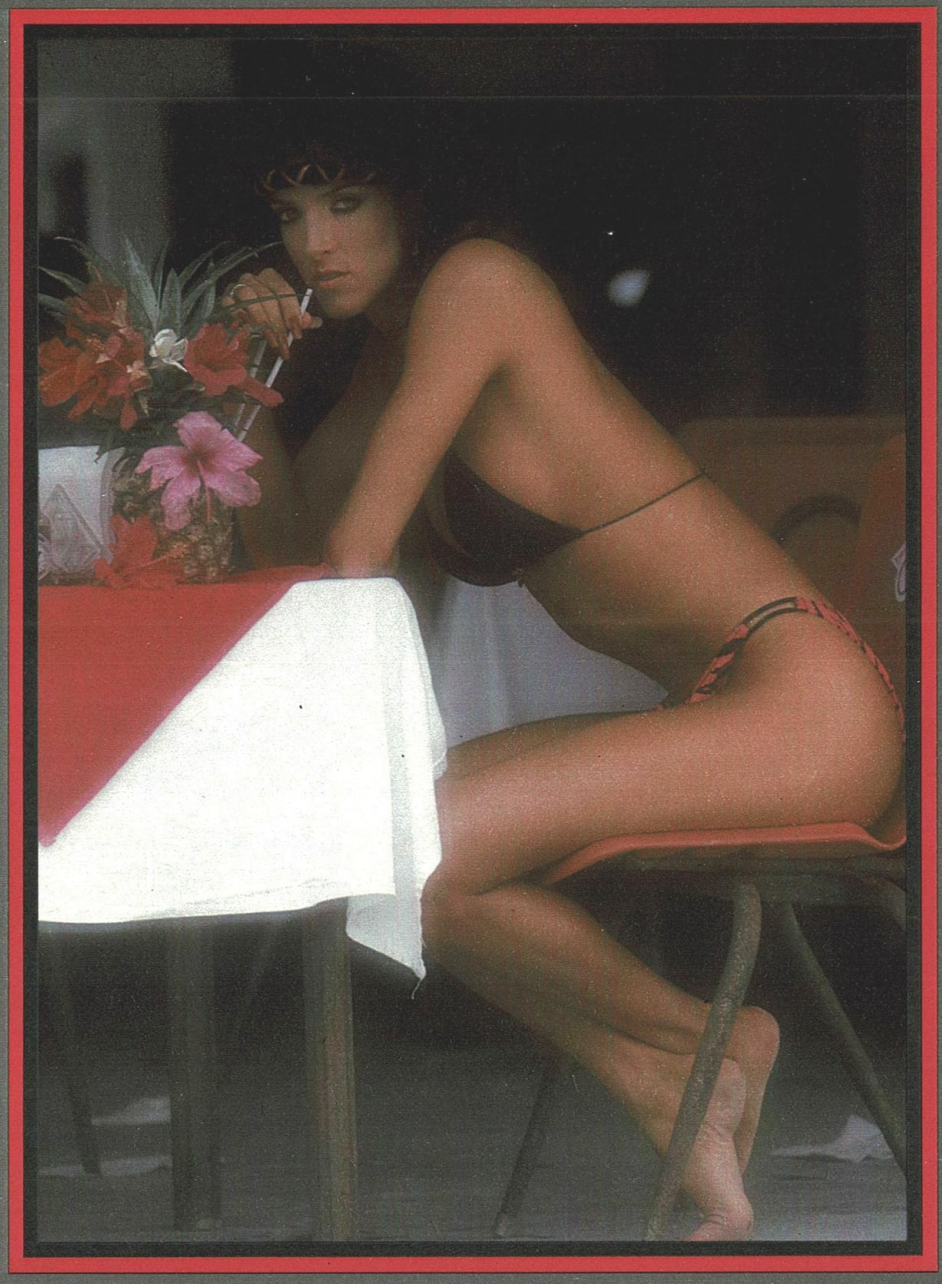




TAKING THE FAST LANE

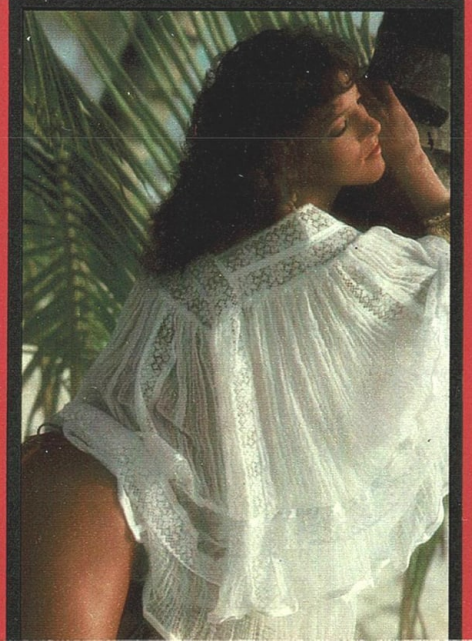
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALLAN J. WASH

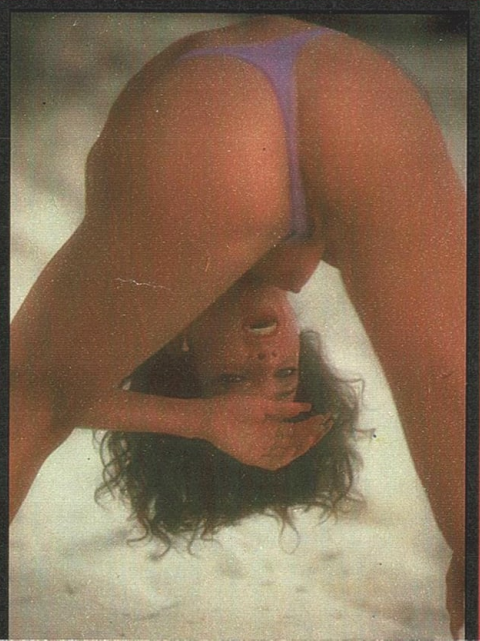
Heather Lynn is extremely conscious of her body, and so is everyone else. The fellows here strike up the band to celebrate the pleasures of her flesh. On location in Hawaii, Heather liked to jog down the beach between shoots, and it wasn't just the tropical breeze that whistled in her ears....



Makeup by Larry Gajsiewicz; styling by Judy B. Swartz; hair by Gabor

Our blue-eyed brunette also lifts weights twice a week to form a more perfect union of her sexy 36-23-35-inch curves. She's put a lot of work into her body, she cautions with a meaningful smile. Meaning: Any man she takes up with had better be in similarly good shape.





Aside from sex, of course, our California girl's favorite thrill is speed; she loves to jet ski and snow ski, though it's a little dangerous, she concedes.

Still, if she were to die young, she jokes, it would be without a trace of cellulite. Not surprisingly, Heather dislikes men with flabby bodies, and she's really turned off by underwear. It's not *cotton* that's king in her book....

Clothes and furs by Mr. Sydney, Hollywood, Calif.

So what *is* king? we ask. "Oh, men with a sense of humor," says she—"also nice teeth, unpretentious wealth, and a taste for sexual adventures." The best to date was a ménage à trois with two strapping young men who were into sharing. "It was the most erotic feeling I've ever experienced! After *that,*" she adds, "we all became great friends." Heather, if that's the road to friendship, we'd love to meet you in the fast lane.

By misjudging both John Kennedy and Nikita Khrushchev, the Cuban dictator almost succeeded in blowing up the world.

CASTRO'S WORST WEEK

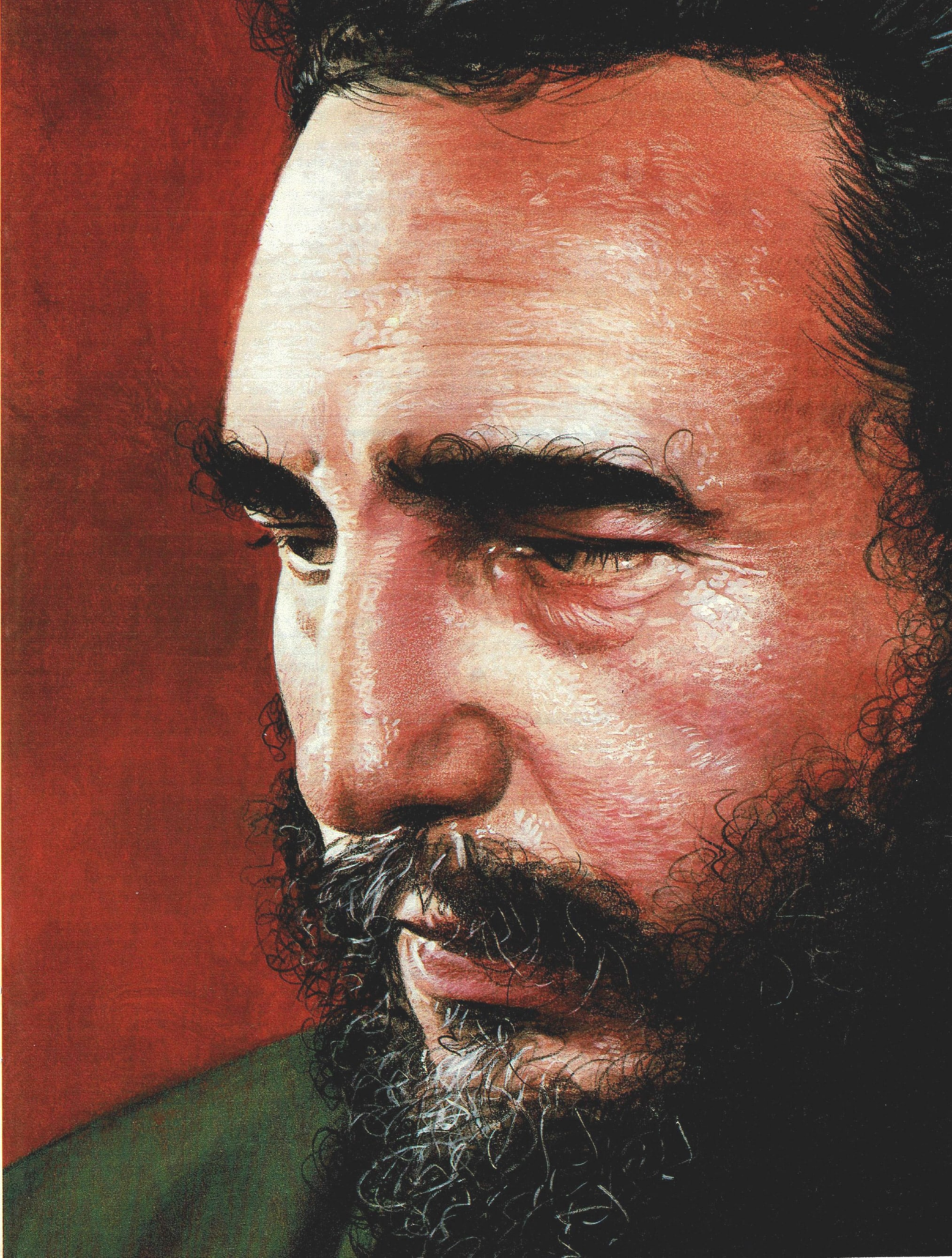
BY CARLOS FRANQUI
TRANSLATED BY ALFRED MACADAM

The author of this article was director of radio and press services during Fidel Castro's revolution. After Castro took power in 1959, Franqui was one of the dictator's closest associates. In 1968 Carlos Franqui left for Italy, protesting Soviet control of Cuban affairs.

There are many, many versions of the Cuban Missile Crisis. Fidel Castro has three. Nikita Khrushchev recalled a different one in his memoirs, and John Kennedy yet one more. Fidel's first version (hot off the presses) was that "the missiles were installed in Cuba because the Soviet Union asked permission to do so." His second, that "the Cuban government asked the Soviets for the missiles," contradicted his first. The third said that both parties had agreed on the installation of the missiles. All three can be found by anyone who cares to look for them in the magazines of the period. Which is the correct version?

The first person to talk about missiles in connection with Cuba was Nikita Khrushchev, in Moscow in 1960. Cuba as yet had not declared itself socialist.

PAINTING BY ALAN REINGOLD



The Soviet Union was very interested in what it called "the heroic island," with a revolutionary people fighting against imperialism, only 90 miles away from the United States. The Soviets attempted to exploit the situation, but without compromising themselves too much.

At the beginning of 1960, Anastas Mikoyan, vice-prime minister of the Soviet Union, made his first visit to Havana, while many high-level delegations from Cuba, one led by Che Guevara, went to Moscow. There were other, less noticed delegations—one in particular was headed up by Anibal Escalante and represented the Cuban Communist party. It went with Fidel's blessing. There were still others that were quite secret.

Khrushchev's celebrated *boutade* about Cuba and missiles went like this: "Speaking in a figurative sense: Now, if there were United States aggression against Cuba, such missiles could land right on the head of the aggressor—always thinking of things figuratively, of course." That's how the Russian side of the missile story began. The *New York Times* downplayed Khrushchev's ambiguous threat, and Khrushchev himself went no further with it. Then, in September of 1960 Fidel spoke at the United Nations, with Khrushchev and other heads of state present. He alluded to a threatening statement directed at Cuba by the commander of the U.S. Naval Base at Guantánamo, and pointed out the danger of nuclear war if such a threat were to turn into direct action.

Fidel clearly wanted to compromise Khrushchev. But the Americans still did not take Khrushchev's remarks literally. On the other hand, Khrushchev's shoe, the one he pounded on the desk at the General Assembly, was an ambiguous sort of statement of support for Fidel. It was in September of that year that I went to Moscow to interview Khrushchev. As editor of *Revolución*, the first newspaper of Castro's movement, I wanted to find out how we could get from figurative language to direct statements. I spent hours in the Kremlin going over the subject with Khrushchev, and we finally arrived at a Solomonic decision, which was interpreted in contradictory ways by the press services of the United States and the rest of the world.

An elementary lesson we have to take into account in this missile business is that no great power, neither the Soviet Union nor the United States, is going to give missiles to anyone who merely asks for them. The U.S.S.R. installs missiles where it chooses and nowhere else. Mao asked the Russians for missiles and they turned him down flat—which is why Sino-Soviet relations became so frigid. If the Russians denied missiles to 800 million Chinese Communists, would they cheerfully give them to 8 million Cubans just 90 miles off the U.S. coast? The real story is the one that Fidel told in the hottest moments of the crisis, and it was Jean Daniel, director of *Le Nouvel Observateur*, who first broke it.

In 1962, Aleksei Adzubei, director of the Soviet newspaper *Izvestia* and Khrushchev's son-in-law, came to Havana after making a tour of the United States. He carried an important message, namely, that the United States was preparing an invasion of Cuba and that all Soviet diplomatic attempts to forestall it had failed. It was the contention of the Soviets that the Cubans had only one possibility left, which was to ask the Soviet Union for missiles. Now, what could Cuba do in such a situation? Wait for the invasion to take place and then react? And did the Cubans have any reason to doubt the word of the Soviet Union?

Fidel had no doubts, and he sent a stream of military delegations to Moscow, those headed by Raúl Castro Ruz and Che Guevara among them. The result was a secret treaty regarding the installation of the missiles. What is not clear is why Khrushchev sent such an important message with his son-in-law instead of sending it through the usual diplomatic channels, such as through Ambassador Andrey Gromyko or some other Russian official. It seems that the missile business was one of Khrushchev's pet projects, one he worked out with the Soviet military, but one from which he excluded both the party and the Soviet government.

> From the moment the Cuban Revolution declared itself Communist, everything went to hell. There was chaos, rationing, persecution—the sense that you were always being watched.

This was all in Khrushchev's style. Perhaps surprise was the only way he could score any victories. He had used the same trick at the 20th Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, when he delivered his famous report on Stalin's crimes. Audacity was his favorite weapon, and it was most effective against Lavrenty Beria and others. It was a dangerous style, but one that proved effective in post-Stalinist Russia. This at least explains why Khrushchev would use his son-in-law as a messenger, but was the story of the U.S. invasion merely a Soviet assumption, or did they have facts? Or was it both things? The CIA and the Pentagon certainly had plans worked out and a desire to put them into practice, but President John Kennedy didn't seem to be going along. After all, if he kept American troops out of the Bay of Pigs, why would he go ahead now? It seemed that, in fact, the United States never wanted to get involved in a real conflict with the Russians. All it wanted was to score a big political victory.

Khrushchev, on the other hand, seemed to have played the same trick on the Soviets that he played on the Cubans. He said that the Cubans had informed Adzubei that the United States was readying an invasion of Cuba and that Fidel Castro was asking for advice and "strategic defensive weapons," a euphemism for those famous missiles. I have no idea who made up that wonderful expression, but I do know who used it first: Fidel Castro.

The U.S.S.R., practicing the kind of hypocrisy typical of a great power, demanded that the Cuban government formally request the Soviet Union to install a few missiles in Cuba. Cuba made the request and, wonder of wonders, it was accepted by the Russians. But the greatest, most grotesque irony of this whole business is that, according to the agreement signed by both countries—and here I challenge Fidel Castro to prove me wrong by publishing this and all other documents relevant to the missile crisis, which by now are no longer military secrets—the Cuban land on which the missiles would be set up would be Russian property. Cuba would have no rights whatsoever with regard to that land with those "sister bases" on them.

Nineteen sixty-two saw a rapid influx of thousands and thousands of Russians into Cuba, families included. We Cubans were surprised at more than one aspect of this friendly invasion. First, the way they dressed. They were years out of style—their clothes were very ugly and badly cut . . . and their shoes! The man on the street began to wonder why, if socialism is in fact superior to capitalism, everything these Russians had was so shoddy. The women didn't even know how to walk in high heels. And there seemed to be great differences between various groups of Russians. The leaders, technicians, and officers had one style and the soldiers and ordinary laborers had another, which was much inferior. People began to wonder about equality under socialism. Later, we noticed that the differences were also striking between city and country people, especially between the Moscow people and those from other cities.

The Russians were kept segregated from the Cubans, but when they were let out, they immediately went drinking. And when they ran out of money, they would trade anything and everything for a bottle of vodka or rum. Despite the disillusionment they brought, however, the Russians as people seemed a sympathetic bunch, at least when they were sober. When they were drunk, they were wild. The Russians sent along a special police force who would beat to a pulp anyone who gave them trouble. There was a huge, clandestine barter industry. And drunken Rus-

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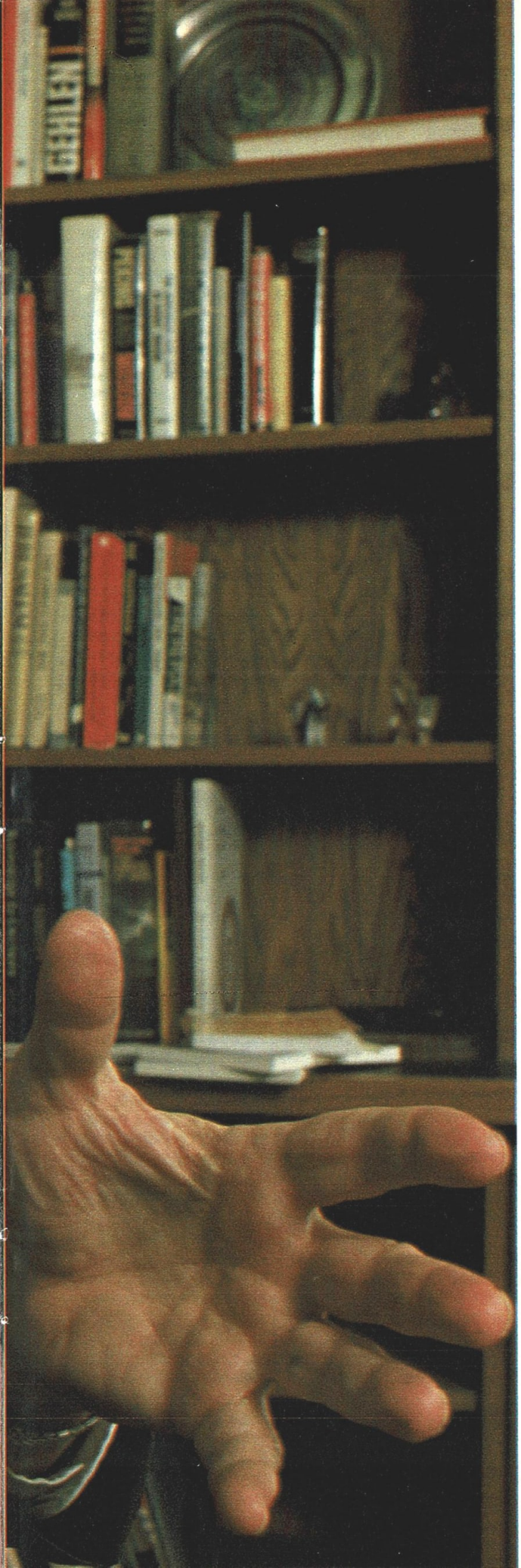


PHOTOGRAPHED BY LIAN ENKELIS/BLACK STAR

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

"To date, nuclear power,
from a health standpoint, is the safest
source of energy we have.
An automobile accident poses more of a danger.
There's the paradox: That
which is most safe is what we most fear."

EDWARD TELLER

For more than a quarter of a century, he has been called the father of the hydrogen bomb. Yet today, at 75, Edward Teller is annoyed by the labels. "I am the father of my children and the grandfather of my grandchildren," he says. "To call me the father of a bomb is in poor taste."

Despite such protestations, physicist Edward Teller *is* best known for building the H-bomb—still the most potent weapon on earth. For his role in promoting the development of nuclear arms, he has gained numerous enemies and the wrath of his scientific colleagues. But that has not stopped him from voicing views on issues from disarmament to nuclear waste. Through the years he has criticized test bans, arms-limitation treaties, and nuclear-freeze drives. Recently, Teller even helped promote President Reagan's plan to build a nuclear-defense system based on lasers and other exotic weapons that could deflect enemy missiles raining down from space.

Teller has also worked to establish alternative forms of energy: nuclear fission, nuclear fusion, solar power, and even wind-generated energy. "No single solution exists for the energy problem," he said in his recent book *Energy From Heaven and Earth* (Freeman, 1980). As the book's title suggests, Teller feels we should utilize energy wherever possible—from the sky and from the earth—as long as we can make it cost-effective and safe.

Toward that goal, Teller is currently advocating "methacoal," a new type of fuel. "It is a mixture of water, pulverized coal, and methyl alcohol," he explains. "If you drink it you'll go blind, but it can be shipped in oil tankers and distributed worldwide, and it's about 30 percent cheaper than heating oil."

Whether he's promoting new weapons or alternative fuels, Edward Teller, born in Budapest in 1908, has been at the center of world events for most of his life. He was six years old when World War I broke out. By the time he was 12, Hungary had been invaded by czarist Russia and crushed by the Allies. It had also undergone a Communist revolution and then a counterrevolution that brought on a Fascist, military-style dic-

tatorship under the anti-Semitic Admiral Miklós Horthy.

Teller, like tens of thousands of others, left Hungary to escape Horthy's policies. He traveled to Germany and there attended the Institute of Technology, in Karlsruhe, and in 1930 he received a Ph.D. in physics from the University of Leipzig. But soon after Teller began his first job, at the University of Göttingen, Hitler came to power. Teller knew he had to leave once again.

He settled in Washington, D.C., in 1935, but in the following four years never once visited the Capitol. "That's how apolitical I was in those days," Teller notes with a wry smile. However, his fellow immigrant Leo Szilard was convinced that the Nazis, with their superb physicists, would build an atomic bomb. (In 1934, Szilard had filed a patent for a chain reaction—the basis of the release of atomic energy.) In 1939, Szilard, accompanied by Teller, convinced Albert Einstein to inform President Roosevelt of the atom's terrible potential. Soon after, the top-secret Manhattan Project began to build the bomb.

Teller followed the trail of physicists to the weapons laboratory at Los Alamos, New Mexico. There, under lab director J. Robert Oppenheimer, he helped to develop the atomic bomb. (Based on the principle of fission, the A-bomb would release large amounts of energy when the atomic nucleus was split.)

But from the beginning, Teller found it difficult to concentrate on the task at hand. He had his heart set on building what he called the "super"—the hydrogen bomb based not on fission but on fusion, or the fusing of atomic nuclei. Teller knew that when atomic nuclei fuse, enormous quantities of energy are released; if the super could be built, it might be 1,000 times more powerful than its fission counterpart. Teller eventually gained permission to devote much of his time to the fusion-bomb concept, and he worked on it throughout the war.

But after the atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, his efforts seemed futile. Most of the Los Alamos physicists were appalled by their accomplishment, vowing never to build weapons again. Stopped in his tracks, Teller declared the sentiment suicidal. The only route to national security, he said, was an increasingly strong defense—including construction of the super.

In 1950, Teller *was* given the go-ahead for his project—after the Soviets built an A-bomb on their own. Working out of Los Alamos, he and his group completed the first H-bomb in 1953. The Soviets accomplished the same feat almost simultaneously.

But the heated controversy over weapons research was by no means ended. The following year, the government held a hearing to decide whether Dr. Oppenheimer was a security risk. Basing their case on Oppenheimer's suspected leftist leanings, officials conducted one of the most charged hearings of the McCarthy era. Though there were dozens of witnesses, some say Teller's testimony was among the most damning. "In a great number of cases, I have seen Dr. Oppenheimer act in a way that for me was exceedingly hard to understand," Teller told the judges of his former friend. "I thoroughly disagreed with him on numerous issues and his actions frankly appeared to me to be confused and complicated. To this extent, I feel that I would like to see the vital interests of the country in hands that I understand better and, therefore, trust more."

The panel ultimately denied Oppenheimer security clearance, because he'd given false information to wartime security officers. Nonetheless, Teller found that his testimony had made him suspect in the scientific community. Many of his best friends pulled away from him, and with one exception, says Teller, there have been almost no real, earnest reconciliations in the subsequent 30 years.

Rejection, however, has not stopped Edward Teller from continuing to speak out. For the past three decades, he has been a premier advocate of a strong national defense. Operating from his current post at Stanford University's Hoover Institution, he enjoys talking about what he calls "popular myths"—notions that "prevent the development of workable plans to preserve peace." Among those myths: that a nuclear freeze will stop the arms race, that nuclear war will mean the destruction of the human race, and that we cannot protect ourselves with adequate civil defense. "The reality of nuclear weapons is grim enough," Teller states. "Exaggerations about them are apt only to paralyze us."

Finally, although Teller feels Americans have exaggerated the dangers of nuclear war, he is more concerned about their negative attitude toward nuclear power. "Today, nuclear power is still the cleanest, safest source of energy we have," he says.

Called obsessive even by his closest friends, Teller clings tenaciously to his beliefs. He dismisses challenges with feisty one-liners, pursuing a logic that is often hard to pierce.

An interview was conducted with Dr. Teller for the German edition of *Penthouse*, by Editor-in-Chief Martin Speich, in the small Sicilian mountain village of Erice, where the physicist was taking part in the Centro di Cultura Scientifica Ettore Majorana's summer course on theoretical physics and in its seminar on nuclear war. The bulk of this interview was provided by *Omni* Editor Pamela Weintraub, who spoke with Dr. Teller in New York in the fall of 1983. The German portions of the interview were translated by *Penthouse* Copy Chief David Grambs.

Penthouse: Why did you leave Europe for the United States?

Teller: I started my career in Germany, but I'm a Jew, and it became clear after Hitler came in that I would never be able to work there as a scientist. In 1935, I was invited by George Washington University to be a professor and so my wife and I left for Washington, D.C. I've been in the United States ever since.

Penthouse: After you moved here, you decided to switch from theoretical physics to weaponry. How did this come about?

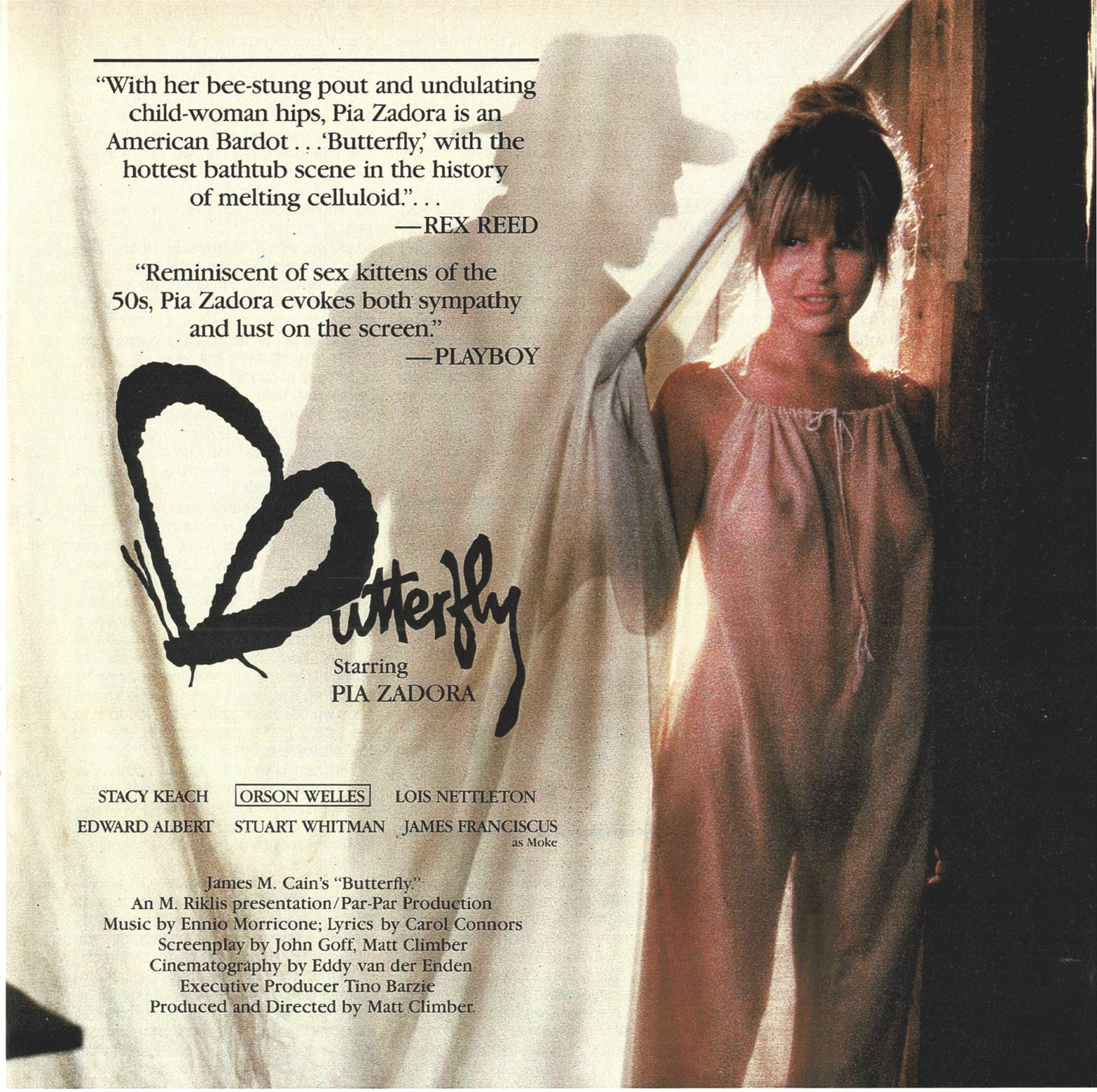
Teller: It started with a fellow Hungarian named Leo Szilard. He's the man who really got nuclear-explosives research started in the United States. He visited Albert Einstein and asked him to write President Roosevelt a letter about the potential for building an atomic bomb. Actually, I entered the history books by acting as Szilard's chauffeur, as it were. I just drove the car. In principle, I understood and agreed with Szilard's reasons for wanting to build an atomic bomb, but at that time I was by no means ready to change my life's work. I didn't make that decision until the spring of 1940, when I was invited to attend a scientific congress where Roosevelt was speaking. At one point, Roosevelt said, "You scientists have been accused of doing great damage to human life. But I can tell you that if you will not work on weapons, then freedom cannot be defended." Roosevelt had received Einstein's letter, and I had the peculiar feeling that he was addressing only *me*. At that time, I felt that among all the thousands of people in the room there were two, namely, me and Roosevelt, who knew about the possibility of the atomic bomb. In any case, by the time he had finished speaking, my mind was made up, and I haven't changed it since.

Penthouse: Soon after you made that decision, you began to work on nuclear explosives at Columbia University with Szilard and the physicist Enrico Fermi.

Teller: Yes, as a visiting professor. I think I was invited because Szilard and Fermi didn't get along with each other. It was hoped that I could act as a buffer, because I was friends with both. We needed pure graphite. Large quantities were needed to construct the reactor, so I asked for $6,000 to complete the first year's work. Szilard was mad at me for having asked for so little, and believe me, it didn't help when I said I was just repeating Fermi's request. We got the money, but since then, whenever I ask for money for a project, I usually ask for more than $6,000! Soon after that, I joined a small group of scientists in the Manhattan Project at Los Alamos, where we put the explosive together.

Penthouse: In an article published in *Los Alamos Science*, you wrote that there had been an effort on behalf of the scientists involved in the Manhattan Project to stage a "warning" explosion before actually dropping the bomb on Japan.

Teller: What happened was that one day, in the late spring or early summer of 1945, I got a letter from Szilard suggesting that



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we demonstrate the bomb to the Japanese, giving them a chance to surrender before we used it. He had a petition he wanted me to sign and then circulate among the others at Los Alamos. I agreed with him and was ready to sign, and would have except I didn't think I should circulate it without first discussing it with J. Robert Oppenheimer, who was the director. He was opposed to the petition. Basically, he didn't think that we, as scientists, should be mixing in such matters. He thought that the people in Washington understood the Japanese better and that I should just forget the whole thing.

I didn't argue. I wrote Szilard but didn't mention I'd spoken with Oppenheimer. At Los Alamos our mail was censored, so I knew Oppenheimer would certainly see whatever I wrote. Later, I was shocked to find out that while Oppenheimer told me to stay out of it, he did get involved and used his influence to promote the bombing. At that point I realized that when I have something to say, I should say it. I think I made a mistake in not sticking with my true feelings, and I've regretted that.

Penthouse: What, then, was your reaction when the bomb was dropped on Hiroshima?

Teller: I was really very unhappy. I'm convinced now, and I had a hunch then, that in the long run our dropping the bomb would have terrible psychological effects. It has. If we had managed to end the Second World War without killing a single person, just by demonstrating the power of science, then today people would look at science in an entirely different light. Perhaps the strongest impact was made on the scientists themselves. Remarkably enough, the people who advocated dropping the bomb became the strongest opponents of continuing the work.

The Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombs cost about 70,000 or 80,000 human lives. Still, it signified the end of a terrible war that cost—so far as I know—more than 50 million people their lives and led to enormous suffering in many countries. Thus, the first reaction when the bombs were dropped was a sigh of relief. But then, after a few years, fear set in: What will happen now? If there was ever a situation where horror stories could arise, it was exactly this situation.

Penthouse: This sentiment certainly didn't grip you as strongly as others. You urged this country to go on and build the hydrogen bomb. Can you explain your rationale, especially in the light of your opposition to dropping the bomb in the first place?

Teller: I had two reasons. First, here was something new, a weapon based on a different principle, one using nuclear energy in an entirely new way. It was basically a quest for knowledge. To abstain from developing it simply seemed wrong.

Second, in 1945 Stalin said, "We are going to have the atomic bomb and we are going to have much more." I considered Stalin's threat real. I foresaw—and I happened to be right—that the Soviets were working on the hydrogen bomb and that we would be at a great disadvantage if they developed it first.

Penthouse: How do you compare those weapons with the new weapons of today?

Teller: An atomic bomb was more than 1,000 times more powerful than conventional explosives. The hydrogen bomb was 1,000 times more powerful than the atomic bomb. Both of these weapons were born within seven years of each other, which naturally made people think that there was no limit to what we could do. Now, the American arsenals—and, I believe, to some extent the Soviet arsenals—have been and are being converted to smaller weapons having greater accuracy of delivery. We are learning how to construct smaller but more refined weapons for use against invasion, and we are also trying to build weapons that are primarily designed to be used not against people but against offensive weapons.

Penthouse: Can you give an example?

> If 750,000 people demonstrate for a freeze in Manhattan, then the Kremlin applauds. When seven people demonstrate in Moscow, they are promptly sent to the Gulag Archipelago.

Teller: For defense against invasion, I'm talking about small atomic weapons that each have the energy equivalent to about a hundred tons of dynamite. They are detonated about 100 or 200 meters above the ground. A comparison: The original hydrogen bomb was equivalent to a million tons of dynamite. It worked through enormous pressure, which destroyed everything within miles and spread enormous heat and radioactive fallout over a large area. With small weapons, none of this happens except for the radiation. The immediate radiation is more intense than with the hydrogen bomb, but only for a short distance. Civilians in the target area of a smaller modern nuclear bomb would suffer, but safety could be found less than a mile away. For example, houses would remain standing, and anyone with a decent basement and about a meter of earth surrounding it would be protected.

Penthouse: In addition to weapons that attack an enemy's missiles on *his* territory, we seem to be developing a new generation of weapons that can deflect incoming missiles. These weapons were referred to by President Reagan last March in his so-called Star Wars speech, when he suggested zapping enemy missiles with lasers and particle-beam weapons in space.

Teller: The president did not say—and you can look it up—he did not say *space* or talk about weapons. He said, "Is it not better to save lives than to avenge them?" The methods by which we can achieve such a defense are classified, so I can't be too specific. But in the last year, some of my younger friends have come forward with a number of very promising approaches, which, incidentally, I was a little slow to accept. I'm not talking about one defensive weapon, I'm talking about half a dozen different kinds. It's still too soon to tell which ones will work, but that they should all fail is fantastically improbable. That some of them will work is, I think, practically assured.

Penthouse: We realize that these approaches are classified and that you can't give exact details, but can you give us some idea of what you mean?

Teller: Different defensive weapons should do different things. We want to shoot down intercontinental ballistic missiles, short-range missiles, cruise missiles, and airplanes. Now, you can use nuclear weapons or you can use a laser beam and direct it with fantastic accuracy. That would mean, for instance, that if the laser was 5,000 miles from its target, it could hit that target within an accuracy of 25 feet. Now, these defensive weapons may be lasers, but they would probably be based on the ground and not in space. They would, essentially, allow you to stop the attack at the last moment, after the rockets have left their silos.

The real distinction is not nuclear or non-nuclear; the real distinction is attack or defense. For attack, anything is objectionable. For defense, anything that works against weapons but not against people is permissible.

If defense is to be effective, it should cost less than offsetting developments in attack. If you can offset the defense just by making more attacking weapons, you have accomplished nothing. If, on the other hand, the defense can be accomplished with considerably less effort than the other side has to muster in order to carry out the attack, that will be the end of the offensive-arms race, because the developing of those offensive arms will no longer have a rationale.

Penthouse: Yet many critics say that these new defensive weapons will just bring on another generation of offensive weapons, which will then require another generation of defensive weapons.

Teller: Look, in principle I even agree with them. But I also say these critics can support their arguments only if they name the specific ways in which this defense can be counteracted. I'm not saying that we will make defensive weapons and that from then on offensive weapons will have no chance. I don't know the future. I do know something about the next step, and I claim that our critics have not even looked into the next step.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 156

ANTONIA

'My body is less a temple than a fortress; I keep it in a constant state of readiness....'

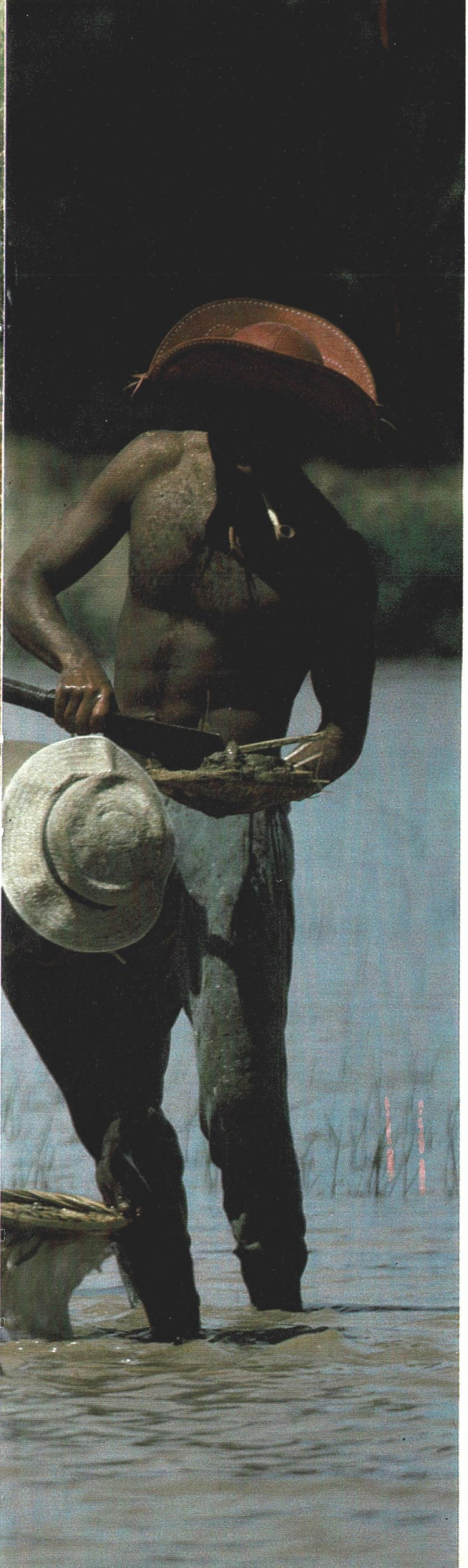
AN EXOTIC, FULL-BODIED BLEND

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER

The perfect woman is not unlike a good cup of coffee–a strong, exotic, full-bodied blend that revs up your senses and alerts you to new possibilities. February Pet of the Month Antonia Larsen, a half-Italian half-Swedish ethnic original, is just such a creature. Her Italian side accounts for her dark, smoldering good looks; the Scandinavian influence accounts for her cool reserve and radiant good health. And her all-American spirit is reflected in her insistence on being called "Toni" for short.

Shooting on location in Brazil, Toni felt overwhelmed by its beauty while her hosts were overwhelmed by hers. They called her a *moca tropical*—translated loosely, meaning a *very* hot number.

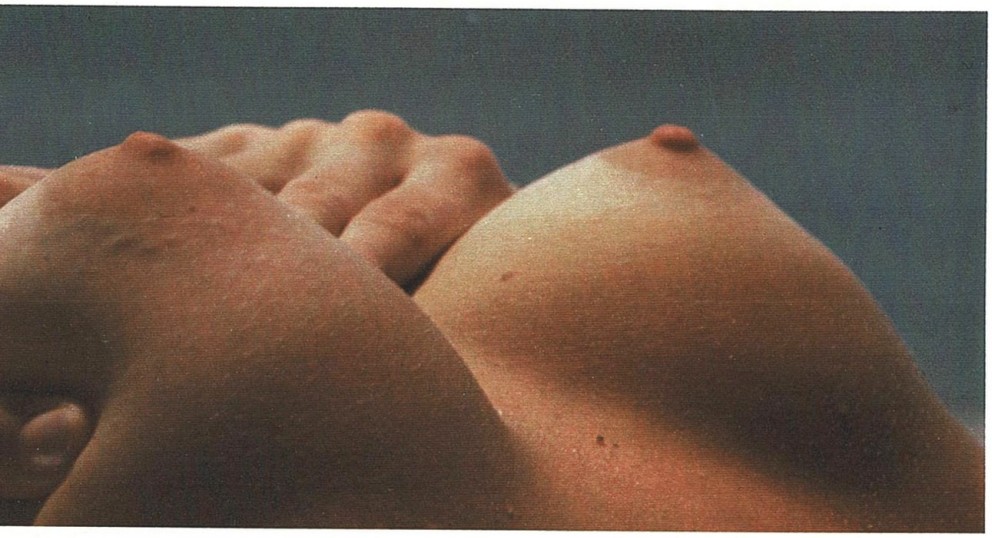
Hot, perhaps, but eminently indestructable, our five-foot-ten-inch stunner is quick to point out. Posing by the Amazon river, Toni decides to play the Amazon herself. Regardless, we size her up while she sleeps and conclude she's Everyman's dream girl....

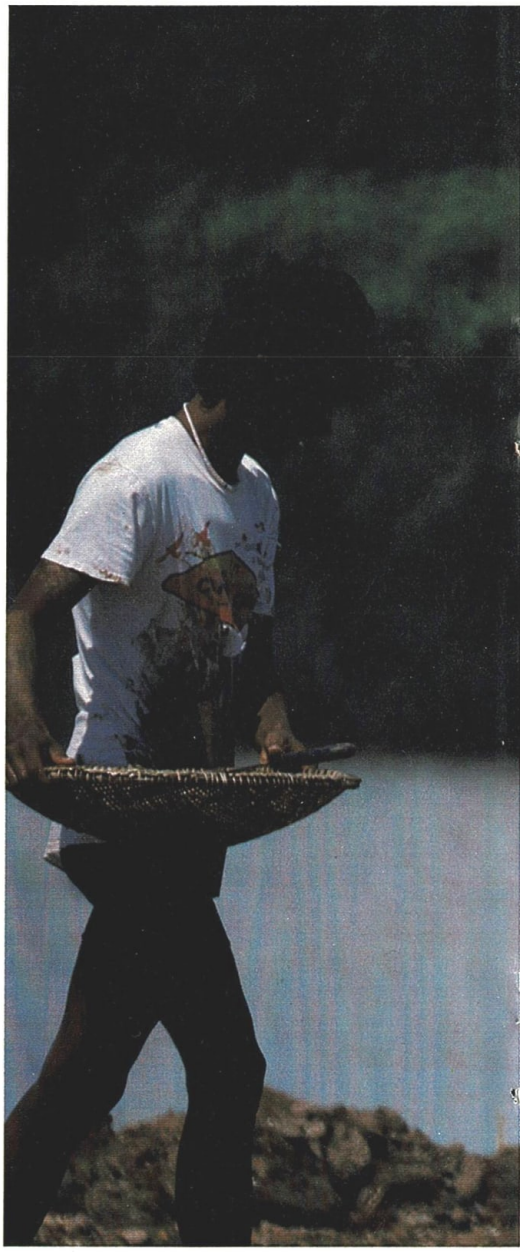


From time to time, as the previous page shows, Toni takes a break and pans for gold with the natives. But lucky or not, each new day is filled with fresh adventures, and glistening on a sun-burnished beach, Toni proves that gold isn't all that glitters anyway....

"I see my body as less a temple than a fortress," says she, "to be kept in a constant state of readiness!"

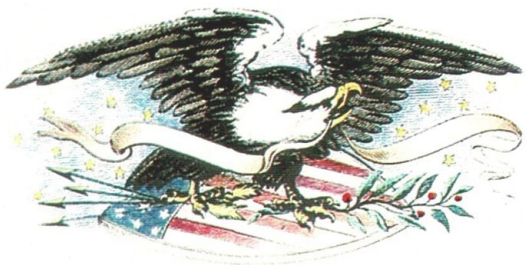
Just 22, Toni has already learned that some men are only out to use her. "That's why it takes so long for a man to win my trust," she explains. "But once he has it, my walls come tumbling down pronto."





By the end of the last day's shooting, the native Brazilian guides had Toni so trusting and relaxed that she became quite carried away. If we had our druthers, we'd join her for a long day's journey into night....

MISS ANTONIA LARSEN/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

At a recent symposium to discuss the 13-part Public Broadcasting Service's series "The Vietnam Experience," it became clear that the public has finally been able to separate the war and its failed policies from those who fought it. The TV series set the record straight on many points, but none more important than that America's fighting men have been inappropriately labeled as crazed "baby killers," "junkies," etc. By distinguishing the fighting men from the war itself, the series enabled viewers to understand the reasons for our policy failures in Vietnam, but it left unanswered the question of how best to provide just compensation to those who did the fighting.

One participant raised the question, What is it that Vietnam veterans want and need? This provoked a lively discussion. Comparisons were made to the benefits provided World War II and Korean War veterans. It was agreed, for example, that Vietnam veterans had not been provided with a comparable GI Bill, job training, or adequate psychological rehabilitation on a timely basis. This lag was viewed as a lost opportunity, which would be difficult to remedy by crash programs because the veterans themselves had, in many cases, passed the age where it was feasible for them to return to school and begin their lives anew. It was agreed, however, that this was insufficient justification for not providing such programs for Vietnam veterans who could still make use of them.

It was suggested also that Vietnam veterans want recognition and respect for their service. They seem to be getting it at last. Some 1.5 million persons have made the pilgrimage to the Vietnam Veterans Memorial, in Washington, since its dedication. It is a moving experience to observe Americans from all walks of life come to the memorial and reach out to touch the name of one or more of the 57,000 dead and missing.

Many Vietnam veterans need little else beyond the respect of their fellow countrymen, but there are a number of Vietnam veterans who need ongoing help. We are not referring here to a "modernized GI Bill," job programs, or small-business loans —these problems can and should be addressed through the passage of appropriate legislation. Our area of concern in this instance is one that the American *public* is uniquely positioned to address. It involves the pressing need to help care for those veterans—from *all* of America's wars—who have been consigned to a VA hospital for life.

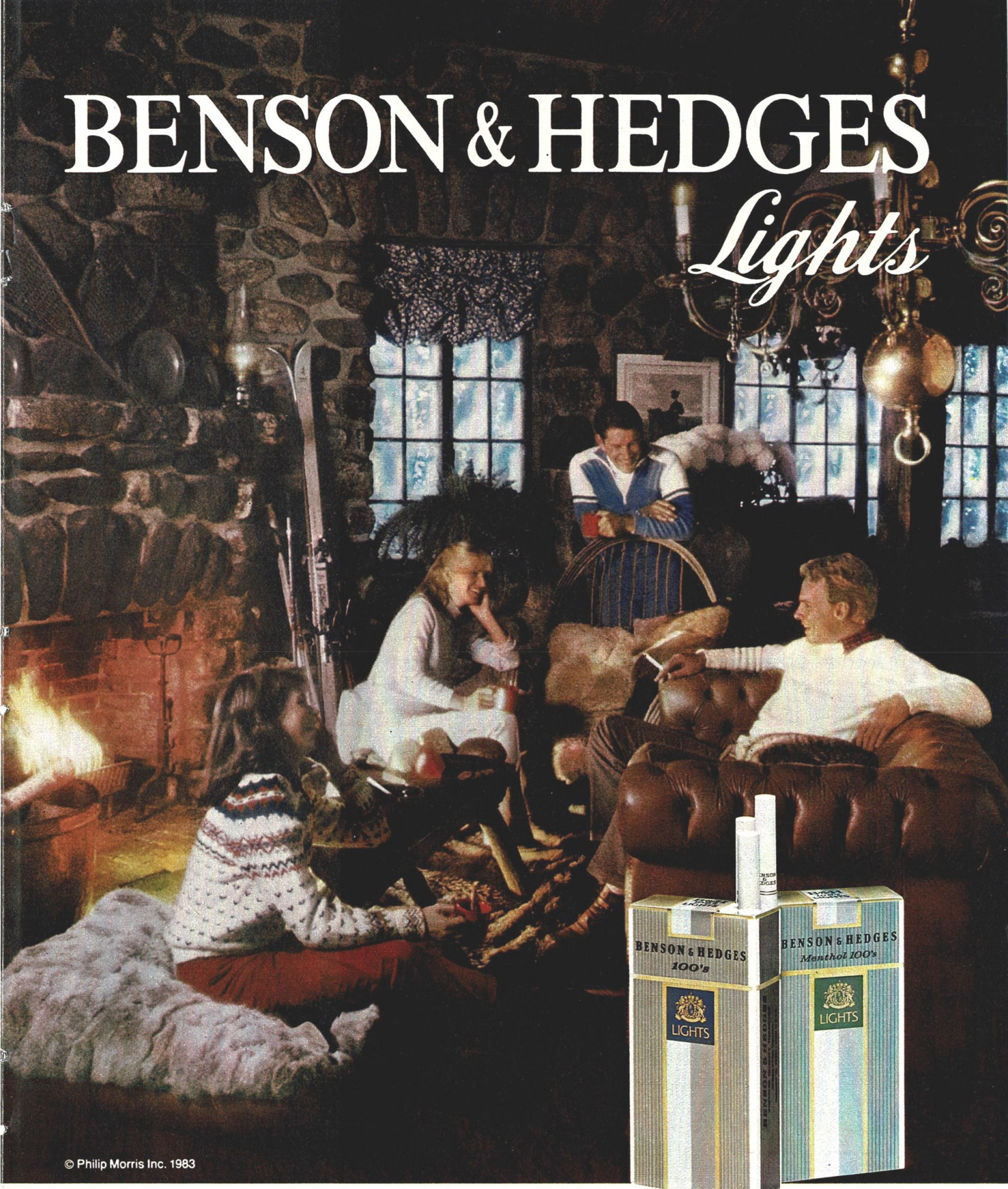
The recent success of the TV show "AfterMASH," set in the post–Korean War era, provided some insight into the problems of the VA medical system. It suffices to say that many of these problems are budgetary. Other problems involve the aging of America's veterans and the difficulty in dealing with illnesses and diseases about which not enough is known. These problems are real, and the dedicated members of the VA's Bureau of Medicine and Surgery are doing their best to solve them. There are many horror stories about the VA's medical system; however, for every one of these there are ten that illustrate the compassion and caring of its doctors, nurses, and attendants.

> Many veterans need our help, but none more than those who have been consigned to a VA hospital. The opportunities for volunteers to help hospitalized veterans are boundless.

These persons, and the patients they serve, need our help. No hospital can provide for *all* its patients' needs solely with its own staff. What is required also is the help of volunteers to minister to the personal requirements of patients who must rely on others. We're not talking here about giving out pills, changing bedpans, or taking temperatures but rather about manning a visitors' center, writing letters for someone who has lost an arm, providing conversation, and, most of all, letting those who face a lifetime of hospital loneliness know that someone cares. The opportunities for volunteers to help our hospitalized veterans are boundless. One example would involve the creation of an audio-cassette library, which would provide a veteran patient with an alternative to the dreary landscape of daytime television.

It is certainly not the most cheering prospect in the world to visit and befriend men, some young and some old, who have been maimed and disfigured for life. But it is a challenge that those of us who have good health should take up. *Penthouse* strongly urges those who want to do something for America's veterans to visit a VA hospital and sign on as a volunteer. This step should be taken not out of any sense of guilt but as a statement of one's faith in the value of fellow countrymen who made sacrifices and must live with personal disabilities for the rest of their lives.—*William R. Corson*

BENSON & HEDGES *Lights*



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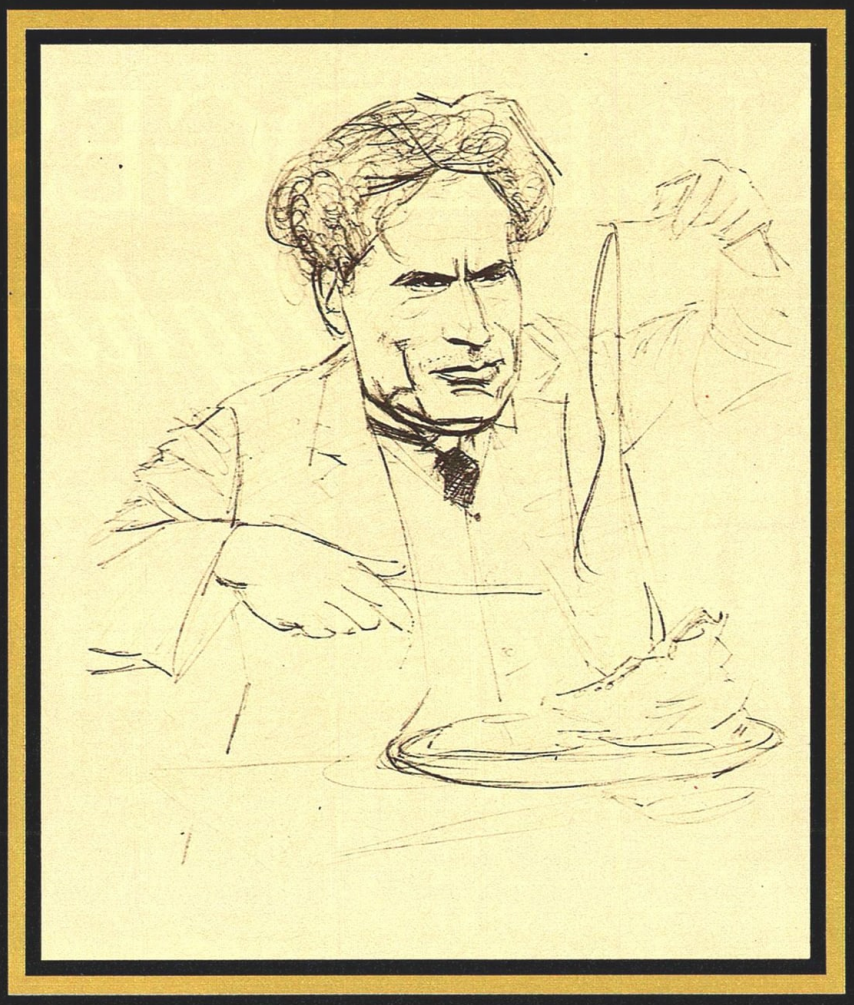
11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar.'83.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

The Deluxe 100.

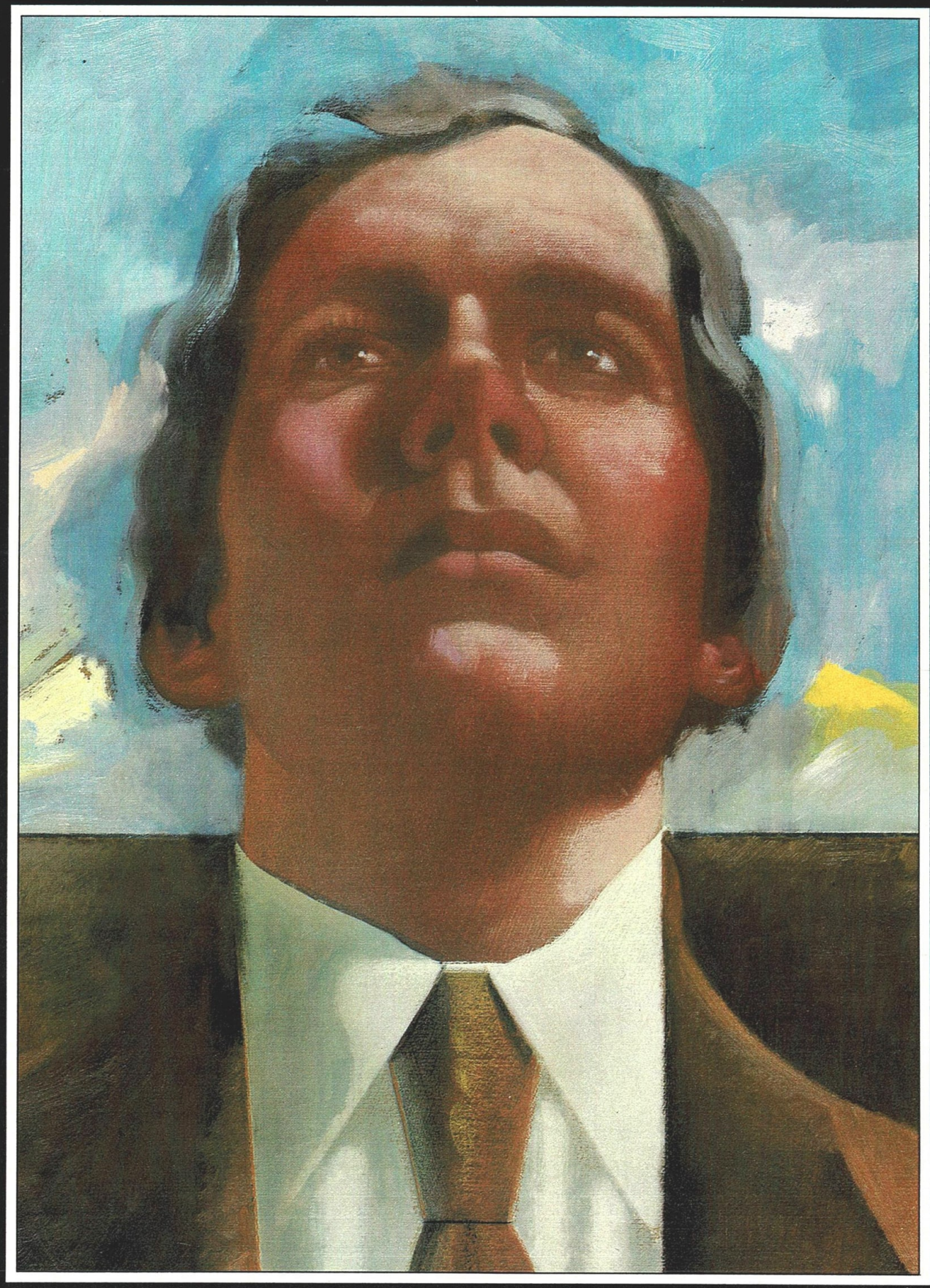
Regular and Menthol.



HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE:

FOLK HEROES, PART 10

In far-off Libya there reigns a punk
With all the morals of a skunk;
When murder's to be done he's keen
On Carlos the Jackal and Idi Amin.
And when his number's up, somehow
He'll die in bed in old Moscow.



POSTGRADUATE

Louis Kent is thirty-two years old, a successful businessman and happy father . . . but his prep school is still counting on him to lead the debate team to victory.

FICTION BY JONATHAN CARROLL

Why do hearts beat, cigarettes burn, or some dogs smell good? There are answers. There are answers for everything if we look hard enough, but this time Louis Kent wasn't given the opportunity to look. It just happened and then there wasn't anything he could do about it.

He woke up to the sound of a bell, a piercing, vicious clanging that even through the snow of sleep he recognized.

"Christ!"

He turned in bed and saw a face he hadn't thought much about, much less seen, for fifteen years. Mark Schuster groaned in his bed across the room and pulled the pillow over his face.

Mark Schuster, eighteen years old and early acceptance at Brown. Mark Schuster, who kept six bottles of Italian cologne on his dresser. Mark Schuster with a girlfriend in town and another in New York City.

"Isn't it Saturday? Why the hell isn't it Saturday?"

It had taken a long time, but at the age of thirty-two Louis Kent could finally call himself a happy man. He had an interesting job, a wife who thought he was sexy, a small child who wouldn't go to sleep at night unless Daddy tucked her in.

Kent came into his own in college after an unhappy period as a teenager at a snobby boys' school in New Hampshire, where teachers played favorites and it snowed twenty times a year. Soon after he graduated from the school, however, he began having dreams about the place and the people there. They weren't bad dreams, but he often woke from them wide-eyed and a bit short of breath. In these dreams, algebra tests, lacrosse practice, and the smell of dormitory food were as real as they'd

PAINTING BY RICK McCOLLUM

once been years ago.

In these dreams he was sixteen or seventeen again, running to class and tying his tie at the same time or else feeling his bowels melt as he entered history class on the day of a test.

But Kent wanted to put that time as far behind him as he could. His wife often remarked on the fact that he rarely talked about his days as a teenager. He replied in his calm and kind way that it wasn't much fun to reminisce about a time that hadn't been much fun to live.

Things we're sure we'll forget in time aren't as easy to jettison as we think. A face pained by something we've done, a love that came and went when we were fourteen . . . We are intelligent and rational, but we aren't in control. Kent dreamed of high school the way one touches the scar of an old, deep cut: tenderly, with remembered fear and possessiveness. Childhood memories are our scars, and we often protect and caress them as much as we hate them.

"Jesus, Kent, it's after eight!" Schuster leapt out of bed in his white underpants and ran out of the room for the bathroom. Kent continued to look at the other's empty bed. Outside he heard boys' voices yelling, cursing, laughing. He looked groggily out the window and saw a steel-gray sky. Over a gap of fifteen years, he still knew he had only seven minutes to get up and dress and be down in the cafeteria for check-in. Check-in! In fifteen years he'd graduated cum laude from college, served in Vietnam, and married a girl he once thought impossibly beautiful and even more impossible to get. Yes, he had accomplished all these things, but now, once again, he was afraid of breakfast check-in.

He sighed and slowly pushed the covers away. All right, he would play this dream's game as he'd done all the other times before. He *knew* he was dreaming, and that was reassuring. He knew that in the middle of the morning assembly or a candy bar between classes, he would suddenly be returned to a world years in the future where his skin was clear of acne, the foreign car in his garage was only a year and a half old, and Ronald Reagan was president.

The first of many shocks came when he walked to the mirror and saw his reflection. His face *was* clear. His hair had receded to its thirty-two-year-old horizon, and lines that would have looked like progeria on a teenage face told him and everyone else he was the world's oldest postgraduate.

Always, *always* in his previous school dreams, he was a teenager again. The adult Louis Kent face was a frightening new development.

"Come on, Kent, get your ass in gear." Schuster zoomed through the door of the room and went straight to his closet. "If the man-eater's on duty this morning, we are royally screwed."

Louis stood there wearing the flannel pajamas he remembered throwing out freshman year in college.

"Schuster, look at me."

The other looked over his shoulder and rolled his eyes. "What're you, queer? You're beautiful. Come *on*, man! You wanna get another detention?" He turned back to the closet and pulled a rumpled shirt off a hanger. "If *I* get another detention I ain't getting out of here this weekend, and that is a no-no."

"Mark, I'm thirty-two years old! Look at me!"

"Kent, my man, you can be as old as you want. Right now I am in transit and can't worry about your mental illness."

Schuster was dressed a few moments later and, with a sad shake of his head at his doomed-to-lateness roommate, ran out of the room.

Kent sat down on the side of his bed and put his head in his hands. "My daughter's name is Giuliana Patricia. I have twenty thousand dollars in the bank. My account number is 35203560. There are thirty-one thousand miles on my car. . . ."

> It had gone much too far. A dream was all right so long as it remained finite, but this one gave no indication of ending soon. He had to do something, and fast.

Head in hands, he spent minutes reciting what he knew were the real facts of his life: clients' names, expensive restaurants, the way his wife liked to kiss. While he went through this sacred litany, he heard bells ringing and knew, again by memory, that breakfast was over and chapel was over and the first class of the day had begun.

Some time later (by then he'd fallen back on the bed but kept his eyes closed), the housemaster came in and quietly spoke his name.

"Mr. Kent? Are you all right, son?"

Louis looked at the man and smiled savagely. "Mr. Halston, I'm thirty-two years old. I *graduated* in 1968!"

"Are you feeling all right, Kent? Would you like to go to the infirmary?"

"Halston, I'm Louis Kent. I give to the alumni fund. I'm older than you, for God's sake!"

It was true. The younger teacher sat down on Schuster's messy bed and put his hands on his tweedy knees.

"Louis, you know I'm one of your biggest supporters around here. You've got a brain in your head when you feel like using it. But this, kiddo, this is *not* using your head. You've skipped chapel without an excuse six times this quarter and that is not playing it cool."

"But, Mr. Halston, can't you see? I'm a *man*! I'm thirty-two years old. I don't *have* to go to chapel anymore. I'm married! I've got a gold American Express card!"

"All right, Louis, we'll play it your way. Just lie back and be the fool. I've got a class now. I've said exactly what I came to say."

Halston closed the door quietly behind him and Louis was left, alone and afraid.

Blasingame leaned over and sneaked a glance at Kent's almost empty test paper. Kent knew nothing. All he could remember was the Pythagorean theorem and this was calculus. The other boy snorted in disgust and looked back at his own paper. "I thought *I* was stupid, Kent," he whispered meanly.

All Kent could think of to say in return was a weak "But I'm thirty-two!"

The teacher whipped around from the board and threw an eraser at him.

"Kent, you're not intelligent enough to cheat, so please don't embarrass us all by trying."

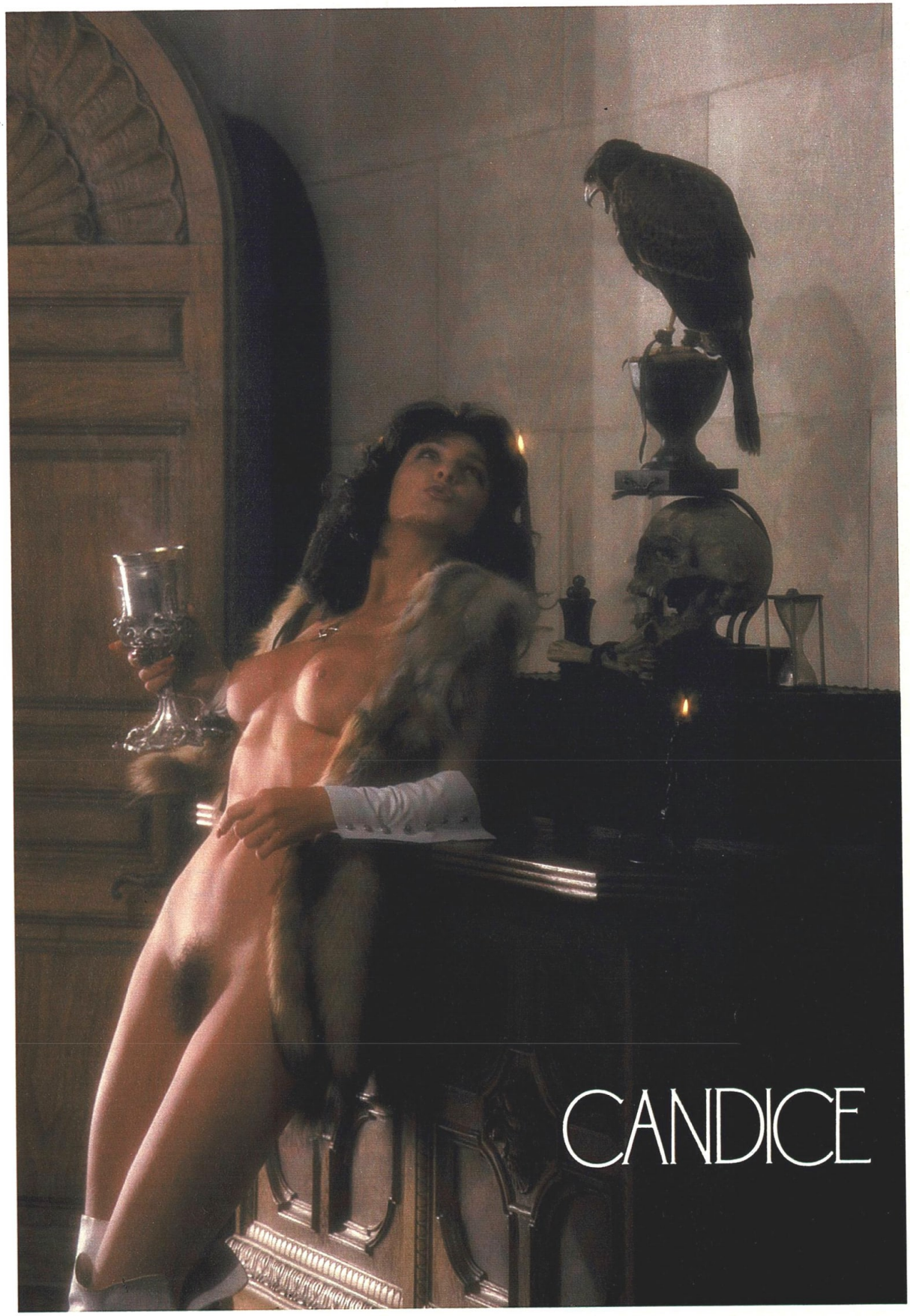
Nothing he did could stop it. At football practice, someone hit him so hard he fell down and broke an expensive cap he'd had made in New York by Leonard Bernstein's dentist. When they had to run wind sprints at the end of the day, years of smoking unfiltered cigarettes drove hot, cruel spikes through his chest and he didn't care if all the others were twenty and thirty yards in front of him every time. All he wanted in the world was to blink awake and find himself in bed beside Sandra, under the marvelous *daunen Decke* they'd bought in Zurich a few years ago while on a business trip.

What was worse, the team he practiced with wasn't even varsity or JV; it was intramural football—the team made up of every peewee, zonk, bookworm, and weirdo in the school. He'd recognized the faces from his past immediately. Dave Miller, who kept a rat in his room, never took a bath or shower and scored an 800 on the High-Level Physics Achievement test as a junior. Tom Connolly, who thought the greatest human being who ever lived was Thomas Aquinas. Jonathan Minifee, who did nothing but read magazines about guns and had a membership in the American Nazi party.

This was his competition, the ones who raced ahead of him in everything now, hit the tackling dummies like war arrows, and smirked together when he collapsed on the field after getting a monstrous stitch in his side.

Luckily the coach was Winston, the Latin-and-Greek teacher who coached only because he had to and who brought his miniature collie, Orestes, to every practice. When he saw Louis lagging, he kept

CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

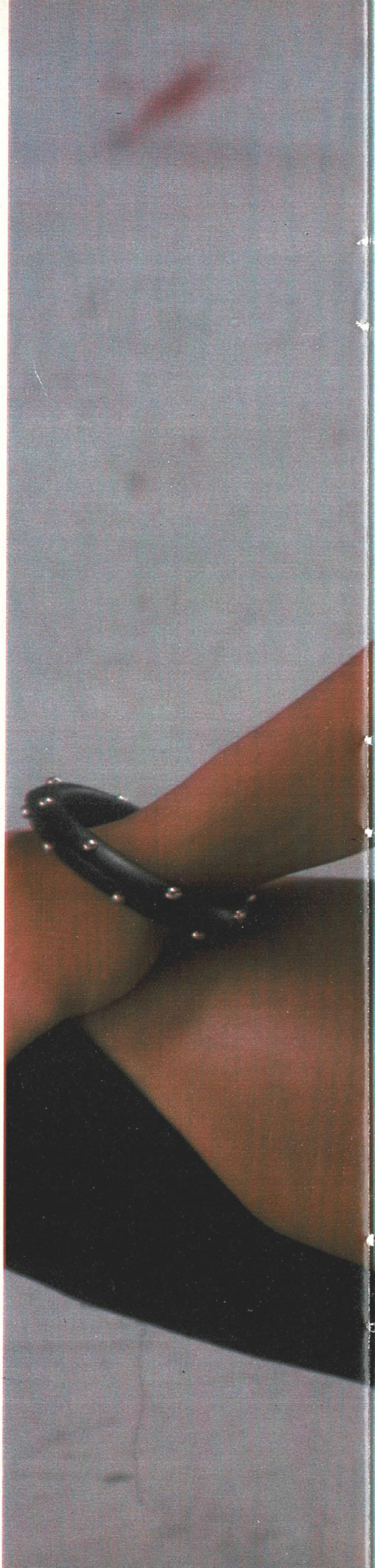

CANDICE

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN COPELAND

Candice Starrek's not sure about reincarnation. But if it exists, she intends to come back as a white witch–and practice black magic. That old black magic called love, of course–a task she's well equipped for, weighing in at 125, measuring up to a willowy five foot eight, and rounding out our interest at a compelling 38-22-36. *Her* interest in witchcraft began when she started dating an actor who also enjoys new-wave, occult-style rock. "He gave me my falcon (named Maltese). He says we're both daring, exotic: in other words, birds of a feather."

Is he really a devil worshiper, we ask? "Nope!" she responds bewitchingly. "But he worships the devil out of me!" Easy to understand why, since Candice admits to shedding all her inhibitions before she gets into bed. "I like good harmless fun, lots of *kinky* stuff–especially being tied up and spanked." She says it doesn't hurt enough to make her cry, though on more than a few occasions it *did* make her cry for more....

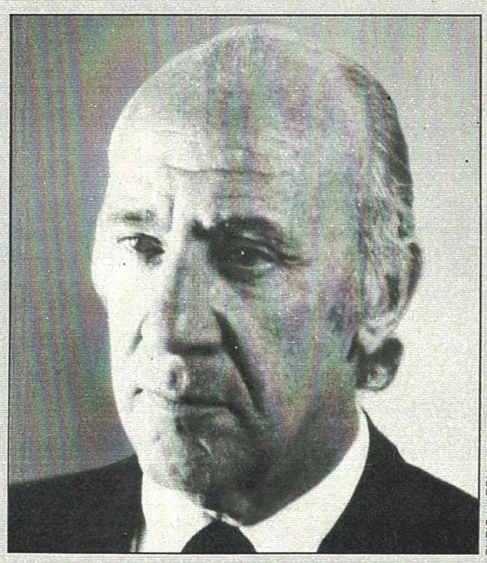


Displaying her splendor in the grass, our 23-year-old Pet muses on the changes in her life. The comely Canadian grew up on a farm in Vancouver, British Columbia, then migrated south of that border two years ago to L.A. to find men flocking around her and modeling assignments plentiful. On top of that, she also found love with her young writer friend.

"He likes to get as wild as I do," she admits. "We have wild, crazy, no-holds-barred sex till we're hoarse and drained and exhausted. He also likes to drop in unannounced and catch me with my pants down...."

"I think masturbation is healthy," she adds. "It keeps a girl from running around on her man, and it also keeps her in practice." No need to practice when you're already perfect, we allow, but she claims she's intent on self-improvement. "I want to develop my mind, cultivate a sense of mystery...." Commendable, though one mystery's solved: With a keeper as alluring as Candice, it's easy to see what prompts the continuing return of her Maltese falcon!

ADVISE & DISSENT
OPINION



CHRIS HARDY

BY ARNOLD FORSTER

The author, a New York–based attorney with the firm of Shea & Gould, has written nine books on the subjects of civil rights and anti-Semitism. His latest book, *The New Anti-Semitism*, was published by McGraw-Hill.

THE MEDIA'S MOST DISGRACEFUL HOUR

Although it is more than a year since Israel invaded Lebanon to try to stop murderous PLO border incursions and to secure its neighbor from Syrian takeover, the extraordinary gap between how the action was carried out and what was reported raises an important question about the professed integrity of America's news media: Was there a deliberate campaign to discredit Israel because of the invasion?

In late summer of 1982, I flew to the Mid East, crossed Israel's northernmost reaches, and entered Lebanon along the sea. My mission was to tape a series of 15-minute television interviews about the war for an American radio syndicate. Since June, and before, I had been reading the press carefully and watching morning and evening network-news programs. The media's picture of Lebanon was clearly genocidal; awesome havoc motivated by a wanton and merciless Israeli disregard of human life. Tyre, Sidon, and Damour had been reported leveled; in southern Lebanon 10,000 were said to have been killed and 600,000 made homeless; and Beirut was reportedly fire-stormed, with a frightful additional loss of life.

On television, we had watched our president agonize over a photo of an armless infant, a victim of Israeli guns. John Chancellor, on NBC, had reported to his audience of millions, "What will stick in the mind about yesterday's savage Israeli attack on Beirut is its size and its scope. . . . Nothing like it has ever happened in this part of the world."

An ABC journalist, Mike McCourt, likened the siege of Beirut to that of Stalingrad, thereby equating the Israeli military with the Nazi Wehrmacht. The *Christian Science Monitor* compared the Israelis with the North Vietnamese, while another newspaper equated them with Hitler. Other journalists described Beirut as resembling Auschwitz, the Nazi concentration camp where over a million Jews were incinerated alive.

The words *holocaust*, *genocide*, *Warsaw ghetto*, *blitzkrieg*, and gruesome synonyms had been used freely and repeatedly on every side, and I was sick in anticipation of what I would be seeing as we moved up through Lebanon.

First surprise. Rural areas appeared largely undamaged, although houses in the south were mostly abandoned and only a few hands worked the neglected fields. When we reached the city of Tyre and drove through its main streets, it was more startling to see the place teeming with people. Civilian autos, although dusty and dented, were jammed bumper to bumper. Shops and restaurants bustled with customers. Housewives carried shopping bags, men toted leather portfolios, and children pedaled bikes on busy sidewalks.

Southern Lebanon's entire population was 100,000 less than the number reported in the United States to be homeless, and the 10,000 dead could be conscientiously counted only in the low hundreds. And for good reason: When Israelis came to a PLO attack point located in a multiple dwelling, no advance bombing to soften up the enemy was sanctioned. The order was for the area to be taken in hand-to-hand fighting lest noncombatants be hurt: costly in dead and injured Israeli soldiers, but this is the manner of Jewish warfare. As for the Lebanese refugees, most of them had fled south *toward* Israel for safety.

> American journalists enthusiastically joined the lynch mob against Israel. Influential newspapers and television networks devoted inordinate space and time rehashing again and again the alleged guilt of the Israelis.

Unknown to the public here at home, the source of exaggerations, shockingly, was the Red Crescent of Lebanon, in no way a counterpart of our Red Cross but a PLO operation controlled by Yasir Arafat's brother, Fathi.

As for the picture that tore Mr. Reagan's heart out, some days later UPI admitted that its news-picture caption was erroneous. The baby, both arms in place, was safely at home with its mother.

Reaching Beirut, it was a ten-minute drive up to the suburb of Baabda, in the city's eastern heights, controlled by Christian and Israeli forces. Standing at the edge of the Israeli military headquarters, we could see clearly down to what once was regarded as the Paris of the Mid East. Almost the entire capital was spread before us. We had to scan carefully through field glasses to find the city's scars. Its southwestern portion, the neighborhood known as Burj al Brajneh, and the big airport area on the southern edge were damaged. Scattered ruin pocked other sections. But the cataclysmic devastation that we'd read about at home and seen on television was not cataclysmic.

As we drove around the eastern and other Christian-held sections, there was more than a semblance of normal life. At the headquarters of the Lebanese Forces, I had lunch with and later interviewed the head of G5, the army's information service. My questions about the great death and destruction wrought upon Lebanon and its main cities heated him up.

Where had I been for seven long years, he demanded? Where, when the PLO had been tyrannizing the native Lebanese population, killing 100,000? Why, *now*, were I and others like me seeking Palestinian casualty figures? Why, now, after the Israelis at long last had fought their way to rescue the Lebanese people from the murdering PLO? Why hadn't I and all the other newsmen come to ask for figures back when the terrorists were taking particular delight in counting the weekly number of Catholic nuns they'd raped? Why only now the overwhelming concern for a horde of human animals that had destroyed his country and most that was worthwhile in it?

If our communications media had taken a holiday from accuracy up to that day, it was as nothing compared with the vacation from reality they enjoyed a short time later. Remnants of the PLO had been hiding in the Palestinian camps of Shatila and Sabra, among the civilians, in violation of cease-fire and withdrawal arrangements. The Christian Lebanese and the Israeli military wanted them out. But the Christian Phalange, allowed in, killed indiscriminately, and hundreds of civilians died.

The Israeli people were deeply shaken. The Knesset, Israel's parliament, shook in angry debate; across the nation Jews were in turmoil. Public and private soul-searching was in evidence everywhere. Four hundred thousand Israelis gathered in Tel Aviv to protest the bloodshed, demanding atonement.

A commission of inquiry was ordered by the government. It found no evidence whatsoever of any prearrangement, no rumored Lebanese-Israeli conspiracy to shoot civilians; only that the Phalange was to get the PLO remnants out of the camps and out of Lebanon. The commission found a number of government and military leaders "indirectly responsible" for what happened, and reprimanded and punished them for not anticipating Phalange bloodthirstiness.

Important sections of the American, French, and British media, along with some Western governments, believed they now had what was needed to lynch Israel—and American journalists enthusiastically joined the lynch mob. Influential newspapers and television networks devoted inordinate space and time rehashing again and again the alleged guilt of the Israelis.

Who were they that spoke up so harshly, and what standards were used in condemning the Jewish state? What had been other standards of conduct in times of popular violence, civil war, or conflict between nations?

In 1970, Hussein of Jordan ordered his army to kill dissident Palestinians; 10,000 died, countless nonbelligerents among them, in what came to be known as Black September. Syria in 1982 sent government troops to slaughter 20,000 of its own people in Hamma for revolting against the leadership. Ethiopians massacred more than 50,000 Eritrean civilians for resisting; Nigeria similarly wiped out an equal number of Biafrans, unarmed men, women, and children; and the Soviets put to death hundreds of thousands of Afghans who had never touched a gun. These were among the accusing nations who condemned Israel for having failed effectively to prevent Christians from taking the lives of Muslims.

Worth noting in view of the widespread misinformation campaign, and to complete the circle: A year after the Shatila/Sabra incident, in the *absence* of the Israelis, the same centuries-old Lebanese tribal warfare flared again, this time with Christians, Druse, Phalangists, and Muslims killing hundreds of one another's parents, wives, and children. Yet, there was a significant virtual absence of editorial expression in our press and on the airwaves.

One looks in vain into our media for hesitancy in criticizing Israel, a nation that candidly admitted shame for not having prevented bloodshed by others. No similar code guided other nations when they spilled innocent blood—which Israel did not. No one was widely condemned for the crimes. And not one of them put its own on trial for the taking of civilian life; My Lai was the one exception, for which we were *directly* responsible and for which the United States put one man on trial.

Why the double standard? How does one explain the media's conduct during the Lebanese conflict? Elie Wiesel, foremost philosophical historian of the Holocaust, suggests that the world blew out of all proportion Israel's role in Shatila and Sabra in order to stop Jews from reminding others about the ghastly extermination of the Six Million. Rabbi Emanuel Rackman, president of Bar Ilan University, in Israel, believes it was plain, unvarnished anti-Semitism at work.

Each of us has his own answer for the unusual role played by American journalism. But no matter the explanation—good, bad, or indifferent—what a pity our uniquely free press should have been willing to abandon its traditional role of objective reporting and commit such a massive injustice upon our faithful ally. And at what price to Lebanon and ourselves!

POSTGRADUATE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

saying things like "Oh, *run*, Kent! Don't be a big bore."

In the locker room afterward, the few teammates who actually took showers looked at him with a mixture of pity and disgust. They knew how low *they* were on the school's status pole, and for someone to be worse than them was hard to believe. Only Patoprsty, famous in the school simply because he was five feet tall, came over and asked Kent if he wanted to go up to his room after and look at old copies of *Model Railroader*.

While he was slowly dressing, the varsity team came in, laughing and beautiful and exhausted. Again, he knew the faces instantly, but particularly that of Grey Harris.

At eighteen, Harris was almost frighteningly perfect. He had so much going for him people stood in stupefied awe. He was friendly, brilliant, handsome, and athletic. Everything he did turned to gold, and what's more, he did it so effortlessly. You had to stand back and shield your eyes from the glare of his everything.

Harris came down the row of lockers and placed his scarred helmet on the wooden bench. Louis looked at him out of the corners of his eyes and remembered how jealous he'd been of the boy years ago. Surprisingly, Harris turned to him and began to talk in a low voice.

"Look, Kent, the word is out about you these days, you know what I mean?" He reached down to undo one of his shoelaces. "Halston came up to me after class and told me to talk to you. What a doofus he is! Look, as far as I'm concerned you can do whatever the hell you want. The only thing is, if you get another detention you're suspended, right? That means the debate team is out of luck. Both of us know this stuff is a big crock of bull, and if I had your guts or nuttiness I'd be out skipping more classes than you, but that's not the point. You're the best debater we've got, and there's no way on earth we're going to make it as a team in the finals if you're not there with us. Okay?"

Louis looked at Harris and nodded. He was so touched. They needed him. Grey Harris actually said he and the others on the team *needed* him.

"Yeah? You'll be a good boy for a little while? Fabulous! Thanks a lot, man. That's great." Harris smiled warmly and went back to unlacing his cleats.

A moment later the magic of Harris's face and words wore off and Louis realized he'd been feeling guilty about letting down the guys on the debate team!

"This is *crazy*!"

Harris looked over and smiled angelically. "What is?"

"You! This! What do I care about the goddamned debate team? I'm thirty-two years old." He bounded up and ran for the door.

It had gone much too far. The dream had pulled him too close and was smothering reality out of him. A dream was all right so long as it remained finite, but this one gave no indication of ending soon and in the meantime had increased its mental bear hug on him. He had to do something, and fast.

"Hel-lo?" His daughter's voice was there, recognizable and real. He stood in the phone booth in Adelaide Hall and looked at the million years of student graffiti written on the walls.

"Giuli? Giuli, baby, it's *Daddy*! It's Daddy, baby!"

"Hi, Dah-dy. Mommy, it's Dah-dy." A loud *thump* gave him another foothold back in the real world: He knew his daughter had dropped the telephone receiver on the table, an act he'd scolded her for again and again. But now the painfully amplified sound made his heart and hopes sprout wings.

"Louie? Hello, darling. How's school?"

"Sandra! Sandra, it's me!"

"I know, sweet. Don't you think I know your voice, silly?" She laughed for a moment, until he realized what she'd said. How was *school*?

"Sandra, you know?"

"Know? Know what? How did you do on your calculus test?"

Little bombs of fear and ice began exploding all over the insides of his body. "Sandra, I'm *back in school*! They think I'm eighteen years old!"

"Louie, honey, I'm really tired. Giuli's been a big pain today and I just don't have it in me. Are you coming home this weekend or not? Did you get a weekend pass?"

He said nothing.

"Louie, are you not telling me something?" Her voice grew hard and cold as a rock in winter. "Did you flunk your calculus test?"

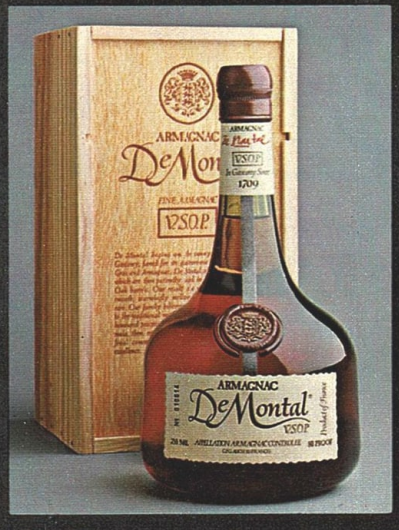
He heard her voice repeating the question, very loudly and abrasively, as he gently put the receiver back on its cradle. He leaned back against the booth and looked again at the words gouged and carved in brutal permanence on the wall facing him. He knew some of the names. Schmalz. Olding. Smith. Names in the back of the alumni magazine. Bank vice-presidents. Researchers. Failures. Successes. Bigshot and small fry.

The bell that had plagued him every day of his new life here broke his reverie and warned him it was time for evening study hall. He would go to the library. Seniors had that privilege. Even seniors on detention. He would go to the library and look at the magazines and be scared. Finally, when the world was within an inch of closing in on him completely, he would go back in the stacks and start looking for books on the debate team's topic for the competition: "Capital Punishment—A Step Forward or a Step Back?"

"A blockbuster, sweetheart! Gandhi II. *He only faked his death so he could go underground and break up a drug ring in Marseilles!"*

ARMAGNAC DE MONTAL 80 PROOF IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORP., N.Y., N.Y. © 1984.

Until now, the French have shared Cognac but kept Armagnac for themselves.

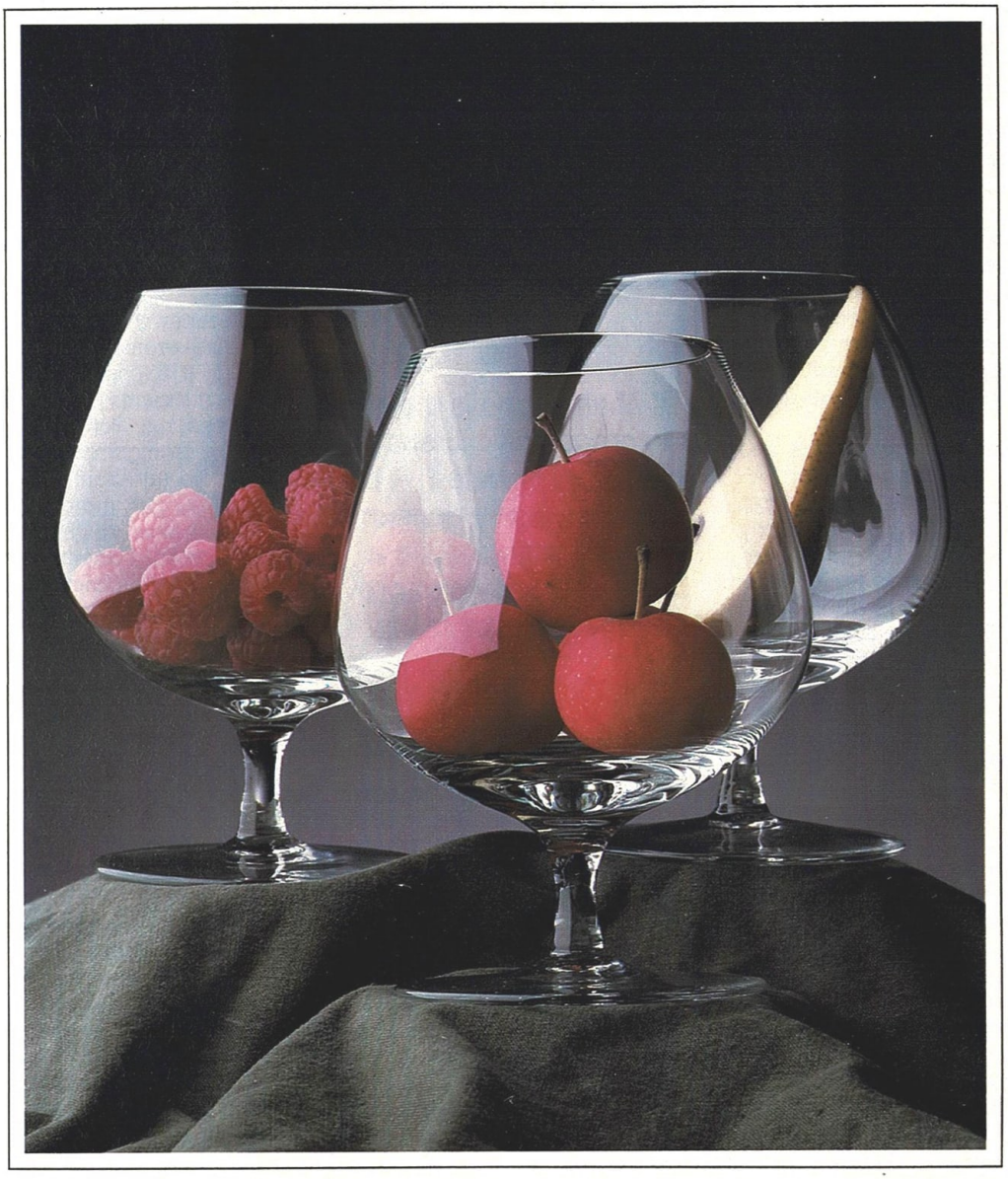


INTRODUCING DeMontal ARMAGNAC

Reaping the pleasures
of luscious and sensual fruit brandies.

Aged to Perfection

BY ALEXIS BESPALOFF



"A glass of brandy?" This welcome suggestion, uttered in countless movies and drawing-room comedies, evokes a number of agreeable associations: a civilized way of life, unhurried hospitality, and, perhaps, the promise of relaxed and intimate conversation.

The most famous of all brandies is Cognac, produced in a region of France about 300 miles southwest of Paris. But many

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW UNANGST

other fine brandies are readily available as well, and provide a range of tastes as varied as they are enjoyable. Armagnac is perhaps the best known of these other brandies; Calvados, made from apples, is rapidly acquiring new followers; and such fruit brandies as Framboise, Kirsch, Poire, and Mirabelle are the preferred choice of many connoisseurs. Each of these brandies has its own personality, and each deserves a place in any collection of after-dinner bottles.

The simplest way to describe Armagnac is to say that it's the brandy closest in style to Cognac—but that comparison would be no more acceptable to the people of Cognac than to those of Gascony, the home of Armagnac. The Cognacais would probably point out that Armagnac lacks the sublety and refinement of Cognac, just as the Gascons would insist in response that Armagnac is a richer, more flavorful brandy, with a lot more personality than Cognac.

Gascony is known for its hearty cuisine—confit of duck, cassoulet, and foie gras can be readily found on most restaurant menus—and its brandy complements its food. As one Gascon said with pride, "Armagnac is for people who live abundantly."

Whatever their respective merits and characteristics, one thing is clear: Although Armagnac was first produced two centuries before Cognac, it is not nearly as well known today. The reason becomes apparent as soon as you look at a map of France: Cognac is readily accessible; Gascony, situated between Bordeaux and Toulouse, is landlocked and comparatively isolated. Add to that the rugged individualism of the traditional Gascon—typified by the impetuous D'Artagnan, the fourth musketeer, who is the best known—and it's easy to understand why Cognac is found around the world (90 percent of all Cognac is exported), while until very recently Armagnac has remained homebound, known only to those wise travelers who took the trouble to explore the region and discover its wonderful brandy for themselves.

Although the low-alcohol, high-acid-base wines from which Cognac and Armagnac are each distilled come from vineyards only 120 miles apart, they are made from different grape varieties. Even more important, the method of distillation varies, as does the kind of wood in which each is aged. The result is that Armagnac is, by comparison, somewhat more pungent and robust.

Those who like the special character of Armagnac also consider it something of a value among fine brandies. The least-expensive ones cost about $14 or $15; those labeled VSOP, which have been aged in wood a minimum of four years, cost $16 to $20, compared to $23 to $26 for well-known VSOP Cognacs. Some Armagnac brands include Marquis de Caussade, Marquis de Montesquiou, de Montal, Samalens, and Larressingle. Such terms as Extra, Napoléon, XO, and Vieille Réserve may be used only for brandies at least 5 years old, although in practice many of them are likely to be 10 or 15 years old. Samalens Vieille Rélique (about $26) and Larressingle XO (about $33) are two good examples of older Armagnacs.

Armagnac producers are permitted one form of labeling that is denied to Cognac shippers—vintage dating. This can easily lead to abuse, and until only a few years ago it was a rare restaurant in France that did not have a bottle or two of "1893" Armagnac behind the bar. Controls are stricter today, and it's likely that a bottle of 1967, 1961, or 1959 is authentic. Vintage-dated Armagnacs are not as easily found in the United States as in France, but they are well worth the search to those who are looking for—and willing to pay for—something different.

The Gascon attitude about Armagnac was nicely summed up by one of the region's most notable chefs: "Cognac is dependable," he said, "but Armagnac, like the Gascons who make it, is more forceful, more complicated, even excessive at times, but more exciting."

> If champagne is the most glamorous drink, brandy is the most sophisticated. A bottle of wine is usually consumed at one sitting, while a bottle of brandy can provide pleasure for many.

Almost all of the world's brandies, whatever their quality, are distilled from wine; a number of excellent brandies, however, are made from fruits other than the grape. One of the most distinctive is Calvados, from the Normandy region of France, which is made from apples.

Normandy is known for its cows, and hence for its milk, butter, and cream, all of which play an important role in the rich foods that the region is famous for. As a matter of fact, a Norman meal was considered such a challenge that it inspired the *trou Normand*, or Norman hole, which is a shot of Calvados tossed down halfway through an elaborate dinner to prepare the way for what's still to come. Today, good Calvados has taken its proper place—it is sipped after a good meal, not gulped down during it.

Calvados gets its name, indirectly, from the *El Calvador*, a ship of the Spanish Armada that ran aground on the Normandy coast in 1588. Part of the surrounding region eventually became known as Calvados, and in the nineteenth century that name was, in turn, adopted by the brandy producers there. Each fall, the particular varieties of apples used to make Calvados are harvested and crushed, and their juice is allowed to ferment. The initial result is not an agreeable, sweet cider but a dry, harsh version that is distilled to produce a brandy of about 140 proof (70 percent alcohol). The distillate is then aged in large oak casks.

Just how long Calvados should be aged in wood, beyond the legal minimum of about 18 months, is a subject of discussion among its producers. What makes Calvados distinctive, of course, is its appley taste; as the brandy ages, that taste is subdued and replaced by the richness, complexity, and nuances of oak associated with such traditional grape brandies as Cognac and Armagnac. Some producers feel that old Calvados can compete with fine Cognac, and should; others prefer to market a younger brandy that retains more of its individuality. "After five or six years," says Pierre Boulard, a leading producer, "Calvados loses some of its natural aromas."

As it happens, there are enough different brands available to satisfy both camps. La Pommeraie, Ecusson Carte d'Or, Montgommery, and Ducs de Normandie (at about $12 to $14) represent the younger, more appley style. Boulard *fine*, Busnel VSOP, and Bizouard (about $16 to $18) combine the taste of apple with more richness and body. Boulard Normandie (about $25) and the 15-year-old Busnel Hors d'Age (about $27) are distinctly older, more complex brandies.

If you like a richer style of Calvados, by the way, it's worth looking for the *appellation* "Pays d'Auge" on the label. Pays d'Auge is one of the 11 districts within Normandy that produce Calvados, and its brandies are generally considered the best—they are the richest, the most complex, and the ones that benefit most from oak aging.

Perhaps the most unusual and least-known brandies are the dry, colorless ones made from such fruits as raspberries (Framboise), pears (Poire), cherries (Kirsch), and yellow plums (Mirabelle). Their most distinctive characteristic is a beguiling aroma, intense and penetrating, that seems to reveal the essence of the fruit from which each is made. At $20 to $35, these fruit brandies cannot be considered cheap, but their bouquet and flavor are so concentrated that a little goes a long way.

These fruit brandies should not be confused with fruit-*flavored* brandies, which are sweet and appropriately colored. Fruit brandies, unlike Cognac, Armagnac, and Calvados, are not aged in oak casks, and are crystal clear when bottled (which is why they are called *alcools blancs*, or white alcohols).

Most of these fruit brandies are produced in a relatively limited area that encompasses the Vosges Mountains of

Alsace, in northeast France; the Black Forest region of Germany, which faces Alsace on the other side of the Rhine River; and parts of adjoining Switzerland.

Fruit brandies are expensive to produce—it takes 30 pounds of the best wild raspberries to make a liter of Framboise and 40 pounds of Williams pears (similar to our Bartlett) to produce just one liter of Poire. Furthermore, distillation is particularly difficult for fruit brandies, not only because the essence of each fruit must be captured but also because any off-tastes that occur in the process can't be masked by aging the brandy in oak barrels. Actually, many fruit brandies are aged, but in large glass demijohns that are loosely stoppered—or are periodically uncorked and shaken up—aeration softens the brandy and intensifies its taste.

Many fruit brandies are bottled at more than the traditional 80 proof—86, 92, or even 96 proof is not uncommon. The combination of higher alcohol and lack of barrel age gives these brandies a slight alcoholic bite, and has resulted in three schools of thought about how to serve them.

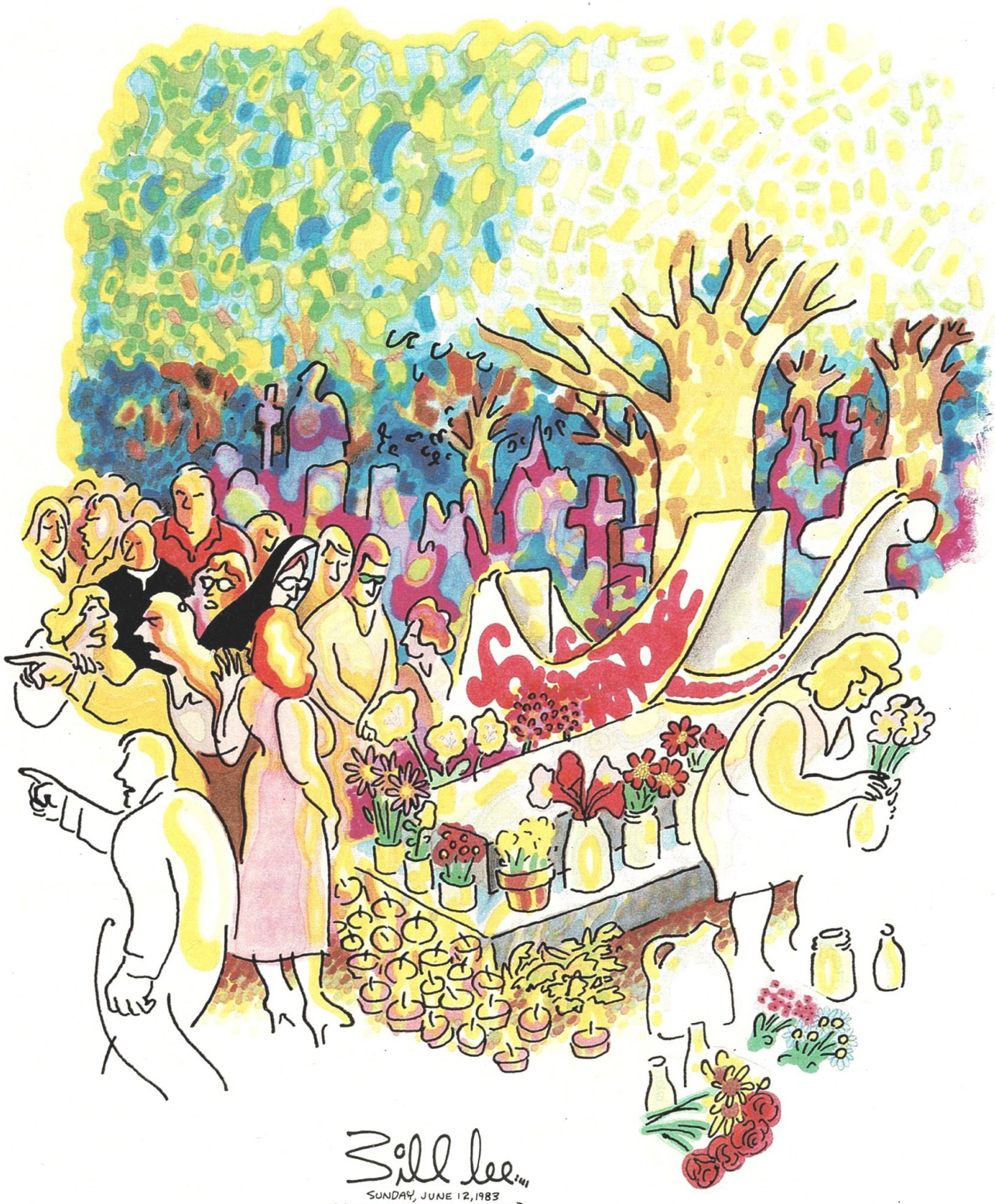
Some people like to serve fruit brandies at room temperature to emphasize their bouquet; others chill the brandies in the refrigerator, claiming that their powerful bouquet is not affected but that chilling does diminish their bite, making them easier to sip. A third approach, used in a number of restaurants, is the one favored by Jean Danflou, whose Paris-based firm is famous for its fruit brandies. He prefers to swirl ice cubes in a brandy glass until it's chilled, discard the ice, and then pour room-temperature brandy into the cold glass. "The shock to the brandy as it fills the glass," he explains, "releases the bouquet very effectively."

Some of the best examples of *alcools blancs* are the Poire of Ova; the Framboise of Danflou, Massenez, and Trimbach; the Kirsch of Dettling and the one labeled Kirsch de Zoug; and the Mirabelle of Massenez and Trimbach. In addition, the German firm of Schladerer produces a complete line of well-made fruit brandies at reasonable prices.

It can be argued that, if champagne is considered to be the most glamorous drink, brandy is the most sophisticated. But whereas a bottle of wine is usually consumed at one sitting, a bottle of fine brandy is likely to provide pleasure for many long and enjoyable evenings. Since part of brandy's appeal is the wide choice of tastes available to the adventurous, why not add three or four of these distinctive distillates to your liquor cabinet? They'll provide you, and your guests, with welcome alternatives to the more familiar postprandial selections.

If you want to sample some of these brandies before adding them to your collection, go to a well-stocked bar with one or two like-minded friends and see for yourself the difference between Cognac and Armagnac, or between Calvados, Framboise, and Poire. Buying brandy by the glass is an expensive way to drink, but a relatively inexpensive way to taste.

What is the proper glass in which to drink brandy? "The goldfish bowl used in some restaurants is ridiculous," says one brandy producer. "One sniff and you're completely anesthetized." The proper brandy snifter, most experts agree, has a bowl that is somewhere between a lemon and an orange in size. This permits you to hold the glass comfortably in the palm of your hand, letting the warmth release the brandy's bouquet.


Bill Lee '81
SUNDAY, JUNE 12, 1983
CEMETARY: WARSAW, POLAND
GRAVESITE OF (MARTYRED) YOUTH, GREGORZ PRZEMYK

Each morning, the top sergeant charged with guarding the American embassy in Warsaw, Poland, leads his men out of the embassy compound for their daily exercise drill; it's a meaningful jog, at a military pace, around the grounds of the Russian embassy. Outrageous! This piece is for "Top." It's dedicated to his marines and their unique choice of jogging path.

HOW MANY RUSSIANS DOES IT TAKE TO SCREW UP A COUNTRY?

INVESTIGATIVE CARTOONING BY BILL LEE

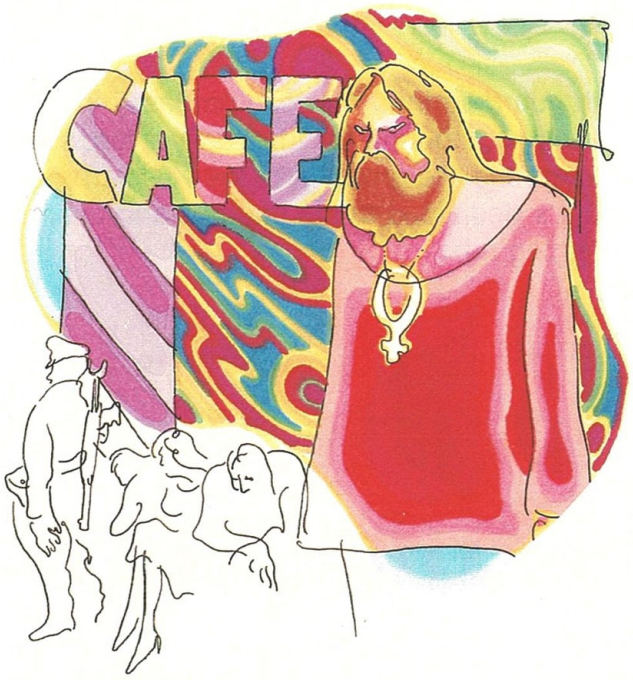
IN TODAY'S POLAND THERE IS VERY LITTLE STREET CRIME; ONLY YOUR "HUMAN RIGHTS" ARE MUGGED AWAY BY THE GOVERNMENT.

"Camera," they shouted, fingers leveled, pointed directly at my nose. It was an angry word, surrounded by other angry words, all Polish. Again the word "camera." Suddenly a baritone chorus of large, angry men was moving in my direction, pointing at me and my Nikon. I capped the lens—too late. . . . They were still coming. There was little doubt in my mind that the baritones would have liked to turn me into a soprano.

Suddenly a female voice, then two, three, more—"Look at his clothes," they said. "He's only a tourist. Look at his clothes. He is *not* a *security man*." The voices subsided. A murmur, a grumble, then silence—the silence of a graveside audience, because that is exactly what they were. They were members of the outlawed Solidarity labor union, in a Warsaw cemetery, paying their last respects to a young man who had been murdered by the secret police. Grzegorz Przemyk had been beaten to death. In life he had defied the Soviet authorities. He continued to do so in death. Draped across his tombstone was the banner of Solidarity, illegally displayed within public view. It was the only open showing of that standard in Poland. In addition, the large gathering of people represented a violation of martial law. Mister Przemyk had beaten the system again. As he had succeeded in death, so I had scored a minor victory in life. I was still in one piece. I was saved by the Polish women's knowledge of Western clothing, and my own (unusual) personal style—designer tacky!

Investigative Cartooning had carried me through the kielbasa curtain, wardrobe and all, to a cemetery on the outskirts of Warsaw, Poland. There was a drawing to be found there, a sketch to be gleaned from the anguish of a nation that had the misfortune of residing between Germany and Russia—the devil and the deep-blue borscht. It's a geographic nightmare from which the Polish people may never recover. The Germans are represented by their language (German is spoken freely) and the Russians by their guns. It's the land of Catch 22: Signs prominently displayed by the government say DRINK MILK (an effort to wean the people from vodka) but in point of fact there is *no milk*. A Polonian, Marie Antoinette, has offered her infamous cake to a starving public. There is no butter, no rice, no meat, and, as one young artist said, "no hope, either." They plant flowers instead of food; there are flowers everywhere. "It's kind of nice," said a worker at the American embassy. "Not very practical, but I like it. I like their flowers. I like them."

Finding my way out of the cemetery was difficult. I'd lost my guide. He was an English national who was over there on a temporary work permit. He chauffeured me to the gravesite and disappeared when all hell broke loose. Eventually, I found the exit. He was waiting. We climbed into his car and headed back to the center of Warsaw. We drove past a large white building with a high glass front. It was once a major butcher shop. It was closed. It may never open again. We continued past the huge circus tent on the edge of town; the circus was open. That's Poland! We drove on. The buildings grew taller and more numerous, and so did the quantity of soldiers and guns—Polish soldiers wearing Russian guns on the streets of Warsaw. In today's Poland there is little street crime, but human rights are mugged away by the government.



THE JUNKIES OF WARSAW—OR—DEAL IN THE SUN

"If they [the Russians] can keep us *drugged*, we cannot give them a hard time."—Teenage Pole describing drug use in Warsaw

"In recent years, the KGB has formed shadowy alliances with drug-smuggling rings whose debilitating products help to weaken the West."—Jack Anderson (July 8, 1983)

The Polish druggies call it "Kompot." That particular word is normally used to describe a dish of stewed, mixed fruit; however, in this case it's an order of mixed drugs that "stews" the consumer. Price quotes for this "Polish heroin" go as low as 20 zlotys per kilogram (less than 25 cents in American currency), well within range, unfortunately, of the average Pole's pocketbook. One indication of the quality of this particular junk is that in Warsaw alone more than 30 people have already overdosed this year. There's not much of the so-called "glamour drugs," like cocaine. It's mainly the clinical stuff that trickles down through the hospital system—barbiturates, amphetamines, morphine, and morphine derivatives, low on the totem pole by Western standards but tops over there. All dealt right under Russian noses, and (not incidentally) their guns.

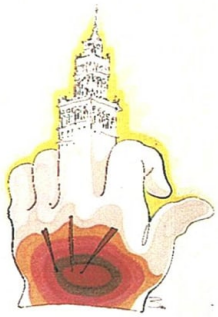
A small plaza in the center of Warsaw, directly across the street from the Russian Headquarters building, serves as a marketplace for dealers, and an arena for users.

My information came from a foreign security officer stationed in Warsaw. The average age of the dealers—late twenties to early thirties—was confirmed. Then the questions: Who are these guys? Who are these people with access to the drugs of Poland's hospital system? My source paused momentarily, and then he answered: "They're the children. The children of the rich."

STRIPPING TO THE "Star Spangled Banner" Rock (Hungarian restaurant, Warsaw—June 9, 1983)

IN POLAND, *GOD* IS ALIVE BUT *MEAT* IS DEAD

I could not find any kielbasa in Poland—that world-famous sausage is now a rarity in the nation of its origin. If it exists at all, it's shipped northward. In fact, most of Poland's once bountiful food harvest has also gone the way of all meat. . . a one-way trip to the Soviet Union. This requirement to feed their "masters" has cut back heavily the breeding of cattle, sheep, and swine; recent (Solidarity) estimates for that country's return to protein solvency may exceed ten years.

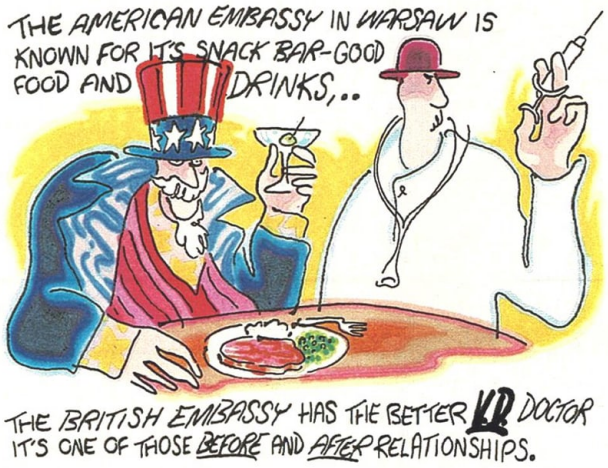


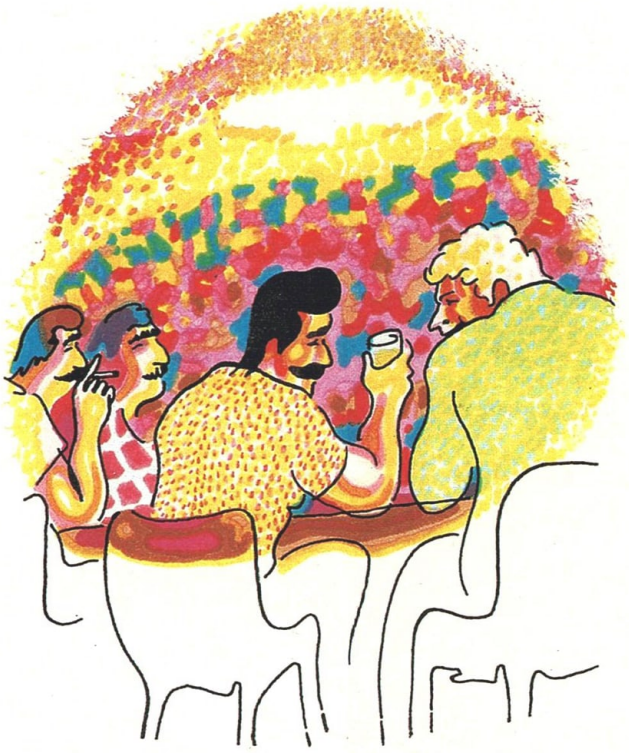
THE BIG RUSSIAN "FINGER" IN THE CENTER OF WARSAW (RUSSIAN HEADQUARTERS)

The story goes that Joseph Stalin once asked the Polish people to make a choice. "Which would you rather have," he asked, "a building complex that could accommodate 10,000 Polish families or a huge headquarters building that would house the Russian military?" Naturally, the Poles chose the latter. Out of sheer "love" for their Russian comrades they (supposedly) chose to erect this giant "tombstone" in the center of their beloved Warsaw.

Americans call it "the big Russian finger" and the Poles say that "the best view of it is from the inside, looking out."

"God, he is all I have left. My brother, a beautiful young boy, was only 17. He had a breathing problem—asthma. The police beat him. They beat him until he couldn't breathe. They beat him until he died. Oh, my God."—Young Polish artist


THE AMERICAN EMBASSY IN WARSAW IS KNOWN FOR IT'S SNACK BAR-GOOD FOOD AND DRINKS,..
THE BRITISH EMBASSY HAS THE BETTER KD DOCTOR IT'S ONE OF THOSE BEFORE AND AFTER RELATIONSHIPS.



DETENTE, WARSAW-STYLE

The Jewish salesman (a Danish national) was bubbling over with enthusiasm; he was speaking to a young Arab at the cocktail bar of Warsaw's Forum Hotel. "Where are you from?" he asked. "Kuwait," the Arab answered. "I'm from Kuwait." I leaned closer to listen. This was a curious answer. Twenty minutes earlier, this same young Arab had told a German businessman that he was from "Oman."

The Jewish salesman continued: "You know, all this fighting and war is terrible." The Arab nodded in agreement. The salesman went on: "We are all human beings. No one really wants to kill. Don't you agree?" "Oh, ya, sure." The Arab turned toward his two other "Kuwaiti" or "Omani" companions at the bar. They were nodding and smiling broadly, their grins occasionally broken by taking a sip of scotch and soda. The salesman went on: "We are all brothers; we should live together as brothers . . . we should all live as a great family would live. Don't you agree." "Oh, ya, aha, sure, ya." "Well," said the salesman, rising from his barstool, "I must go now. It has been very nice talking with you. I hope that we will meet again soon." He scooped his loose change from the bar. A warm smile creased his face from cheek to cheek. He was Billy Graham on a Polish barstool, an immaculate conversion over scotch and soda. "Okay, sure," said the Arab. "We see each other again." The salesman pocketed his loose change and left the room. The young Arab turned toward his friends. He said something I couldn't hear. They all laughed loudly.

There was a strong possibility that this Arab and his friends would meet their Jewish salesman again, or maybe, at the very least, one or more of his Israeli relatives. After all, they're just passing through. Their brief stay in Warsaw is only a pit stop on their way to a Soviet-run military training camp in Poland. No wonder they were all laughing. They raised their glasses to toast the naïveté of a latter-day Willy Loman. After all, it's not very often that a Jewish salesman gets to lay a peace pitch on three PLO terrorists.

IN POLAND, THERE ARE TWO RELIGIONS: CHRISTIANITY AND THE AMERICAN DOLLAR

"Our money is like, what you call—*toilet paper*," he said. The young Polish artist was referring to something called the zloty. The zloty, a small piece of cheaply etched paper about the size and value of Monopoly money, is nothing more than "potty training" for Polish toddlers. It's damned near worthless.

Like most of the Communist world's paper money, it cannot buy anything worth owning. (The official government exchange rate of 87 zlotys to the dollar is overwhelmed by the black-market exchange rate of 700 or 800 zlotys to the buck.) Local products are garbage, and foreign-made material requires foreign cash. The purchase of quality food and the bribery of "quality" government officials calls for the use of "quality cash"; thus the hustle for the almighty greenback.

Tourists are hounded on the streets constantly. "You got dollars?" "I give you 600, 700 zlotys"—rates as high as 1,000 have been recorded. The pressure is constant. All of this hassle just to get trade off a currency whose name, *zloty*, when freely translated, means "gold."

YOU GOT DOLLARS ???
YOU GOT AMERICAN DOLLARS ?
SIX HUNDRED SEVEN HUNDRED EIGHT HUNDRED ZLOTYS TO THE DOLLAR.
EXCHANGE? I GIVE YOU ZLOTYS.
ZLOTYS WE TRADE OKAY???
AMERICAN DOLLARS ???

THE ARAB "TOURISTS" OF WARSAW—OR—YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE JEWISH TO LIKE BLOND WOMEN OR DRINK SCOTCH WHISKEY

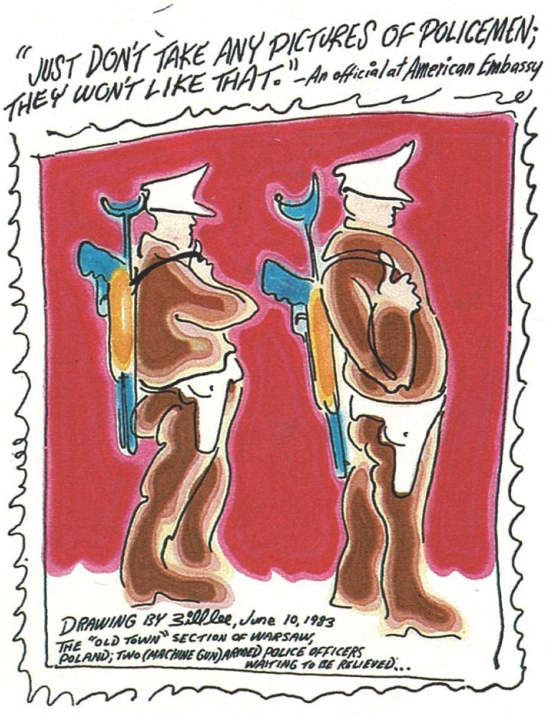
Arab terrorists and tourists have a personal arrangement with the Polish government. No trouble! No violence while they're passing through. A sociopolitical truce is the rule of the play period in the Polish capital. You can chase (maybe even catch) a few blond girls and drink scotch whiskey, but avoid at all cost any violent acts against Westerners. On the surface, at least, they appear to be behaving themselves.

The young toughs in polo shirts and digital Swiss watches (stereotype gunmen) are usually on a forty-eight-hour furlough, never too much longer. They're terrorists taking time off from perfecting their "skills" to wallow in off-Koran sex and booze. The older ones—middle-aged with wrinkled suits, tacky ties, and Foster Grant sunglasses—brought their families along. They'd stash their wives and kids up in the hotel room and drift down to the cocktail lounge to try their luck with the locals. The Poles are wary of them; they are not trusted. The Metropole, a larger, older* hotel in the center of town, seemed to be their watering hole. It was a place that many ladies tended to avoid. The Arabs are known to treat women like dirt—this is not a desirable situation, even for the world's *second* oldest profession (*politics* is the *first*).

*Warsaw was leveled by the Nazis prior to the beginning of World War II; the word "old" in relation to that city could be anything over 20 years.

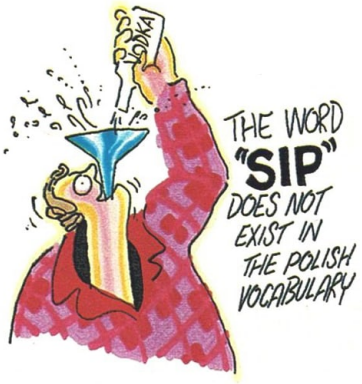
"TIPTOE THROUGH THE TULIPS" . . . That unmistakable falsetto whine . . . My God, that's Tiny Tim on the car radio in a Warsaw taxi.

The driver hummed and occasionally sang along in mock English as the music continued. I was headed for the Old Town section of the city, a beautifully restored medieval quarter where violent riots had signaled an end to some newfound freedoms. The cab pulled up to the barricades surrounding the cordoned-off neighborhood. I paid the driver. Just then, a man jogged past the partially open taxi door and a familiar, if not bizarre, sight caught my eye. The voice of Tiny Tim continued, a surrealistic meld with the antique skyline, as the narrow cobblestoned street digested the disappearing jogger and his I LOVE NEW YORK sweatshirt.


"JUST DON'T TAKE ANY PICTURES OF POLICEMEN; THEY WON'T LIKE THAT." -An official at American Embassy
DRAWING BY Lee, June 10, 1983
THE "OLD TOWN" SECTION OF WARSAW, POLAND; TWO (MACHINE GUN) ARMED POLICE OFFICERS WAITING TO BE RELIEVED...

His eyes meet mine; they glance downward briefly, toward my camera, and return nervously to my tinted glasses. His arm consciously, automatically reaches behind his back, adjusting what would appear to be a *shoulder strap*. But there is no handbag attached to that thick, overly polished strap of leather, no wallet or briefcase. *He* is a Polish soldier carrying a vintage Strashnikov (circa 1943) Russian machine gun. *I'm* an American artist carrying a Nikon (circa 1983) Japanese camera.

He's self-conscious. He watches the camera and continues to hide the gun, nudging wood and steel closer to the center of his back. I'm nervous. He's nervous. He's got a gun. I've got a camera. Which of us holds the deadlier weapon. No contest! I fold the leather cover over the lens, snapping it shut. The snap was a gong, a bell, sharply proclaiming the end of round one. The Polish soldier relaxed. The threat of photography was gone now and his shoulder slumped slightly forward. The gun barrel peeked out from behind his rear end. The tension disappeared but the image remained in my mind. I rushed back to the hotel to draw something that I could not safely record on film. Round one was over; I think I won.



PORTRAIT OF A DEAD MAN

I'll never know who he was. It all happened so quickly. He sat down at a small table, ordered a cognac, paid for it, sipped it slowly, and then received a light tap on the shoulder from a Polish (not so) secret policeman. He barely acknowledged the policeman's existence.

Suddenly, they were as ants on a mound of sugar, kicking, punching, flailing; grappling-hook fingers sunk into his wiry frame—it barely slowed him down. Three, four, five, and then six policemen—12 arms pounding and punching; slowly, they gained some ground. There was blood on his cheek. He appeared to weaken. The grips relaxed. Then, with one final burst he sprang forward again, shouting in Polish; I picked out the word "Jaruzelski" and an obvious torrent of obscenities. Other policemen arrived. Fourteen, 16 arms, eight Polish "security" agents dragged his body out of the cocktail lounge of the Forum Hotel, in the center of Warsaw. The security man in charge, an Easter Island head of a man with a walkie-talkie, radioed a few words to his superiors and followed his victim outside. The television and print journalists lined up along the bar, relaxed, turned their backs on the rumble and resumed drinking. There was a sigh of relief, the low rumble of conversation, and someone at the other end of the bar said, "He's a dead man." The rest nodded and kept on drinking.

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KILLINGTON, VERMONT	JANUARY 29
VAIL, COLORADO	FEBRUARY 2
ASPEN, COLORADO	FEBRUARY 5
STEAMBOAT, COLORADO	FEBRUARY 9
WINTER PARK, COLORADO	FEBRUARY 18
STOWE, VERMONT	MARCH 4
SQUAW VALLEY, CALIFORNIA	MARCH 10
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A compendium of bizarre, idiotic, lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information culled from the nation's press

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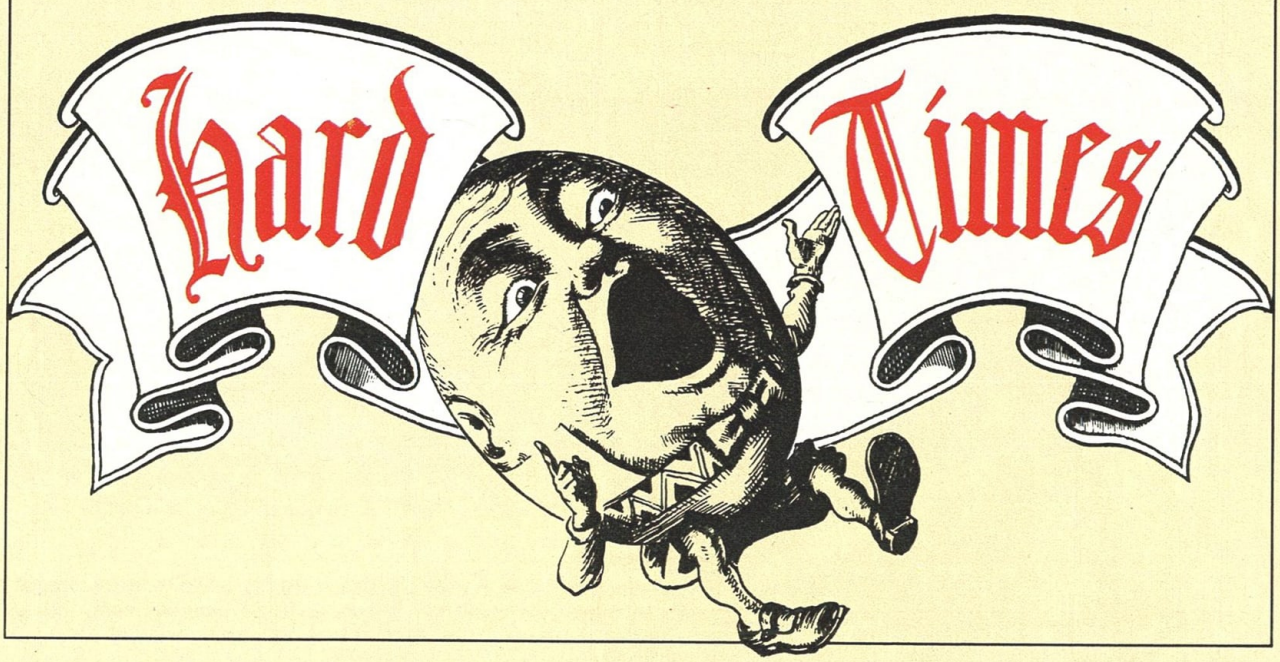

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A FOOL FOR POOL

Martin Gales is so crazy about shooting pool that he's let his hobby go to his head! The punk rocker from Kent, England, had his hair cut and styled into a miniature table. Gales, who sports studs in his ears and a ring in his nose, walked into a barber shop recently and ordered a flattop haircut with high sides. He had it dyed green and added colored balls and two miniature cues to complete the effect. (*Weekly World News*)

He's really behind the eight ball.–Editor

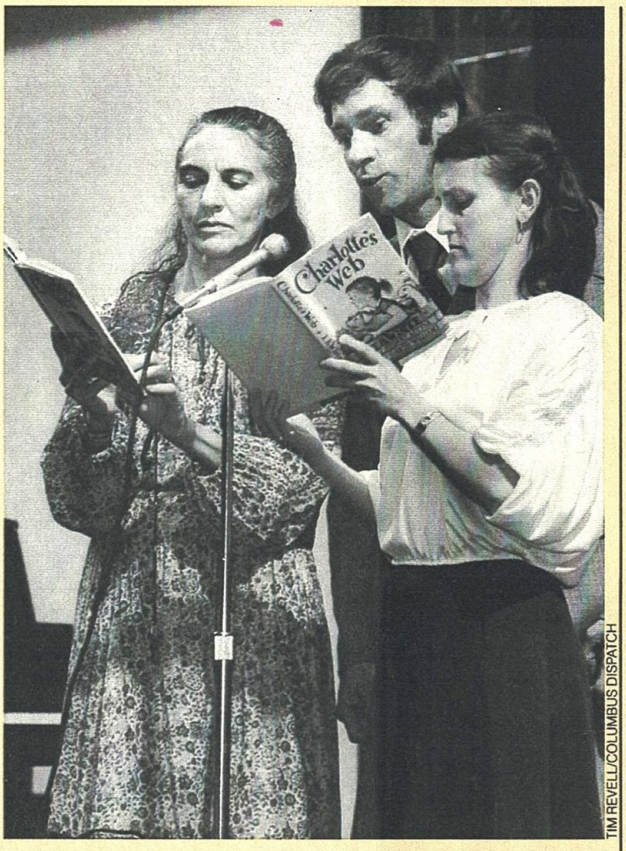
LONDON SUN

IT'S NOT HOWDY DOODY TIME ANYMORE

WIDE WORLD

A gruesome crime was committed in Larchmont, N.Y.: vandals broke into an office where Howdy Doody was kept and tore him limb from limb. The heartless criminals broke into the office of Roger Muir, the producer and director of the "Howdy Doody Show." "I tell you, I'm sick as if I lost a kid," Muir said. "I found one part in one room and the other parts in two other rooms." At one time Howdy was insured for $100,000, but Muir had not renewed the policy because Howdy was not gainfully employed. (*Charlotte Observer*–submitted by Kathy Fennell, Charlotte, N.C.)

Clarabelle and Buffalo Bob are being sought for questioning.–Editor



TIM REVELL/COLUMBUS DISPATCH

A REAL THREAT TO OUR AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE

A dangerous book is lurking in school libraries, corrupting innocent minds and sowing the seeds of atheism. That book is E. B. White's *Charlotte's Web*, which some parents in Columbus, Ohio, would like to see banned from school libraries, because the concept of talking animals is against God's will. Here, members of an anti-censorship group read some controversial sections from the suspect book at a fund-raiser. (*Columbus Dispatch*–submitted by John Sech, Jackson, Ohio)

Charlotte should have spun "Jesus Saves" in her web to be on the right side of the right wing.–Editor

HIS LOVER SQUEALED WITH DELIGHT

A Cal Poly student was charged with sexual assault on an animal after allegedly raping a pig at the Swine Unit. A group of students were at the Swine Unit preparing for a livestock show when they witnessed the event. David Dodson, an animal science instructor, also witnessed the attack. The student was charged with a misdemeanor but was released from jail on a signed promise to appear for arraignment. "Prosecution's really tough," said Dodson. "In fact, the guy's back in class. I'd like the word to get out that it's bizarre behavior and we don't want it." (*Mustang Daily*–submitted by F. Thomas Ward)

How you going to keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen the coed pigs at college?–Editor?

PLOT TO UNSEAT BICYCLE RACER FOILED

World champion bicycle racer Giuseppe Saronni would have been trotting instead of biking had a plot against him not been uncovered. An undercover Italian policeman saw a man try to bribe two waiters to put a liquid laxative into the racer's food before the final stage of the race. The man who offered the waiters $2,100 to keep Saronni off the bicycle seat and on the toilet seat was a commercial sponsor of another competitor in the race. (*Los Angeles Times*–submitted by John J. Lee, West Covina, Calif.)

Now we know why there's no official laxative of the 1984 Los Angeles Olympics. –Editor

Last But Not Yeast

U.P.I.

Michael Bretz of Chicago, Ill., shows off his hefty handiwork: the world's largest bagel! He'll spread the giant roll with a wheelbarrow load of 10 pounds of cream cheese. (*Weekly World News*)

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

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MURDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

sive blades whipping around right next to her.

Helen was still talking to him—shouting; it must have been like screaming into the open mouth of hell—trying to be nice, to soothe, pacify. She rattled on as though her voice were the thread connecting her to life. The more she talked, the more she would become for him a particular person, someone who liked to fish and hike and ski and play basketball and cook, who grew up speaking Swedish at home, learned English at school, picked up French, German, Italian, and Spanish, had a sister named Delcie—anything that would make her more than a body, more than an aid to masturbation, to be used and discarded, more than a scapegoat on which he could revenge every slap he'd ever received from a haughty woman, every rejection, every petty humiliation he'd suffered—if he were, as he seemed to be, a member of the Met backstage crew—at the hands of musicians and dancers who, since he stood outside the magic circle of art, had contempt for him or, worse, ignored him, annihilated him with their snubs.

He gagged her.

He may have also blindfolded her.

He was afraid she would run away again. Figuring that if she were naked, she would be too embarrassed to go for help, he cut off her clothes.

He slit her skirt and slip up the side. As he was cutting off her jersey, she must have felt the knife at her neck. When he cut off her bra, she must have felt it between her breasts. When he cut off her panties, she must have felt it on her thighs, on her hips.

Around the sides of each pit is a space about 2 feet wide that opens onto a shaft 29 feet deep—a three-story drop. He threw the clothes and pocketbook down the shaft.

With Helen beside him, bound, gagged, blindfolded, he sat and wondered what he should do. Minutes passed. He climbed out of the fan pit, started to walk away, and over the roar of the fans heard her bouncing up and down. To make such a noise she must have been slamming herself around in an effort to get free. Why wouldn't she stay still? Why wouldn't she let him leave? He may have felt that she was forcing him to do what he did not want to do, making him be bad, like a child who feels that the world is conspiring to wrong him.

He climbed back into the fan pit and kicked Helen down the shaft.

At 3 A.M. on Thursday, July 24, 1980, Detective Jerry Giorgio got a phone call from the 20th Precinct. There was a missing person at the Met. A violinist. The 20th was not asking for help. This was just a "scratch"—a notification for the Manhattan-area nightwatch. The nightwatch investigates major felonies from midnight to 9 A.M. It is made up of eight detectives drawn from all over the borough: local precincts as well as the Task Force.

The Task Force is an elite division that is brought in on the most sensitive cases. Between it and the precincts is an interdepartmental rivalry. Detectives from the precinct call the Task Force detectives "the stars"—not a compliment.

That night, Jerry was the representative from the Task Force. He was troubled by the call. The 20th Precinct had mentioned something about an abandoned violin. Jerry had a friend who played the violin. He knew how unlikely it was that any musician would leave behind an instrument.

Fifteen minutes after the first call, the 20th Precinct telephoned again. Jerry, Patrick Egan, the sergeant in charge that night, and Patrick Heaney, a detective with the 28th Precinct in central Harlem, drove over to the Met. It was a warm night, about seventy degrees. The buildings at Lincoln Center, their marble facades pale in the street lights, looked like mausoleums. At the stage entrance hall were half a dozen Met employees, security guards, and administrators, as well as a handful of uniformed cops from the 20th Precinct. They all told Jerry, Egan, and Heaney what they knew about the missing person: Helen Hagnes Mintiks.

Donald Maccourt, a bassoon player

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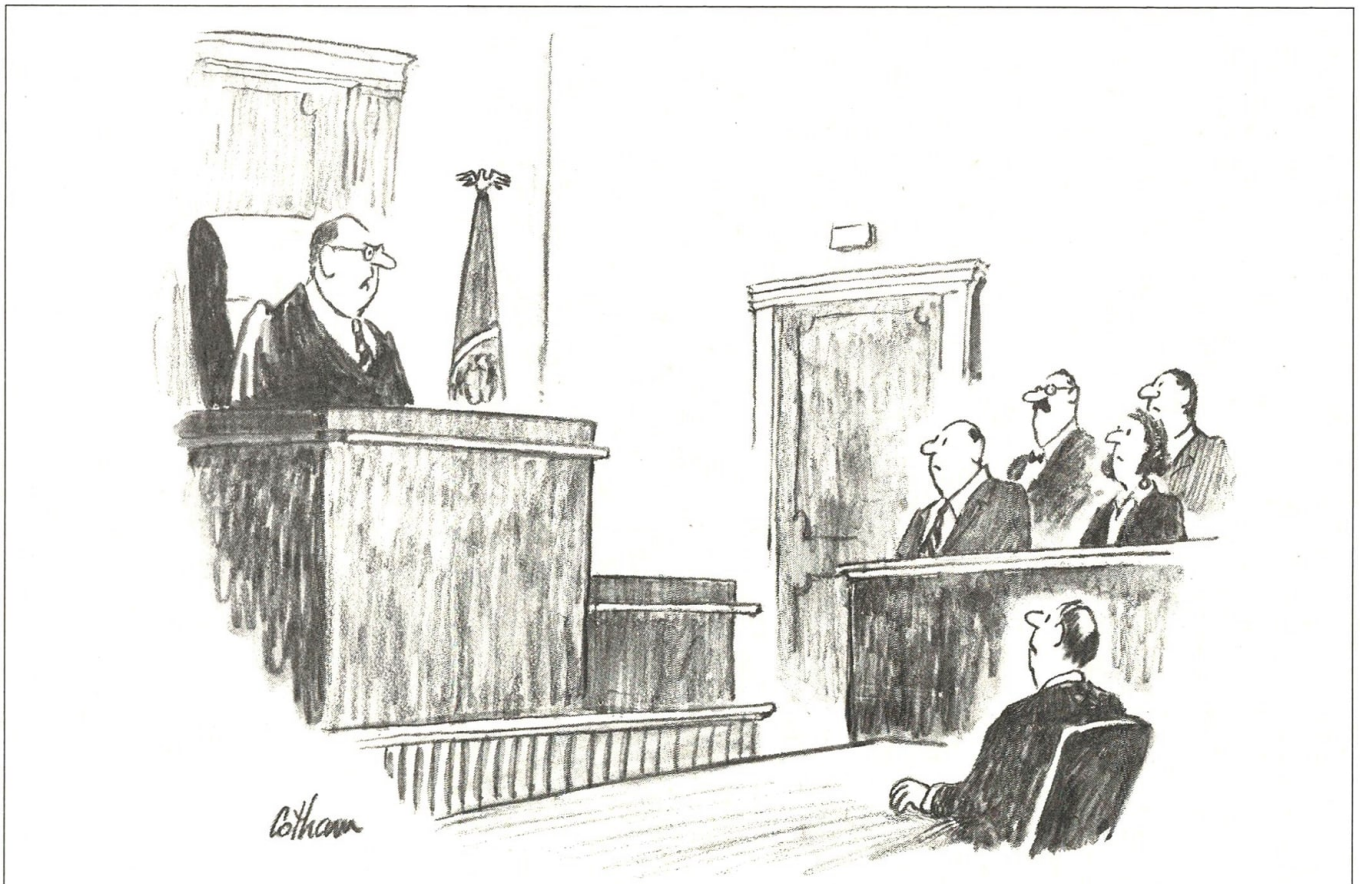

"I want to remind the jurors not to discuss the guilty party outside this courtroom."

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

WILL YOU CHANGE THE WORLD?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

People who make history, whether for better or worse, are usually fanatics. But you don't have to be Gandhi, Hitler, Albert Schweitzer, or Charles Manson to be a fanatic. Maybe you just have an unnaturally strong attachment to, say, the Chicago Cubs.

Yet, whether a world-shaker or just the guy down the block, all fanatics share one characteristic: They are gripped by a passion that dominates their lives to the exclusion of just about everything else. Unlike the rest of us, they have brains that are not cluttered with the unrelated trivia and flotsam of everyday life. They marshal all the forces of their personalities to focus exclusively on the objects of their obsessions. You won't find them worrying about what to have for dinner or whether it's time to buy a new pair of shoes (unless, that is, they're food fanatics or shoe freaks).

Fanatics, of course, have always existed, and they've come in all shapes and sizes. The first people actually to be called "fanatics" were the *fanatici* of ancient Rome. They were religious cultists whose main activity was mutilating their bodies with axes and swords. Religion has always provided fertile ground for the fanatic. Ancient Jews had their guerrilla-fighting Zealots. Ancient Christians had their stylites—hermits who sat for years atop 40- or 50-foot pillars exposed to the weather. And then there were the medieval sex fanatics called Adamites, who thought they were divine, walked around nude, and engaged in freewheeling sex.

Fanatics such as these obviously fit Voltaire's definitions of fanaticism as "superstition translated into action." But even people with more commonplace obsessions—like the workaholic who really believes his life will fall apart if he doesn't work 20 hours a day—exhibit a similar streak of single-minded irrationality.

Predicting fanatical behavior is not an exact science. The person who seems perfectly normal one day may become a raving fanatic the next. Psychologists and psychoanalysts have, however, isolated a number of attitudes, beliefs, and behaviors that go into making a fanatic. (One of the more interesting surveys on this subject is the recent book called, aptly, *Fanaticism*, by University of Geneva psychiatrist Andre Haynal and his colleagues.) We've sorted through these many characteristics to construct this psychograph. While a simple questionnaire like this cannot be a foolproof indicator of fanatical behavior, it may give you an idea of whether or not you've got the tight-focus personality that distinguishes the fanatic.

After each item in Section I below, circle the letter that best represents your feelings about the statement. Circle (a) if you agree completely with the item, (b) if you agree moderately, (c) if you feel neutral and have no strong feelings one way or the other, (d) if you disagree moderately, and (e) if you disagree completely.

Section I

1. "If you're not with me, you're against me" is a good motto to follow. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

2. Things are going to get worse before they get better. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

3. It's best to associate with people who are like you, who share your basic outlook on life. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

4. Life is very confusing. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

5. Superstitions are an important part of life. I have them, and even people who don't admit it have them. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

6. Relaxation isn't what it's cracked up to be. People who say they need to relax are often just lazy. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

7. Vacations are a waste of time. It's better to be doing something constructive. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

8. There's not much hope for the future unless there are some radical changes. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

9. Most people are selfish and don't care about anyone but themselves. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

10. You shouldn't trust most people, because they'll usually let you down. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

11. Most important issues in life can be stated in terms of black and white, good and bad, right and wrong. People who talk about "gray areas" or "extenuating circumstances" are fooling themselves. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

12. Compromising is almost always wrong. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

13. Life is not fair. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

14. If you look at human history, you'll see that politicians who've tried to avoid war have done the wrong thing. When an evil needs to be confronted, it's best to go to war right off; ducking the issue only makes things worse. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

15. Those who are willing to seize power are those who deserve it. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

16. If you want something done right, you have to do it yourself. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

17. "The end justifies the means" is basically true, even though many people say it isn't. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

18. People who commit minor crimes should be severely punished for their first offense so they won't go on and do worse things. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

19. "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" is a more realistic motto to live by than "Live and let live." (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

20. It's possible for one man to completely change the world. (a) (b) (c) (d) (e)

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PSYCHOGRAPH

Section II
Answer the following questions about yourself as honestly as possible.

1. When you believe in something, how important is it for you to persuade others to believe in it as well?
   (a) very important
   (b) somewhat important
   (c) not particularly important

2. Do you feel most people try to take advantage of you if they can?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

3. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "It may sound boastful, but if I could be an absolute dictator for even a short time, I could make the world a much better place."
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

4. How important is it to you to get back at people who've screwed you?
   (a) Very important; I'll plan and wait for years to get revenge.
   (b) I like to get revenge as much as anybody, but I won't go out of my way to get it.
   (c) Getting revenge is usually counterproductive. When someone screws me, I try to forget it and get on with my life.

5. Have you ever had a "conversion experience" in which, during a short period of time, you completely changed your views on a subject that was important to you? (It could be anything from changing your religion to transferring your allegiance from one sports team to another.)
   (a) yes
   (b) No, even when my views have changed, they have usually done so gradually.

6. Which of the following statements most closely reflects your reaction when faced with an unpleasant task that must be done.
   (a) I'll get to it as soon as I can and then stick with it until it's done. While I'm working at it, I won't let anything else interfere.
   (b) I'll do it a little at a time if at all possible. Unpleasant tasks aren't as bad if you can break them down.
   (c) I'll wait until the last minute, and then work like hell to get it done.

7. How has your relationship with your father been?
   (a) good
   (b) average
   (c) bad
   (d) I never really had any relationship with my father.

8. Do you often feel very alone in life?
   (a) yes
   (b) sometimes
   (c) no

9. Would you say you've been generally successful at most things you've attempted.
   (a) yes
   (b) I'm about average—sometimes I win and sometimes I lose.
   (c) no

10. Do you agree or disagree with this statement: "Most people underestimate my capabilities."
    (a) agree
    (b) disagree

SCORING
Section I: Give yourself five points for each (a) selection you made, four points for each (b), three points for each (c), two points for each (d), and one point for each (e).

Section II: All answers (below) for this section have been given point values, which are listed below. Add up the point values of the answers you chose.

Combine your scores for both sections. The highest possible total score is 150 points; the lowest, 30.

1. a-5, b-3, c-1
2. a-5, b-1
3. a-5, b-1
4. a-5, b-3, c-1
5. a-5, b-1
6. a-5, b-1, c-5
7. a-5, b-3, c-1, d-1
8. a-5, b-3, c-1
9. a-1, b-3, c-5
10. a-5, b-1

If you scored 125 to 150 points:
You exhibit all the earmarks of a true fanatic. You don't just get interested in something; you become obsessed by it. By sheer force of personality, people like this can accomplish outstanding feats. They are life's greatest saints and greatest sinners. People in this category are sometimes quite insecure and feel uncomfortable with anyone who doesn't think and act as they do. They feel their fanatical drive will earn them the respect that they can't get any other way. Unfortunately, things don't always work out as planned. People may be awed or frightened by a fanatic, but they may not respect him. This can drive the fanatic to ever more obsessive behavior. But if a guy is accomplishing great things as the result of his single-mindedness, you can't really knock it.

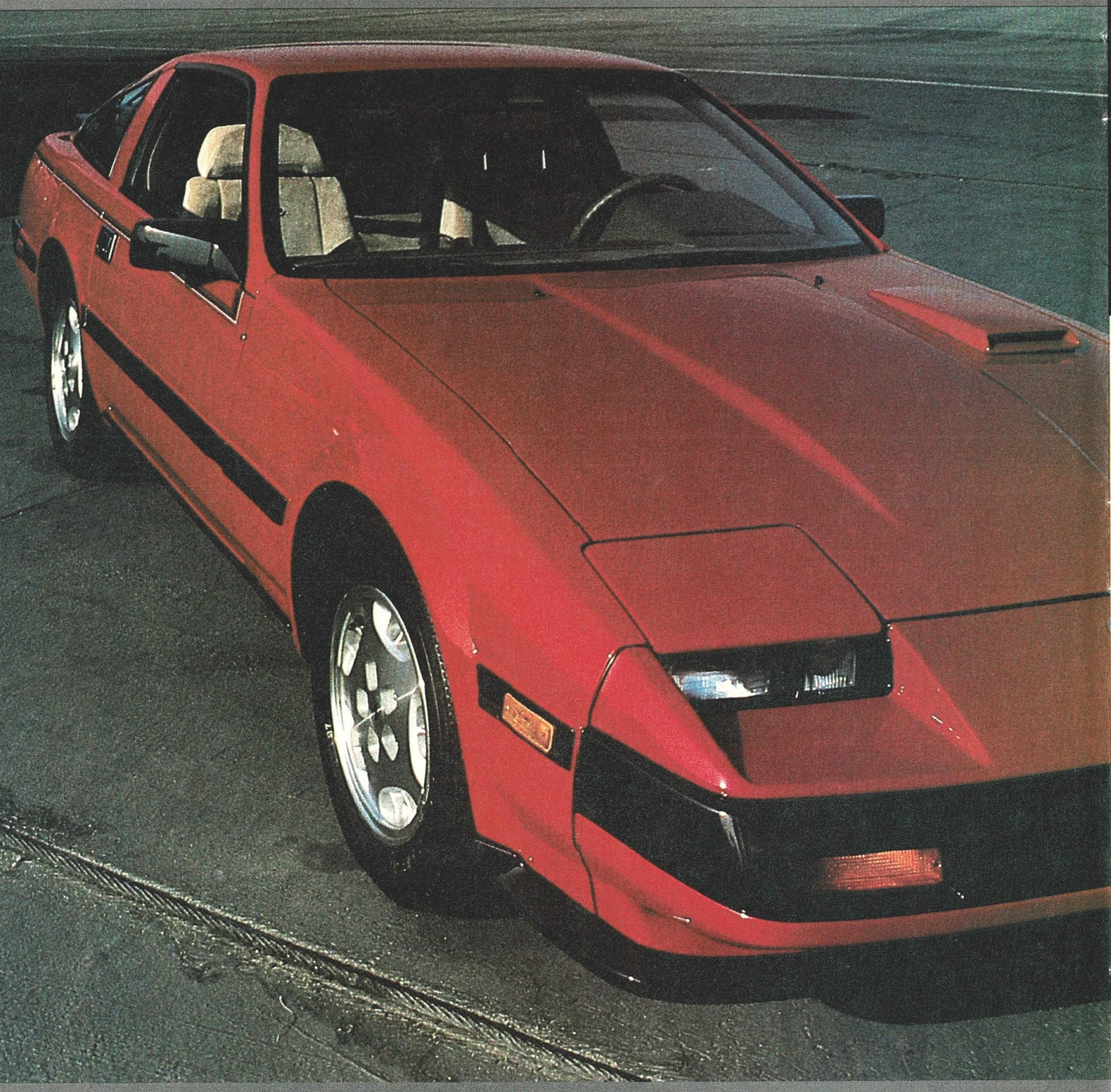
102 to 124 points:
You show many traits common to the fanatic, but if you are a fanatic you're likely to be a type slightly different from the person in the category above. People in this category are more likely to be fanatical followers than fanatical leaders. They may not have quite the obsessive drive of persons in the above group. Yet, once they catch the scent they can be determined in pursuing a new enthusiasm.

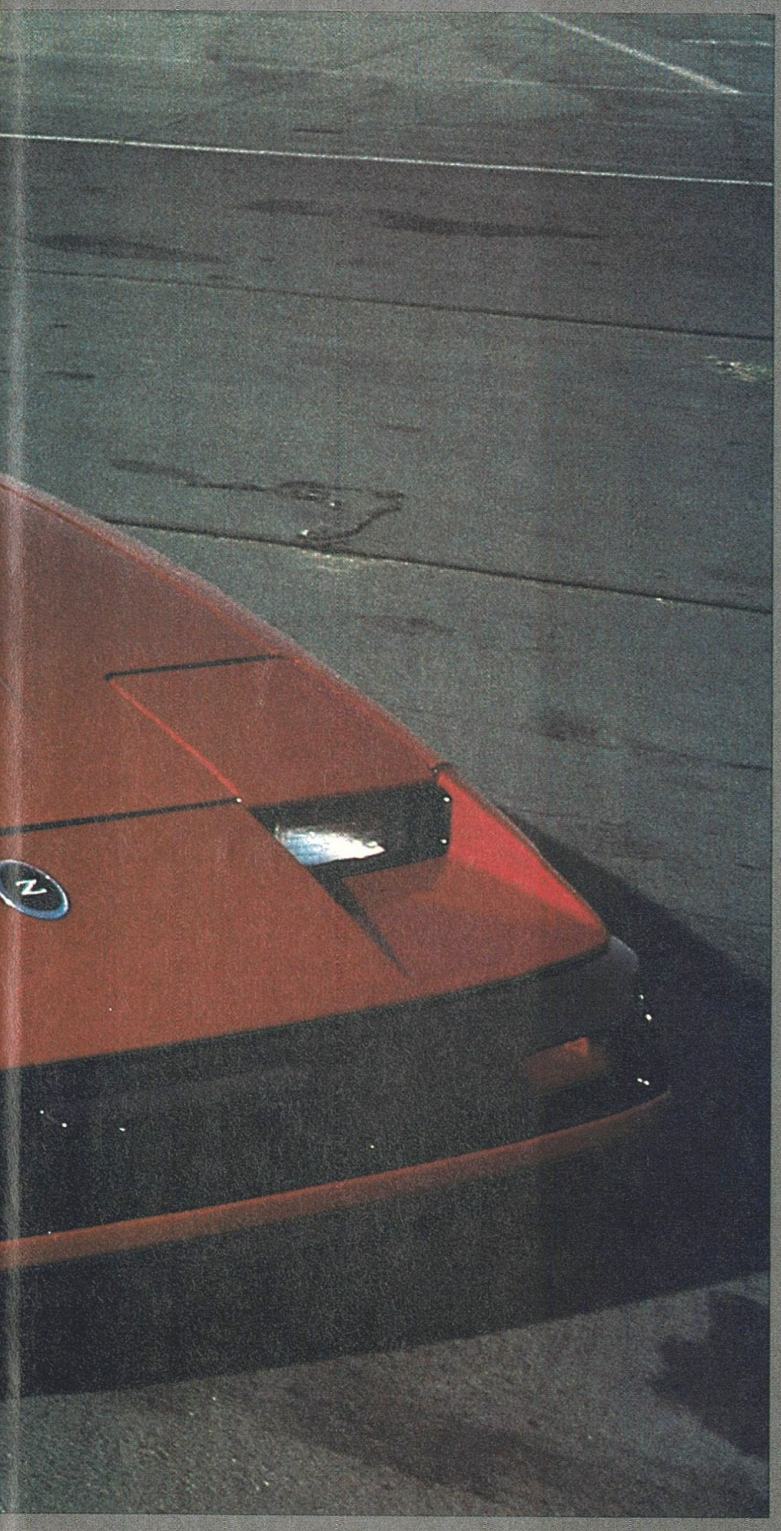
79 to 101 points:
You, like most people, are not a fanatic—at least, not under normal circumstances. You may become extremely fascinated by something, but you're not likely to let it take over your life. However, people in this category can be quite impressionable. If people around them become fanatically interested in something, they'll go along for the ride. And there's nothing wrong with that, right? But if the fanatical attachments of people around them take a more sinister turn, then watch out. These are the "good" people who give history's villains room to operate. If everybody else at work is a Dallas Cowboys fan, they probably will be too.

54 to 78 points:
You have very few fanatical traits. You take a measured approach to life. This doesn't mean you are never enthusiastic about anything. It just means you don't ever let your enthusiasms control you. "All things in moderation" is a saying that probably applies to you. You do things because you want to do them, not because you are driven to.

30 to 53 points:
You appear to be the supreme rationalist. You examine all sides of an issue and never act without careful consideration. Some people may think you are aloof, but you're the type the Greek philosophers hoped would rule the world. Unfortunately, people like you are usually the first ones to be stood up against the wall when the fanatics take over.

Blachon





The Datsun 300ZX is treading new frontiers in automotive technology.

ROAD WARRIOR

BY MIKE KNEPPER

Riverside International Raceway, south of Los Angeles. The pit road is filled with low, sleek automobiles, almost menacing in their aggressive styling. Steeply raked noses sweep low to the track like beasts of prey trying to catch the scent before screaming off into the hunt.

But these aren't the typical thundering, yowling machines, their flanks covered with numbers and decals, that usually crowd the Riverside pits. Despite their look and the setting, these are all street machines and all variations on a single theme: the new 300ZX, latest in a long line of supremely successful sports cars from the company that we've know as Datsun but that now goes by the name Nissan. And the drivers tugging on helmets and slipping behind steering wheels aren't of the Andretti-Foyt-Unser ilk. They're automotive writers, gathered to experience firsthand just what Nissan has wrought in its replacement for the 280ZX.

Despite its enormous popularity—more than 68,000 280ZXs were sold in 1983—the car had become a bit dated. The look was essentially unchanged from the original that debuted in November 1969. When the 280ZX was introduced late in 1978, it was obvious the car had made a turn down luxury lane. The suspension had been softened to eliminate the sports-car ride and tightness of its predecessors, and with elimination of sports-car ride and feel went sports-car handling. The Z-car had been tamed. The addition of a turbocharged version, in '81, was a step back toward the path of righteousness, but even with more horsepower the car was still a luxo-tourer. So the announced intention of the 300ZX was to revive the performance and excitement of the old days without sacrificing all the popular amenities. Talk like that makes an enthu-

PHOTOGRAPH BY EARL MILLER

siast's neurons quiver. But talk and PR hyperbole are one thing. A car that gets it done is another.

Riverside is a bitch. A car eater. And a great place to prove, or disprove, a manufacturer's claims. Long, high-speed straights, elevation changes, deceptively difficult sweepers and *S* turns that delight in sucking the unwary in at one end to spit him into the weeds at the other. Driving a standard car around Riverside at the car's, and your own, maximum speed can be a disquieting experience. But a learning one.

The 300ZX makes its first point accelerating out of the pits. The new turbocharged V-6 engine makes lots of horsepower that comes in smoothly and evenly: no turbo lag. Into the first turn, a tight right-hander: The car feels solid, the steering precise. Into the esses. The first is wide; the imaginary line through it is essentially straight. But the next *S* is much tighter and requires rapid steering changes to get through it cleanly. The right-left-right maneuver throws the weight of the car from one side to the other, alternately loading and unloading the suspension in a classic test of what engineers call transient response. Again, the ZX tracks flat and true: no wobble and no twitchy tail.

Accelerate out of the second *S*, then brake hard for a sweeping uphill-downhill right turn—good control under braking, no darting about—then tap into the turbo again for a shot down the short straight. Up a rise, then left and quickly down (hello, stomach) into Turns 7 and 7a, a very tight left-right *S*—some understeer (the front end wanting to go straight when it should be turning) but not much and it's easily overcome by backing off the throttle a little. Then onto the back straight, where the speedometer needle easily nudges 100 miles per hour before it's time to brake hard for the back entrance to the pits. (Nissan knows better than to let a bunch of adrenaline-boosted journalists fly around Riverside; stopping at the end of each lap protects both men and machines.)

A few more laps in a variety of new 300ZXs—turbos and non-turbos, five-speed manuals and four-speed automatics, coupés and 2+2s, with a 280 thrown in for comparison—before coasting to a final stop in the pits. It's obvious, sitting there with the catalytic converter popping and cracking as it cools and the acrid smell of hot brake pads drifting in the window, that what Nissan has wrought is a fine piece of high-performance machinery. The Z-car may have strayed, but it's back in the fold.

The heart of the new 300ZX is a new V-6 engine, the first V-6 in a Japanese import. It displaces 2,960 cc (180.6 cubic inches), so call it a three-liter. That's an increase of 207 cc over the 280's in-line six-cylinder engine. The normally aspirated V-6 produces 160 horsepower (up from 145), and the turbocharged version pumps out an impressive 200 horsepower, up 20 from last year. There's an overhead cam for each bank of cylinders. Fuel is delivered by a Nissan version of a Bosch electronic fuel-injection system, and all the engine's vital functions are controlled by computer. In fact, there are no fewer than five on-board computers controlling, in addition to the engine, the transmission, stereo sound system, air-conditioning, and theft-deterrence systems.

The new V-6 engine is smooth and quiet. With 160 horses on tap, the normally aspirated version moves the ZX off the line with authority, doing 0 to 60 mph in about nine seconds. The additional power from the turbo makes it all happen just that much more quickly, with 60 mph being reached in just a tick more than six seconds and white-knuckle land stretching all the way out to 135 mph or so. Numbers like those make the 300ZX one of the quickest and fastest cars in the country.

> The new V-6 engine is smooth and quiet. With 160 horses on tap, the Datsun 300ZX moves off the line with authority, going from 0 to 60 mph in about nine seconds.

The five-speed manual transmission for the turbo engine is a specially reworked Borg-Warner unit; fourth gear is direct-drive, fifth is overdrive. The five-speed for the non-turbo is Nissan's own, with both fourth and fifth gears being overdrive. The four-speed automatic, available for both engines for an additional $500, has an interesting dual personality: economy and performance. Like any other automatic, in the economy mode it will kick down from overdrive fourth into third if you add some throttle. But if the driver has thrown the cockpit switch to the performance setting, there is an additional kick-down to second gear. In other words, if you're cruising along at 45 or 50 mph and get on the accelerator hard, the transmission will drop all the way down to second. Nice feature.

In spite of all the performance, the 300ZX still turns in very respectable fuel-economy figures: The normal engine has a 22/33 (city/highway) miles-per-gallon rating, the turbo 20/30.

Attribute a good bit of the fuel efficiency to the slick new body that slips through the air with a drag coefficient of just 0.31 (0.30 for the turbo version, thanks to a front air dam and rear-deck spoiler the non-turbo doesn't have). That compares most favorably with 0.36 for the 280ZX and 0.34 for the new Corvette.

That new body is, as they like to say in the ad biz, all new. The nose is shorter and slopes more dramatically; the front bumper is nicely integrated rather than stuck on; and the headlights are semi-hidden beneath pop-up eyebrows. The windshield is more steeply raked, the rear quarter-windows are larger, and in profile the 300ZX has a distinctive wedge shape. The 2+2, which looked a bit ungainly before, is better executed in the 300ZX. Look hard and you can see some Z-car family resemblance in the 300ZX, but not much.

The same holds true for the interior. It's the familiar Z-car, but different in several ways. And especially different is the electronic instrument panel with no less than 30 different indicators to tell you more than you probably want to know about your car's innermost workings. Speed is registered on a digital speedometer, and below that is an analog tachometer that also shows where the engine is on its power curve as you accelerate. The Star Trek instrument panel, which also includes a compass and an accelerometer, comes as part of a high-bucks ($1,900) option package that also includes leather seats, an 80-watt stereo sound system, automatic controls for the air-conditioning, and an eight-way driver's seat. The standard instrument setup is simple, round dials with needles. Also standard are a host of things like cruise control, electric windows and door locks, anti-theft system, and more. A T-roof will cost you $800.

And all this wonderfulness rides on a vastly improved suspension system, which, along with the new engine, has brought the 300ZX back from luxo-cruiser land. The MacPherson-strut front-suspension pieces are essentially unchanged, but the geometry has been dramatically changed. The independent rear suspension has likewise been modified, with the shocks and springs now mounted side by side and stiffened. The overall result is a firmer, but not uncomfortable, ride, a great deal less roll and sway in cornering, and virtual elimination of "squat" under acceleration. And to ice the handling cake, each shock absorber is fitted with a small electric motor, which the driver controls to adjust for a soft, a normal, or a firm ride. Believe it. With the 300ZX, you can teach a favorite stretch of road a lesson it won't soon forget. Price? From $15,799, for the non-turbo two-seater, to $18,199, for the turbo five-speed.

As I said going in, the Z-car has been phenomenally successful. And not withstanding complaints from the purists, the 280ZX only added to that sales success. It would have been understandable if Nissan had elected to make a few changes in the 280, stick a shiny new 300ZX badge on it, and sit back and continue to count orders. Luckily for us, Nissan took that shiny new 300ZX badge and drove a whole new car under it.

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NEXT OMNI

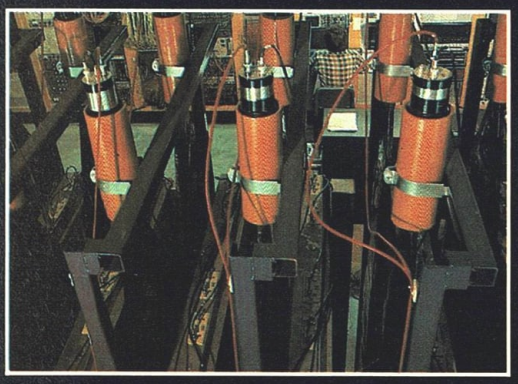
EYE IN THE SKY

"The bird's-eye view is nonhuman," an artist friend once complained to photographer Georg Gerster. But that suits Gerster fine. From the perspective of several thousand feet in the air, Gerster has taken a remarkable gallery of portraits of Earth and us Earthlings who populate it. From the elegant abstracts of natural shapes to the rigid geometric constructs of man, his work shows what he calls a "second face" of our environment. Look for it in the February issue of *Omni*.

HUMAN HIBERNATION

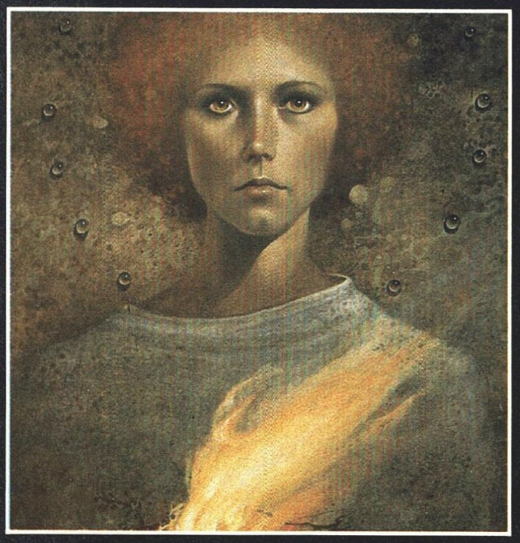
His name is Spock, and his shaved head makes him look disturbingly alien. Yet the physical appearance of this rhesus monkey *is* appropriate, for soon he will boldly go where none of his kind have gone before—into hibernation, previously the province of bears and some squirrels. Scientists speculate that once monkeys and other primates, including humans, make this journey, we'll see revolutionary changes in areas from weight control to the treatment of sleep disorders. We may even be able to send astronauts slumbering agelessly on interplanetary voyages.

SUPER SMASHER



FermiLab is outrageously large, a 6,000-acre swath of open plain 30 miles west of Chicago. Its core is a doughnut-shaped tunnel, four miles in circumference, covered with prairie land. Here in the tunnel, particles are whipped to the speed of light and forced into spectacular collisions so that scientists can sift through the debris. But the size of the equipment and its immense power match the magnitude of the quest. Researchers here and at other similar facilities are looking for nothing less than the secrets of matter. Or, as one scientist involved in the search puts it, "I think we're on the threshold of finding God." Join us this month, when *Omni* looks over the threshold.

FICTION



Omni's February fiction appears courtesy of two members of the "Texas Mafia," a group of hot young SF writers living in Austin. Bruce Sterling's "Sunken Gardens" takes place in the far future, when humans have been so altered in form that they are barely recognizable. The Regal faction has devised an ambitious scheme to terraform Mars: Have the lower factions compete for power and wealth by attempting to create the most beautiful and useful environments. The protagonist, Mirasol, fights for the future of her people in the bioengineering free-for-all that ensues. "Deserted Cities of the Heart," by Sterling's fellow Texan Lewis Shiner, takes place in a very different environment. Ryker, an American archaeologist, is disillusioned with the material world and seeks knowledge, enlightenment, and change. On a dig in a future, more prosperous Mexico, Ryker stumbles across something that could be the unsettling answer to his dreams.

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

after we moved it all seemed to go downhill. We rarely made love more than once a week and I sensed that she was faking an orgasm during intercourse. This went on for some time until a sudden change came over her. Almost overnight she was more responsive to my advances and things were just as they always were. Needless to say, I was thankful for the turnabout. But also suspicious about how it occurred. I finally got my answer one day when I came home two days early from a business trip in Boston.

After being let off by the cab in front of my house, I walked down the driveway toward our backyard, where we have a sunken swimming pool surrounded by a high fence. I had thought that Jennifer, who loves getting a tan, would be sunning herself on the pool deck, and I was eager to surprise her, as she usually sunbathes topless. Suddenly I heard voices coming from the pool enclosure, coupled with what seemed to be soft moans. I left my suitcase at the side of the house and crept quietly toward the fence. I maneuvered myself to a part of the fence where a post had fallen away, which Jennifer had been after me to fix. I crouched down low in the thick shrubbery and peered inside the enclosure. I almost fainted from the sight that greeted my eyes that instant.

There was Jennifer, topless, lying on a plush lounge chair, groaning softly as a young man straddled her back and slowly rubbed tanning lotion into her shoulders and upper back. She was gently tossing her head from side to side and telling the guy how good she felt. The teenager hunched down until his groin was nestled near Jennifer's shapely ass and he began making circular motions with his hands as Jennifer lifted her body from the lounge chair to make her swollen breasts available to his ardent manipulation. The kid may have been young, but he knew how to please a 28-year-old woman!

He continued to pinch and squeeze my wife's tits until she wiggled her bikini-clad bottom back against his bulging short-shorts.

I felt a mixture of jealousy and heartbreak at this sight, but the most overwhelming feeling I had was that of supreme excitement! Given a situation like this, I had always thought I would react violently, but here I was, watching my wife being screwed by a stud who was only half my age.

By now they had discarded the remainder of their clothing. The guy was standing, facing my wife, who was now sitting up on the lounge chair, so that his back was toward me. I could see Jennifer's pussy, because her legs were spread toward my hidden position. She was dripping with love juices and began to rake her long nails over his smooth, slim ass. The guy stooped and gave her a long French kiss, while working his rather thick fingers up and down her glistening slit. Jennifer stiffened and held him tightly. I knew she was coming and coming all over his probing hand.

My wife lay down on the recliner and the teenager straddled her chest. My cock shot a load without even being touched when I saw his instrument. It stood drooling and erect from his sparsely haired loins. It seemed to get longer as he began to rub it on her tits and face. She spoke to him as she moaned, telling him how well built he was and how she loved the taste of his dick. The guy ran the head of his schlong over her lips and she flicked out her tongue, catching some of the precome fluid on it.

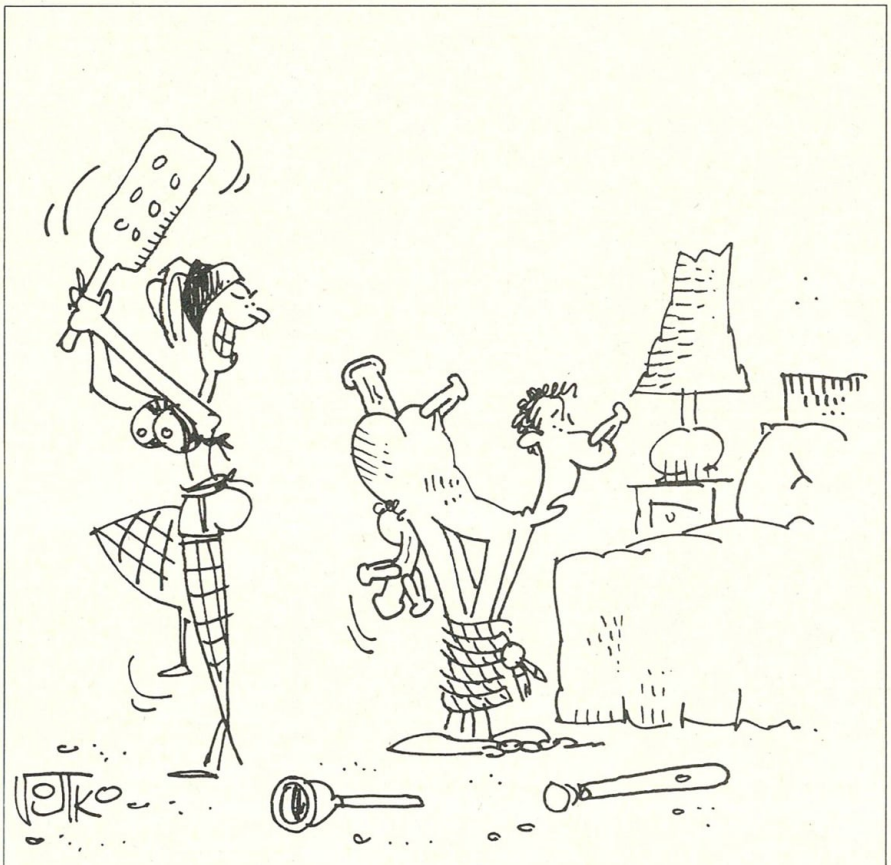
Then he moved his rod down between her jutting breasts, which she cupped for him, forming a soft tunnel for him to use as he pleased. They continued in this position for about 15 minutes. I was surprised. I thought a guy that age would not have much staying power, but he seemed to be an accomplished lover. He continued to fuck my wife between her tits, occasionally giving her a taste until he stiffened and prepared to come. He took his cock into his hands and shot a huge load of spurting come all over Jennifer's face and hair. She opened her mouth in a soft oval pout and tried to catch the sperm with her tongue.

I marveled at the guy as he still milked the juice from his prick, leaving her drenched with his hot seed. He finished by running his pole over her sperm-drenched face, scooping it up with his cock head and feeding it to Jennifer.

They continued for the rest of the afternoon. Jennifer was fucked in several positions, including one on her hands and knees. She was also ass-fucked in that position (something she will not let me do) and even swallowed his cock after he pulled the sporting member from her ass. All told, he came six times and I came twice. Lord knows how many times my wife came, but she seemed to have multiple orgasms whenever he slid his dick into her.

I left only after they were exhausted with each other. I spent the night jerking off in a local motel and arrived home the next morning.

Xaviera, is it normal for women to be turned on by teenagers? This has greatly enhanced our sex life but I'm beginning to have jealous feelings.—P.E.



"Are you sure this is the moral equivalent of marriage?"

Of course women are turned on by young men. At least, I am. Those firm, hard, young bodies and ever ready, instantly erect cocks are irresistible. However, in a relationship, an older, more mature man with more knowledge and experience will almost always win out in the long run, so if this incident has improved your sex life, forget the jealousy.

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CASTRO

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 68

sians would give anything for a bottle, from tools to the clothes on their back, all of which led to some great jokes about primitive Communism by our budding Marxist humorists.

If the Russians could come out to see the Cubans, the Cubans could not go in to see the Russians, not even the *comandantes*. The territory—the "sister bases"—where the installations were being constructed was forbidden to all Cubans. There, everything except the soil itself was imported from Russia. It was all very hush-hush, but you'd have to be an idiot not to know what was going on. They closed the ports and set up curfews for port cities and then sent long caravans of trucks, their cargo covered with tarpaulins, through to the bases.

"Must be importing palm trees, judging by the shape" was what you heard in the streets. They also thought maybe Khrushchev had gone crazy and was actually going to fire his missiles from Cuba at the imperialists.

But that wasn't the point of the missiles at all. Over the course of my talks with him in 1960, I began to understand Khrushchev's parabolic way of speaking. The U.S.S.R. felt itself surrounded by U.S. bases, so it wanted to have its own bases on territory as near to the United States as some of the U.S. bases were to the Soviet Union. That would be a way of opening negotiations for a reduction in bases and, by the way, a means to keep the United States out of Cuba. As a plan it had its logic; as a fact it was infantile. Did anyone really think all that stuff could be brought all the way from Russia in secret? Only a bureaucratic mind on the Russian or Chinese model, one used to doing everything in secret—within one's own frontiers—could have dreamed up a scheme like that.

But what about Fidel? He seemed to have a blind belief in the Soviet military machine and shrugged off any doubt by saying that it was the Russians who were calling the tune. He felt like one of the powerful, as if, at last, he were involved in world-changing events. In any case, he didn't think there would be a real conflict between the United States and the U.S.S.R. And if there were an invasion, it certainly wouldn't be his fault. Don't forget: Fidel gets his kicks from war and high tension. He can't stand not being front-page news. The low-profile János Kádár he could never be.

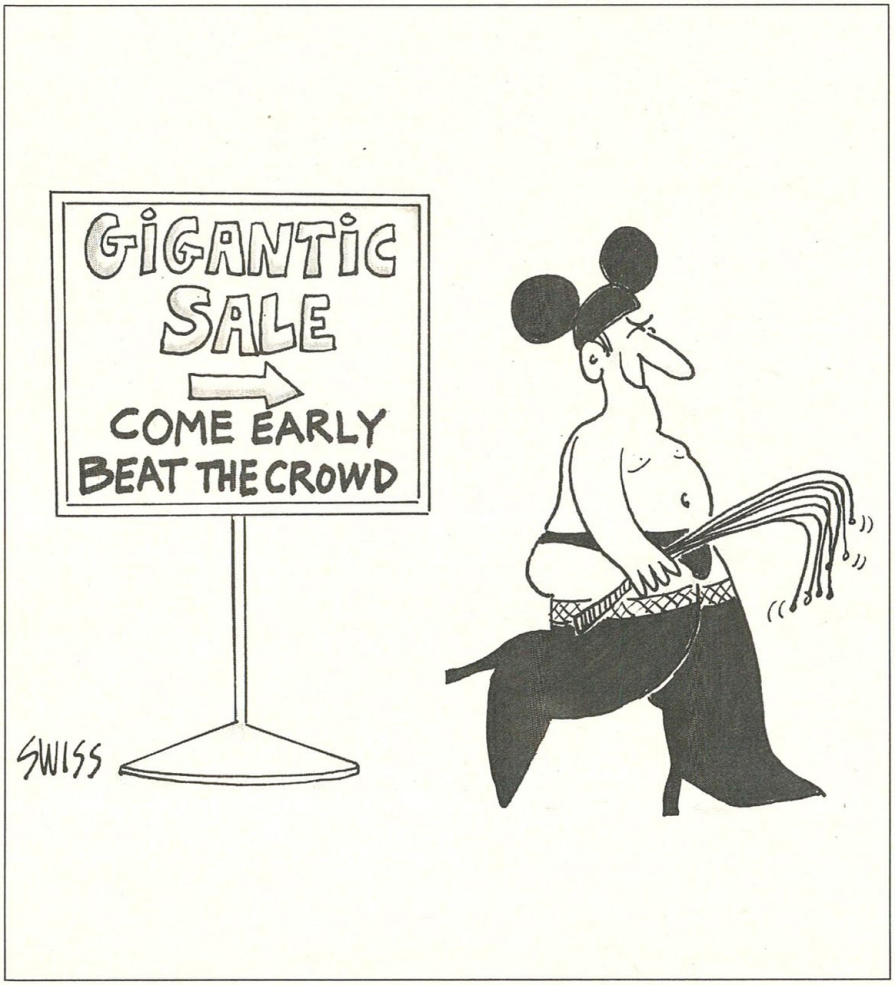
The second error in this missile business was the rectification of the Soviet-Cuban military communiqué published by the Moscow press and *Prensa Latina*. Cuba's President Osvaldo Dorticós Torrado made a hasty public correction of the communiqué, but all he actually proved to anyone who cared to notice was that there had been a change in quality and quantity in the military relationship between the U.S.S.R. and Cuba.

The error was Khrushchev's, and it was colossal.

The missiles were a kind of public secret—no one spoke but all knew. According to Fidel, only four or five people were in on the secret: Fidel himself, Raúl, Che, Dorticós, and Ramiro Valdés, a pro-Soviet comandante. The army, the government, the people—no one else knew anything certain, but they did deduce what was going on. Those living near the bases knew everything, of course. Rumors were flying all over—even to Miami with the Cubans who were fleeing. But not even the CIA believed the missile story. Finally, the U-2 flights confirmed the stories.

October 20 was a Saturday, and *Revolución* did not come out on Sunday, but the place was ringing with press releases from the United States. President Kennedy had canceled his weekend vacation and returned to Washington D.C. All U.S. troops in Florida were on full alert, and there was a general mobilization. Something was definitely up. At *Revolución* we were lucky in that we had a lot of experienced reporters, some of whom had worked for A.P. and U.P.I. as well as U.S. newspapers. We had to do something spectacular with the Monday issue to inform the people of what was happening in the United States.

But of course, you just can't say certain things without confirming them with the government. I called Fidel and Celia Sánchez, his companion, but no one knew where they were. President Dorticós was not answering the phone, either at the palace or at home. Che, we were told, was in Pinar del Río. I was not in the habit of talking to Raúl under any circumstances, so information from him was out of the question, as it was from Anibal Escalante. So once again it fell to me to bring out an issue that would cause an uproar. That was my value as a journalist, and it was no minor talent, if I do say it myself. Well, the headline read U.S. PREPARES INVASION OF CUBA, and when it hit the streets the phone started ringing off the hook.



A NERVOUS MONDAY

It wasn't yet 9 A.M. and President Dorticós was calling me down to his office—in a voice full of disgust. After a cold greeting, he launched into a diatribe. "Another one of your irresponsible, alarmist headlines," he screamed. "How could you announce an invasion without at least consulting with the government? You make us look ridiculous."

Escalante, standing next to Dorticós, chimed in: "For a long time now, *Revolución* has just done what it damn well pleases."

"This is serious, Franqui," said Dorticós, "very serious."

Dorticós's telephones never stopped

ringing; people all over the island were clamoring for information. Mixed in with those calls were angry protests directed at me by Raúl Castro, Ramiro Valdés, and many others. But those who believed what *Revolución* said—the majority—were requesting instructions. All Dorticós would say was: "This is more of *Revolución*'s alarmism." The only two voices we didn't hear that morning were those of Fidel and Che.

Dorticós then demanded concrete proof of the invasion. He also spoke about an official denunciation of the headline and perhaps calling a halt to both my and *Revolución*'s irresponsibility. My only arguments were Kennedy's canceled weekend trip and the military mobilization in Florida, together with the tension evident in the press and in Washington. This was mere alarmism to Dorticós. I replied by saying that during the revolution, while out in the Sierra, I had often taken onto myself the responsibility for broadcasting important matters over Radio Rebelde. As director of radio-and-press services during the campaign against Batista, I had had no other choice, since Fidel and the others were often far away. Without their approval, I had broadcast news concerning the withdrawal of American troops from Yateristas, the fall of Batista, and the instructions concerning the general strike and the takeover of barracks and police stations by rebels and militiamen. I said my duties were the same in peacetime. If I were unable to find anyone with whom to consult, I would follow my instincts. I thought this autonomy was only proper for a revolutionary journalist whose major obligation was to inform the people. I added that if they liked they could find a substitute for me.

The hours passed and more (according to Dorticós) "alarmist" news came in—this time from the U.S. press. Escalante said they were simply overreacting, but I pointed out that the U.S. press was usually quite well-informed and had often scooped governments. They said I overestimated capitalism. I said they not only underestimated it, but had turned it into a monolith. (What I didn't understand was why neither Fidel nor Che had called the newspaper. Did they already know what was happening? To this day I'm not sure.) Then the U.S. press announced that Kennedy was about to address the nation, and the world. Dorticós said he would speak about the conflict between China and India, and I took his bet, saying that if Kennedy didn't talk about Cuba and the missiles, I would step down as director of *Revolución*.

At 5 P.M., Kennedy spoke and the missile crisis, as stated in *Revolución*, became public. Kennedy announced the naval blockade and the world got ready for trouble. At about 8 P.M., Fidel Castro, accompanied, oddly enough, by Dorticós and the palace guard, burst into our offices at *Revolución*. He laughed and said that the palace boys had made a mistake. I

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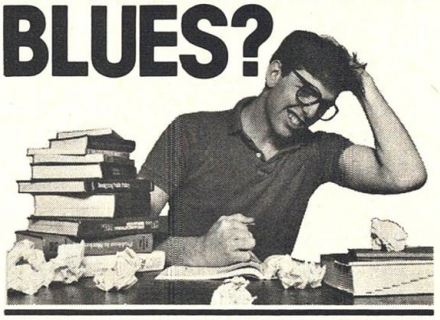

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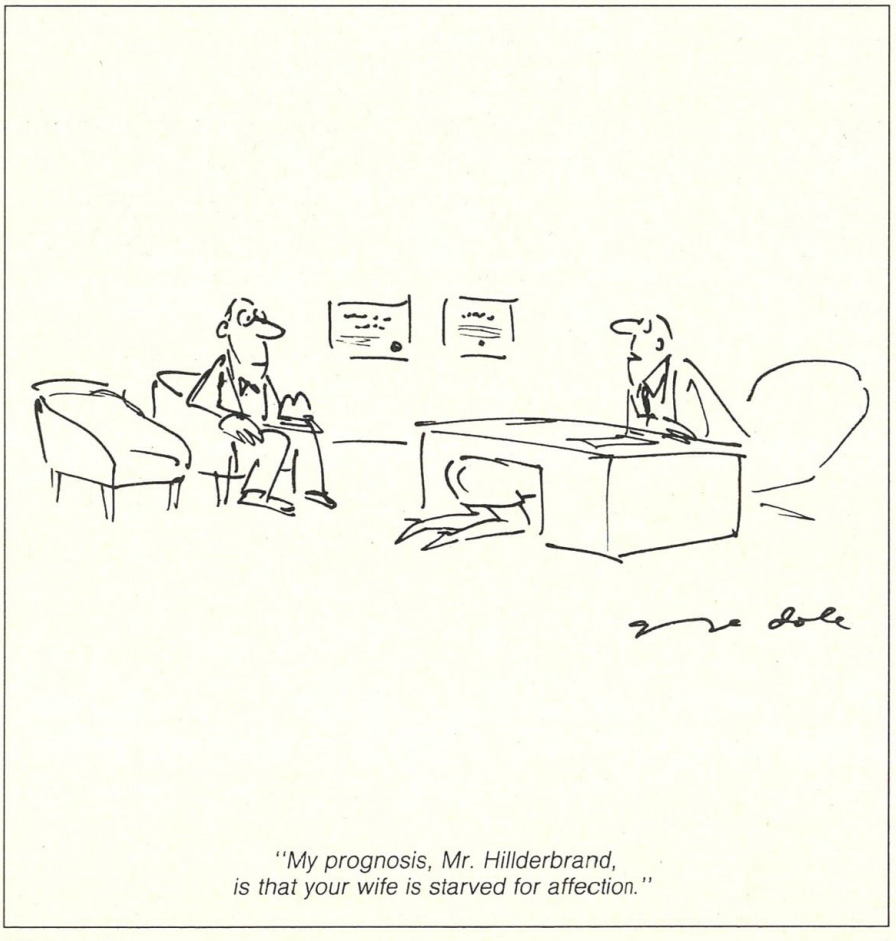
laughed, too, and said I wished this time we had been wrong. In any case, this was Fidel's way of praising the perspicacity of the whole newspaper. Right on the spot, as in the old times, Fidel dictated the first Cuban statement on the crisis. He then corrected the manuscript, as he often did during the war, and told us to send it out to the Communist newspaper *Hoy*, to *Prensa Latina*, and to the international news services. He was saying that for the moment *Revolución* was his paper.

Fidel's visits to *Revolución* always coincided with political changes, critical moments when he felt it necessary to arouse anti-American and anti-Russian sentiments among the Cuban people. Then, and only then, did he visit us; otherwise, it was impossible to see him or speak to him. Now we were in almost constant communication, and the pitch of the crisis began to rise. We began to hear about how this would be the end of Cuba; there would be a nuclear war.

The Cubans took it all with a grain of salt, saying that if the Yankees invaded, they would fight to the death. Then the drums came out and a festive atmosphere came into being, the usual Cuban method for dealing with danger, tension, and war. Fidel was thinking missiles, but I wasn't. I just couldn't get Khrushchev's figurative use of language out of my mind. To me, those missiles were never real. It was like the history of the Soviet Union, from the peace of Brest-Litovsk to the treaty between Hitler and Stalin. All fiction.

I talked to Fidel about the Russians, saying that for them we were mere pawns, which they would more than willingly sacrifice to get at the United States. He was furious and accused me of pessimism and anti-Soviet prejudice. Fidel then went on to project scenarios. He thought he was in Moscow, showing Khrushchev how things should be done, analyzing Dean Rusk and Kennedy, and saying that we shouldn't worry about the Yankees. They were the ones who should be worrying. He went on to say that if he were in Moscow, he would send all government members to the subway, which was supposed to be safe during nuclear attack. To him, this would be a kind of psychological attack on the Yankees. The palace guard oohed and aahed and told him he was brilliant. I suggested that if Khrushchev were to do such a thing, all of Russia would panic. The whole idea seemed farfetched, because the Russians didn't really hate the Americans. I went on to point out that the Russians were good as defenders but not really famous as fighters on the offensive. Fidel laughed and made fun of my assessment. Someone tried to add fuel to the fire and really get me, but Fidel stopped him short. "You're wrong," he said. "If the invasion comes, Franqui will point out to me as we head to the front that a lot of you so-called tough guys are really assholes who fold in the first breeze." Then he added that anyone who might try to turn tail in a fight would find the entire people pushing him forward.



"My prognosis, Mr. Hillderbrand, is that your wife is starved for affection."

Everyone said, "Sure thing, Fidel," and that's where the conversation ended.

Tension kept mounting, but nothing concrete happened. And this was something Fidel didn't like. One day, with a look of astuteness on his face that I remembered from the guerrilla days, he said, "Now I'm going to find out if they'll invade or not, if this is for real or not." He said nothing more and drove his jeep to Pinar del Río. Not a few palace guards looked mighty pale then. Fidel went to one of the Russian rocket bases, where the Soviet generals took him on a tour of their installation. Just at that moment, an American U-2 appeared on a radar screen, flying low over the island. Fidel asked how the Soviets would protect themselves in war, if that were an attack plane instead of a reconnaissance plane. The Russians showed him the ground-to-air missiles and said that with a push of a button, the plane would be blown out of the sky.

"Which button?"

"This one."

Fidel pushed it and the rocket brought down the U-2. Anderson, the American pilot, was the only fatality in that war. The Russians were flabbergasted, but Fidel simply said, "Well, now we'll see if there's a war or not." But nothing happened.

It was curious, by the way, to see during those moments how many revolutionary tourists either went home or decided to postpone their trips to Cuba. The real friends came, no matter what, and offered their services. The people were the real index of what was happening. They were calm and ready for anything.

MISSILES WITHDRAWN!

It was Sunday, October 28, and we were setting up the Monday edition of *Revolución*. The Associated Press teletype began to chatter, and I read the flash: "Khrushchev orders the withdrawal of the missiles from Cuba." I turned pale. I had imagined it, but that's not the same as reading it. I picked up the phone and called over to Fidel's residence on Once Street. Celia answered and put Fidel on: "Fidel, what should we do about this news?"

"What news?" he asked.

I fell silent, and Fidel began to wonder if the line were dead. "The news that just came over the wire." He then made me read the flash.

"Son of a bitch, bastard, asshole." Fidel went on in that vein for quite some time. The Russians had abandoned us, made a deal with the Americans, and never even bothered to inform us. Fidel had no idea. He went on cursing, beating even his own record for curses. Fidel liked to curse. He would often warm up for speeches by cursing for a while before he began.

I wanted to laugh but I kept my mouth shut. As the saying goes, "When de white man talking, nigger, keep you mout' shut." When he finally calmed down, he told me to set up a special edition. He

would send the text to me and to *Hoy*. Everybody in the editorial office was dumbfounded. The missiles were leaving and Fidel knew nothing about it. This would be Fidel's famous five-point statement (five is one of his favorite numbers, by the way). In the preamble, he referred to "strategic non-offensive weapons," which was quite ambiguous, so vague that only someone in-the-know could figure out what he meant. At no time did he refer to the withdrawal of the missiles; in fact, the preamble never appeared in the Russian or Socialist press, and finally disappeared from the Cuban version as well. I called Fidel and he asked me what I thought. I said the statement was fine. We would keep printing new editions throughout the night (he wanted a million copies printed), but what should we say about the withdrawal?

Fidel simply said, "Franqui, you take care of it tomorrow."

I should have guessed. He knew I would publish the news about the withdrawal of the missiles, but he refused to take responsibility for it. He wanted to suggest that it was okay to publish the news, but that he was not responsible. The responsible one would, of course, be me.

This was going to be a dangerous business. Fidel wanted to make a deal with the Russians, and at the same time tell the people about the missile withdrawal and also rile the people up against the Yankees. To publish the news about the missile withdrawal would mean the end of the newspaper, and of me as well. But it was a good story.

A NEW HEADLINE

That Monday, *Revolución*'s headline read SOVIETS WITHDRAW MISSILES. That was the end. People poured into the streets and then the comic songs began: "Nikita, Nikita, Indian giver,/You don't take back what you once deliver./Fidel, go ahead:/ Bop the Yankees on the head."

The Communist-party boys went crazy. I was accused of being anti-Soviet and anti-Communist. When people called to tell me I was playing too rough, I told them they ought to go down to the Russian embassy and talk to them about it. *Revolución* wasn't withdrawing the missiles; the Russians were. Fidel never called and neither did Che. They knew that the counterblow by the Soviets and their Cuban allies would hit me and not them. It was the end, but it was an end I rather liked.

THE INSPECTION OF THE ISLAND

Khrushchev's haste left Cuba in a bad position, because the Russians not only withdrew their missiles but also agreed to allow the Americans to inspect the island, just as Kennedy had demanded. This was promised without informing or consulting the Cuban government and without the approval of the prime minister. To accept inspection would be the end of everything. The people were outraged and dead opposed to any inspection. Fidel felt his power threatened, and so he identified with the people. For an entire week, *Revolución* published a series of articles that emphasized our differences with the Russians and exalted our sense of Cuban nationalism. We also exalted Fidel's role as the symbol of our differences with the Soviets. I take responsibility for all of this, and I have no reason to invent justifications. What I had hoped to do was erase from the historic memory of the Cuban people any vestige of sentiment or sympathy the Soviet Union might inspire or any memory of the Soviets as benefactors during the U.S. blockade. That sympathy was genuine, and even appeared in a little song: "Fidel, Khrushchev,/We lov'em both./ Climb another rung:/Long live Mao Tsetung."

The feeling was sincere, but the people were now singing the one that began: "Nikita, Nikita, Indian giver. . ."

That tremendous year 1962 taught the people many things—above all, that from the moment the Cuban Revolution declared itself Communist, everything went to hell. There was chaos, rationing, party politicking, imprisoning, persecution, fear of the military—the sense that you were always being watched. The people associated all that with the Soviet Union, and it was important for me that they realize

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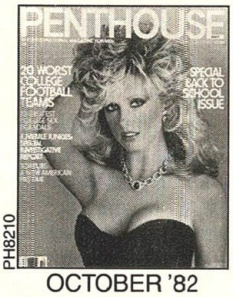

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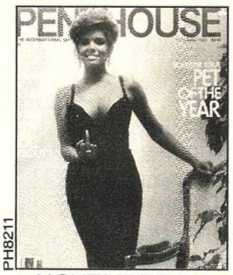

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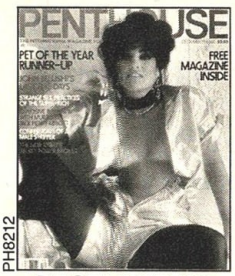

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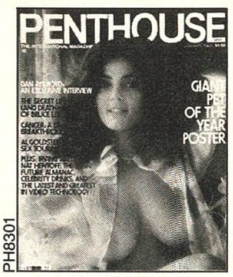

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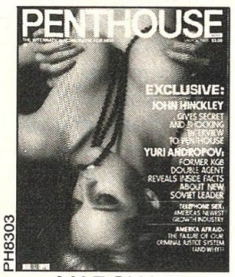

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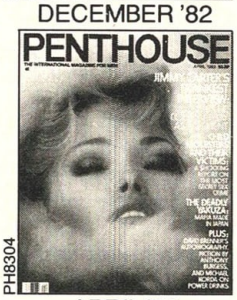

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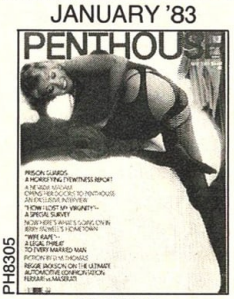

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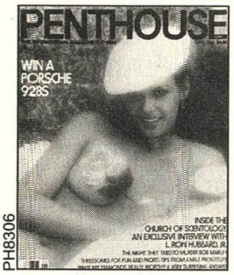

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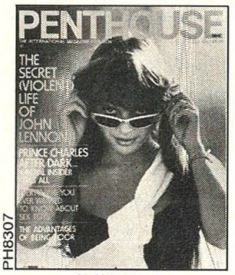

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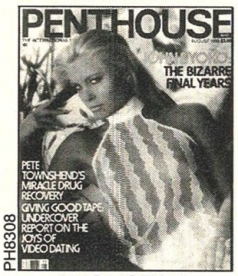

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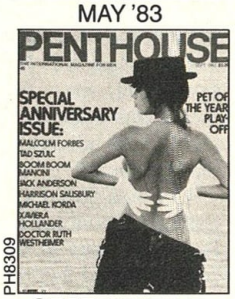

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what the origins of that oppressive Russian-Cuban reality were. Fidel always managed to come out of every difficult situation looking better than when he went in, and this despite the fact that the responsibility for all of it was his. Every man, every nation must learn its own limitations. We had reached ours, and I saw no way out of our situation. The people were saying that they saw no reason to fight against one oppressor just so they could have another, and that in itself seemed important to me. They no longer believed in the Soviet Union because of what they had seen for themselves: party politics at work and then being left to hang in the wind. And this was precisely where *Revolución* came in. It was our historical justification. For a people to know how to read and write is a fundamental first step, but to be informed and to be able to think for oneself is just as important.

One day, Fidel telephoned me and said, "Lay off the Soviets, okay? Eleven articles against them is more than enough." Of course, those who undertook to defend the U.S.S.R. and its policies would be punished later on, supposedly for being CIA agents.

WHY DOESN'T JACKIE INSPECT?

An episode that occurred after the withdrawal of the missiles concerned Fidel and the Federation of Cuban Women. Fidel impulsively rejected the inspection agreed on by the United States and the Soviet Union and answered Kennedy on television.

Off camera, he asked the interviewer, "What do you think about this: How about my telling Kennedy to send Jackie down to do the inspecting?"

"Terrific, Fidel," the interviewer answered excitedly.

And the women's chorus: "Terrific, Fidel, terrific." They were splitting their sides with laughter, but I didn't crack a smile. Fidel looked me up and down and asked me if I didn't agree with the others. I told him I didn't like the joke.

"But it's fantastic!" said the women.

Then Fidel asked me why I didn't like it, and I told him emphatically that he wanted to insult Kennedy on a personal level, and on that level the joke might be effective, but that Cubans, in fact, didn't like put-downs of women.

"You're backward!" said the women.

Fidel, however, agreed with me. "I like the idea," he said, "but I won't use it." The women's chorus looked down in the mouth. Some of them probably thought I had Fidel's ear, but no one did, then or ever. Once in a while, he would throw an idea around if he weren't sure about it—as he wasn't in the case of Jackie Kennedy—but usually Fidel asked questions just to find out how other people thought.

I knew Fidel well. If he honored you by calling you by name and patting you on the back, your days were numbered. Usually he used only vague, imprecise expressions in conversation, and he always treated people as objects. And when angry, he'd cut you dead. This happened not only to people but to places as well. If he got mad in a certain place, he would never visit it again, and no one could mention the place in his presence. A real spoiled brat, he could only be manipulated by reverse psychology. If you wanted him to do something, you suggested the opposite. Then he would do what you wanted. For this reason, campaigns against someone or something just didn't work with Fidel. That's how *Revolución* and I survived as long as we did—there were so many people against us that Fidel reacted in a contrary fashion. Not that he liked me or the paper, but when he felt pressured, he postponed taking action—even if he really didn't want to.

Leaving Fidel's ill will aside, the pressures against *Revolución* were becoming intolerable. The party boys wanted another *Pravda*, so they started saying that *Hoy* would be Cuba's *Pravda*, that is, the party's newspaper, while *Revolución* would be Cuba's *Izvestia*, the government paper, controlled by the government. I figured it would be better all around to go down swinging—I had a few low blows on hold for grand occasions. One day I said to Fidel, "Wouldn't one new paper be better than two old ones? We'd waste much

less paper." He perked up, so I added, "And why should you just copy the Russians?" That did it.

MIKOYAN

When Mikoyan came to Havana, no one, but no one, wanted to see him. He went all over Cuba desperately trying to track Fidel down, but without any luck. Khrushchev had passed him the Cuban hot potato, and now the old Stalinist (anti-Stalinist in those days), the only Bolshevik to survive the Stalin era, was exploring Cuba in search of Fidel Castro. But Mikoyan perceived the situation as soon as he arrived on the island. The Soviet vice-prime minister immediately saw he was under surveillance. If by chance he did get to talk to some minister or other, the conversation was always held in some room with Cuban popular music blaring out to cover any indiscretions. The Soviet embassy was, naturally, in disgrace and regarded as a center of conspiracy.

He might suspect or accuse me of anything, but certainly not of being pro-Soviet. So I looked him up. Naturally, we could not discuss the Missile Crisis, but we could, and did, discuss Stalin. Mikoyan was obsessed with Stalin and really poured his heart out. He calculated 20 million dead by Stalin's decree, above and beyond the slaughter of all the old Bolsheviks. He talked a great deal about the all-pervading fear of that period in Russia, and, without saying it, directly implied that he had noted the same kind of fear in Cuba.

He said they were trying to rectify things in the Soviet Union, that Nikolai Bukharin, Lev Kamenev, and Grigory Zinoviev were going to be exonerated, that even Trotsky's case was going to be reviewed. He spoke sympathetically about Solzhenitsyn, especially his *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* and the "gulag" books. He said there was a strong resistance movement against the party apparatus, which would tolerate only certain changes, that wanted above all to continue to enjoy what it had won for itself. Khrushchev, he said, was fighting like mad to reform the system, but he concluded sadly, saying, "What a life."

I couldn't figure out if Mikoyan was talking about life under Stalin, life now, his life, or our life. It looked to me as if we Cubans were entering the same pattern of life the Russians hoped they were leaving behind. He went on to say that the Russians had abolished the police force under direct order from the Central Committee. (I wondered to myself about the other police forces.)

Years later, fallen from power, Khrushchev would confess to his friends that the dumbest thing he ever did was to abolish that police force. It was the reason he was kicked out. Mikoyan, of course, was instrumental in effecting that removal.

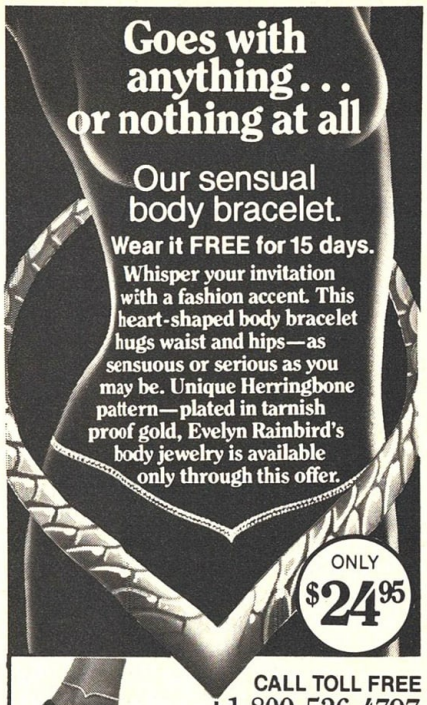
Fidel never wanted to break with the Soviets, because it was against his nature. His power was linked to the Soviet structure. But he could never accept the idea of an inspection of the island by any agency. It would have finished him off. Finally, Kennedy and Khrushchev came to an accord: The Americans were concerned about the missiles and the nuclear warheads. The U-2s had already brought proof that the bases in Cuba were dismantled. The only things left to see were the missiles. That was done at sea in a kind of striptease, where the Russians showed what was discreetly under wraps. This done, the Russians promised not to do such a thing again, and the Yankees promised not to invade Cuba. Fidel asked Mikoyan if the Russians would at least leave the MIG-23s behind. Mikoyan said yes, Khrushchev said yes, but Kennedy said no. Then it was Fidel who had to track down Mikoyan to find out what was happening with the MIGs—but he knew beforehand.

There was an episode at the Soviet embassy that typified the Russian situation. Old man Mikoyan was seen running through the embassy with a paper in his hand, chasing another Russian who would not stop. Finally, Mikoyan cornered the guy, who said, "Please pardon me, Vice-Prime Minister. Do whatever you want with me, put me in jail even. But I cannot send that cable without an order from Security." "But I'm ordering you—me, the vice-prime minister!" The man wouldn't do it. Mikoyan turned to the people around him and said, "This is what Stalinism has done for us. If you haven't lived through it, you can't believe it."

MIKOYAN AND THE CROCODILES

Mikoyan and Fidel finally made up and made a visit together to the Zapata Peninsula, the scene of the Bay of Pigs war. Fidel, for some reason or other, had always loved the swamp, and kept his picturesque crocodiles well fed. There's a photo in Fidel's family album of himself, Mikoyan, and the crocodiles. There's no caption, but there is a story regarding the photo that was circulated by Fidel himself. It's called "The Crocodile and the Sardine" and it goes like this: Mikoyan examines the crocodiles for a while and then notices some little fishes swimming in the same water. "Comandante, why are these little fishes here?" "Vice-Prime Minister, those little fishes are there so the crocodiles can eat them."

And that is what the Missile Crisis was: two great powers fooling around at the expense of a small one. The Cuban people realized they were alone in the world. Only Fidel saved his skin—which was, in fact, in better shape after than before the entire crisis. It was the beginning of the end for Khrushchev, an end marked by differences of opinion between the government newspaper *Izvestia*—edited by Khrushchev's son-in-law—and *Pravda*, the party's paper. The real joke is that the nuclear warheads were never installed in the missiles. They never got to Cuba, because the Russians never tried to pass through the U.S. blockade.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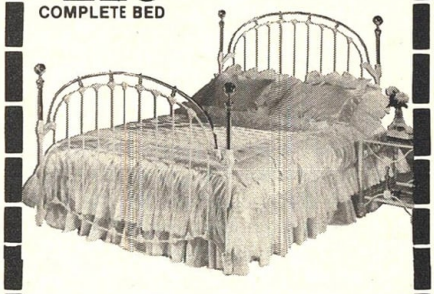

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Results of our
"unprintable limericks" competition.

GAMES

BY SCOT MORRIS

After you read a few hundred limericks in one sitting, you find that ordinary conversation is impossible. Someone says, "Hey, how's it goin'?" and you find yourself thinking, "I wish I was knowin' " or "I'm glad it's not snowin'."

We were swamped with entries to "unprintable limericks," our very first "Games" competition, announced last September. We wanted all our money-winners to be original, so any rhymes we had seen before, or rhymes that showed up more than once, were automatically out of the running. We enlisted the aid of Gershon Legman, the world's foremost authority on dirty limericks, to help us screen out the oldies. Legman's two books on the subject, *The Limerick* and *More Limericks* (Crown), together contain 4,489 classics of limericity. At his home in Valbonne, France, Legman looked over our first 100 finalists and identified about 25 percent of them as oldies. One of these had been penned by Legman himself:

My back aches, my penis is sore,
I simply can't fuck any more.
I'm dripping with sweat,
And you haven't come yet,
And, my God, it's a quarter to four!

Many entries were familiar classics. Here are the ten we received most often, alphabetized by the last word of the first line. For five points, identify the world's most widely known unprintable limerick (not counting the classics we gave as examples last September). For five more, pick two of the top three; and for five more, pick at least four of the five most-often-received entries. (Answers are on the next page.) We'll list these ten in the order of their popularity in this contest.

In the Garden of Eden lay Adam,
Complacently stroking his Madam,
And great was his mirth
For on all of the Earth
There were only two balls and he had 'em.

There was a young lady named Alice
Who used a dynamite stick for a phallus.
They found her vagina
In North Carolina
And parts of her ass down in Dallas.

There once was a young man from Boston.
Who drove around town in an Austin.
There was room for his ass
And a gallon of gas,
But his balls hung out and he lost 'em.

There was a young lady from France
Who hopped on a train in a trance.
The engineer fucked her
Before the conductor,
And the brakeman went off in his pants.

On the breast of a hooker named Gail
Was tattooed the price of her tail;
And on her behind,
For the sake of the blind,
Was the same information in Braille.

There was a young couple named Kelly
Who went through life belly to belly
Because in their haste
They used library paste
Instead of petroleum jelly.

There once was a young man from Kent
Whose prick was so long that it bent.
To save himself trouble
He stuck it in double
And instead of coming, he went.

A fairy who lived in Khartoum
Took a lesbian up to his room.
They argued all night
Over who had the right
To do what, and with which, and to whom.

There once was a man from Nantucket
Whose dick was so long he could suck it.
He said with a grin,
As he wiped off his chin,
"If my ear were a cunt I would fuck it."

There once was a man from St. Clair
Who was screwing his wife on the stair.
The banister broke
So he doubled his stroke
And finished her off in midair.

Our winners were chosen on the basis of originality, cleverness, scansion, and editorial whim. We modified a few to improve rhythm or rhyme. We believe that all ten money-and-subscription winners are original. We weren't so strict with the honorable mentions.

GRAND-PRIZE WINNER: $100 AND ONE-YEAR SUBSCRIPTION

We gardened with seeds sent by Burpee's,
We never drank Pepsis or Slurpees
We ate what we grew
And bathed just to screw
So how come you came down with herpes?

—Ron Hanselman, Cherry Hill, N.J.

RUNNERS-UP: $25 EACH AND ONE-YEAR SUBSCRIPTION

"Though you paid me up front," hooker Flo
Told her client, "I'm still due some dough.
I felt, in gradations,
Eleven pulsations,
And I quoted you ten bucks a throe."

—Rocky La Forgia, Oradell, N.J.

There once was a young man named Dallow
Who sparked with a girl in the hollow.
He said that his dong
Measured nine inches long.
She said, "That's a hard one to swallow"

—Tom Svancara, Fort Collins, Colo.

There once was a harlot named Jones
Who had no erogenous zones.
When her efforts to fake
Could fool not one Jake,
She decided to try some whore-moans.

—John Abert, Mableton, Ga.

There was a young maiden Miss Duckett,
Had a tit so big she could suck it.
'Twas the one on the right
That she sucked every night,
And now it's so big she can fuck it.

—Name withheld at husband's request

A housewife in old Hackensack
Every noon would slip out for a snack.
She'd wave down a trucker
And ask him to fuck her.
She called it her "Big Mack" attack.

—Mel Smith, Kihei, Maui, Hawaii

There was a bank teller named Sonny
Whose personal habits were funny.
Every day without fault
He'd jerk off in the vault

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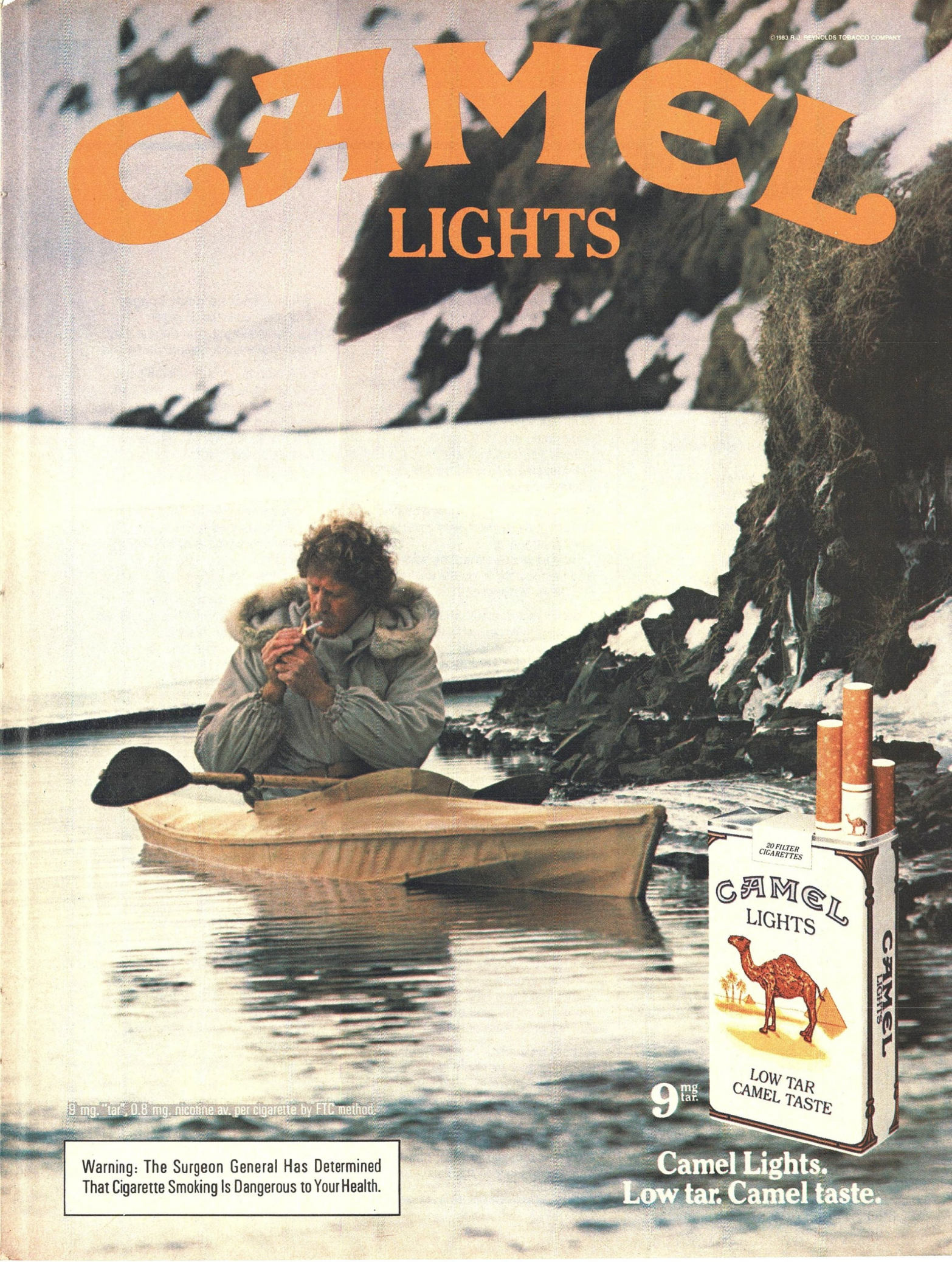
CAMEL LIGHTS



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GAMES

'Cause he wanted to come into money.
—*Walt Duensing, Atlanta, Ga.*

A cannibal chief from Saint Kitts
Liked barbecued clerics with grits.
When he came to a ball
He'd down scrotum and all
But with arms he would spit out the pits.
—*Mel Stover, Winnipeg, Ont.*

A handsome young fellow named Morris,
While licking his girlfriend's clitoris,
Said to the lass, "Honey,
You sure do taste funny."
Said she, "I've just douched with Lavoris."
—*Chris Penn, Surrey, B.C.*

An old hippie was busted for pot
And claimed doctor's orders he'd got.
He explained to a Fed
"My physician has said
I'm not getting enough paraquat."
—*Satin Eddie, Rouses Point, N.Y.*

HONORABLE MENTION

Ms. Lane was visiting Trent
And got lonely, the article went.
They found her quite dead
With a hole through her head.
It seems she went down on Clark Kent.
—*Mel Smith, Kihei, Maui, Hawaii*

Since the crowned heads of Europe are few,
It's not strange that they got in a stew
When their coup-conscious courts
Heard disturbing reports
That a prince might be mounting a Koo!
—*Rocky La Forgia, Oradell, N.J.*

He was giving the girl her first lesson,
Hoping head would become her obsession.
But he pushed her away,
Saying, "That's not the way!
I mean, 'blow me' is just an expression!"
—*B. G. Emery, Templeton, Calif.*

There was a young lady of Dover
Whose passion was such that it drove her
To exclaim when you came,
"Oh my dear! What a shame!
Now we'll just have to start it all over."
—*M. S. Ferguson, FPO San Francisco*

I once knew a guy named Eugene
Who thought *Penthouse* the best magazine.
I once borrowed his "Forum,"
But the pages, I tore 'em,
'Cause page 12 was stuck fast to 13.
—*David E. Chadwick, APO San Francisco*

There once was a rabbi from Peru
Who was vainly attempting to screw.
His wife said, "Oy vay!
If you keep on this way,
The Messiah will come before you."
—*Stuart Thompson, Kalamazoo, Mich.*

A horny young fellow from Wheeling
Jerked off every morn with great feeling.
In no time at all
He had whitewashed the wall—
And then started in on the ceiling.
—*R. Clarke, Victoria, B.C.*

A sperm faced, alack and forsooth,
His moment of sexual truth.
He'd expected to fall
On a womb's spongy wall
But was dashed to his death on a tooth.
—*Rocky La Forgia, Oradell, N.J.*

An honest young gymnast from Rye
Said, "There's nothing that I will not try.
I find 69
A position divine,
Though it's truly a ball-faced lie."
—*Eva J. Schander, Wayzata, Minn.*

To the so-moral majoritarian,
Who subscribes to a code antiquarian,
The key to divinity
Is saving virginity
And not having sex without marryin'.
—*Robert Faist, Seattle, Wash.*

Said Nevada dice-shooter "Craps" Lum,
Whose dong was as small as his thumb,
"When I make a pass,
I win me some ass
'Cause in Vegas girls bet on the come."
—*Phil Nucomb, Birmingham, Ala.*

A liberated woman named Heather
Practiced love with both sexes together.
Her men all wore stockings,
Which no one found shocking,
And her women all wore English Leather.
—*Lloyd Miller, Saint Petersburg, Fla.*

A shortstop by name of McRay
Screwed his love in the usual way
While in back he would bugger
With his Louisville Slugger
Thus completing a neat double play.
—*Arnold Malhmood, Gaithersburg, Md.*

To my friends I'm a prudish li'l shit,
But they really don't know me a bit.
When it comes to sex-play
I demand things my way:
"Feel my tit, lick my clit, let me sit!"
—*Laura Roo, Troy, N.Y.*

A frustrated girl from the sticks
Once planted an acre of pricks.
They came up in the fall,
Up to ten inches tall,
And she milked them each morning at six.
—*Joe Lautner, New York, N.Y.*

While a gal was away on a trip,
Her diaphragm, she found, would slip.
Not content just to suck,
'Cause she wanted to fuck,
She held it in with Poli-Grip.
—*Larry Hunt, Anahola, Hawaii*

A Senator, learned and sage,
Said he read books by nights and by days.
"As for bookmarks, you-all,
I don't need them at all,
'Cause I simply bend over a page."
—*Harry Strassner, Los Angeles, Calif.*

There was a young lady named Crockett,
Who kept her glass eye in her pocket.
"I know it's not cricket,
But I don't want to lick it.
So I wink a man off in my socket."
—*Wesley Wayne, Herndon, Va.*

There was a young lady from Worcester
Who fell on the ground when you gorcester.
She thought, "What the hell?"
And lay where she fell,
While the fellow who'd gorcester sedorcester.
—*L. S. Janes, Hillsboro, Oreg.*

Answers:
The most popular limericks received were, in order: Nantucket (71 versions), Kent (61), St. Claire (27), Dallas (15), Kelly (13).

About ten entries: Boston, France, Khartoum, Gail, Adam.

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INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

Penthouse: Okay, let's say we manage to construct this antinuclear shield around ourselves. How effective would it be?

Teller: There are many who say that a shield must stop 99.9 percent of the missiles in order to be meaningful. I say nonsense. If we predict that it will stop 80 percent of the incoming missiles, I'm satisfied, at least for the time being, and I'll tell you why: because 80 percent on paper means anything between 50 percent and 95 percent. We may have overestimated it, we may have underestimated it. But we know one thing about the Kremlin: Soviet rulers are exceedingly cautious. They don't act unless they are sure of success. So if we have done nothing else, we have introduced enough uncertainty to make sure their attack doesn't come.

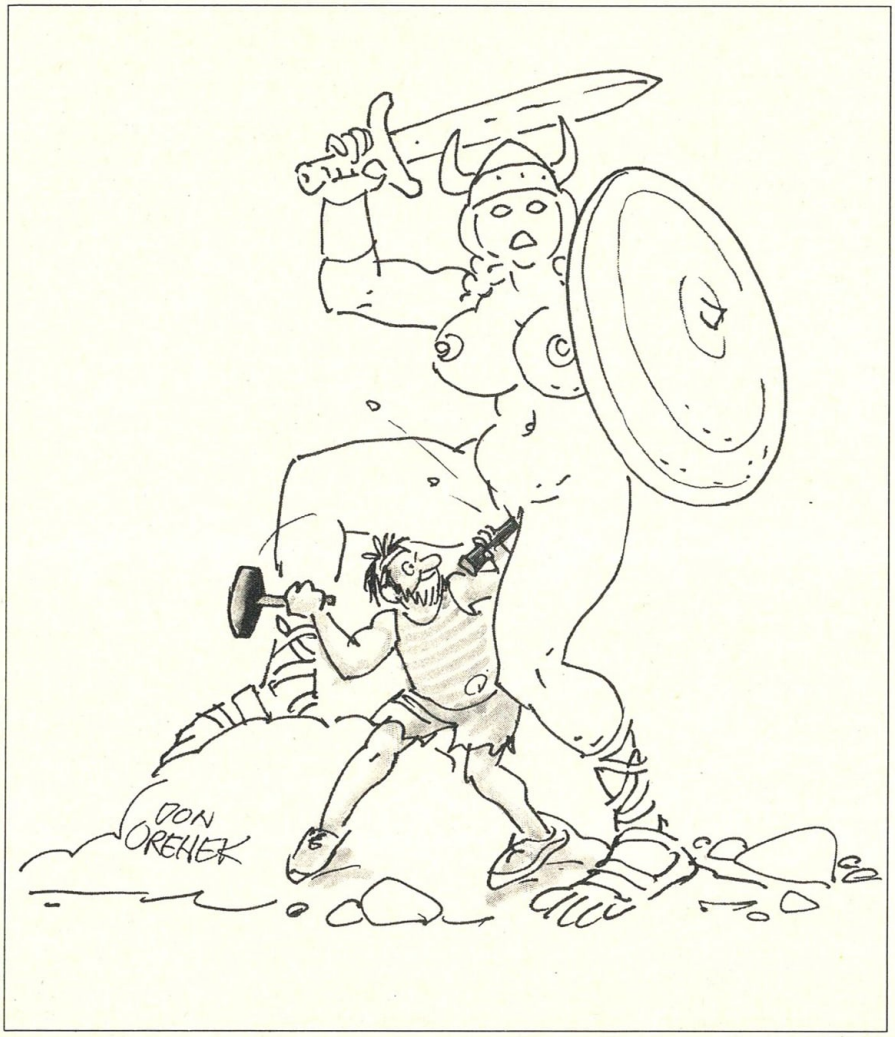
Now, I want to deflect 99.9 percent of the missiles, and I'm not telling you that this cannot be achieved. But as a relatively short-term goal—in a decade or, with luck, less—I think we'll be able to deflect 80 percent of the missiles coming down.

Penthouse: Then obviously they can still come down. Can we protect ourselves with civil defense?

Teller: Just this morning I had a conversation with an engineer who is a Russian refugee. He told me an incredible story about Soviet civil defense. It seems that in the early 1970s the Soviets asked a British company, best known for its razor blades, to build two factories based on similar constructions in Great Britain. The Soviet factories were built with shelters, and when the British came over to inspect the plants they naturally asked questions about the shelters. But no one would even confirm that that was what they were. The workers were forbidden to confirm the existence of the shelters. This man also told me that in Moscow each factory has shelters. The Soviets also have plans to evacuate all workers within a distance of 40 miles or so by using public transportation. Only the workers, not their families. Besides this, in Moscow they also have a very deep subway system, which can accommodate a million people in an evacuation. We happen to know a lot about Soviet civil defense from our intelligence gathering, but why this information isn't released is sheer idiocy. If there is one thing we could do better than the Soviets, it's civil defense.

Penthouse: Why is that?

Teller: They have problems with public transportation. For us, it would be nothing to evacuate a city, even New York City, in 24 hours.



Penthouse: It's hard to get out of New York during rush hour!

Teller: During rush hour practically everyone is moving at the same time, and the cars aren't even fully packed. During a civil-defense action, if vehicles were fully packed, we'd have only 30 percent more cars to move than during an ordinary rush hour. Also, the traffic signs could be adjusted so that practically all the streets would become one-way—you could only leave the city. And you'd have 24 hours to accomplish all this, not just a few hours.

Penthouse: How would you know where to go?

Teller: The president could go on the air and say, "We have observed that the Soviet cities are being evacuated. You do what you like, but I think your chances of survival are very good if you leave the city. Call such and such a number and they will tell you what to do."

Penthouse: They would have to have millions of people manning those lines.

Teller: Not millions, thousands. And when you called you would be told to leave at a certain time, say, between one and two o'clock in the morning. You'd also be told what to bring and where to go. The places you were sent to would already have stockpiles of food and medical supplies. I believe that evacuation for a period of three months could be handled without real suffering.

Penthouse: It sounds awful and very frightening.

Teller: Yes, but on the other hand, fear is a stimulant. We would make it possible for families to stay together. For many families, it would be a novel experience for the children to see more of their parents. Look, this would be an ill wind, but it still blows some good for some people.

Penthouse: How can you be sure we'd have that warning time? Maybe the Soviets would attack without first evacuating their cities.

Teller: Their whole population would be at risk if they didn't evacuate.

Penthouse: What about those who *have* to stay in the city for defensive purposes? Can we protect them?

Teller: Look, civil defense has many sides. And I have tried to emphasize the side that I think should come first, because it's the easiest. But we must also build the best possible shelters for the police and fire brigades who will stay behind.

Penthouse: Then these people who stay behind can be close to ground zero and still survive?

Teller: It depends. If the enemy uses a multimegaton earth penetrator and you are at ground zero, it's not good. But if they drop a smaller bomb into, say, the Hudson, producing earthquakes, there might be a better chance. If you have decent shelters, probably 90 percent of those who stay in the city, and quite possibly more, will survive.

Penthouse: But won't the ones who live be affected by the fallout. How long can they stay underground?

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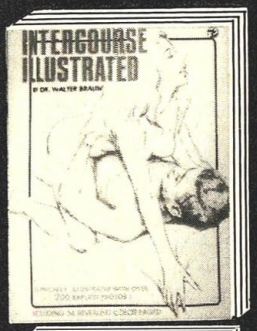

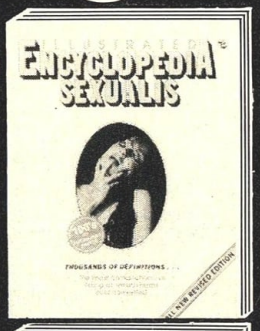

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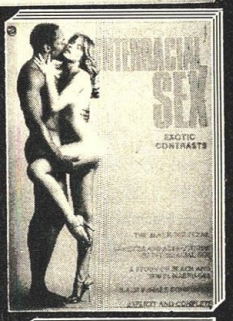

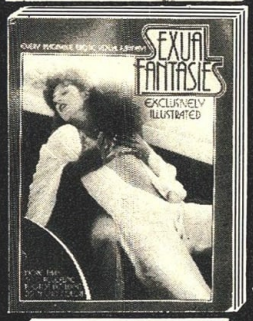

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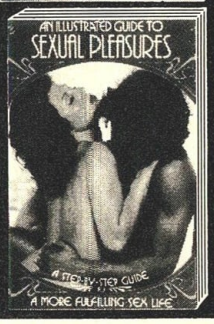

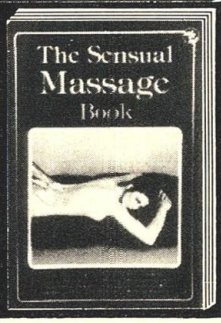

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Teller: The fallout shelters will provide necessary protection. Fallout cleanup is the next stage; that is more difficult and deserves more attention. I'm not saying that these are easy things. But I am saying that they have been sorely neglected. And, as I said, in civil activity we can outdo the Soviets a hundred to one.

Incidentally, we now have started to worry about a "nuclear winter." The dirty smoke from many burning cities may shut out sunlight and cause a severe temperature drop. The question is important, but the answers are not yet clear. In any case, the best plan would be to create a defense against nuclear bombs. I'm not advocating the abolition of retaliatory forces; I just want to de-emphasize them.

Penthouse: How do such defensive strategies relate to what we call mutually assured destruction?

Teller: Without a defense against missiles, we have to depend on what we call a balance of terror—or MAD, for short—which means we and the Soviets are reciprocally able to destroy each other; the mutual threat will supposedly prevent anyone from striking first. But the concept is impractical, because defense that makes this deterrence useless can always be found. And, therefore, we must put our weight behind developing protective weapons. We'll always need deterrence, but I hope that by the year 2000, 90 or 95 percent of all nuclear weapons will be protective and only about 5 or 10 percent of them will serve as threatening weapons. It has become an axiom that there is no defense against nuclear weapons, but this is false.

Penthouse: You've suggested that the Soviets are more of a threat to us than they were before. But don't you think our respective nuclear arsenals might be just about equal?

Teller: I wish we were equal. It is, unfortunately, like Orwell said in *Animal Farm*: All animals are equal, but the pigs are more equal than the others. Now, the Soviets are quantitatively ahead of us in rocket technology, in nuclear weapons, in tanks, in almost everything except computer capability and maybe electronics. We claim we are ahead of them qualitatively. Supposedly, while they are ahead of us in everything one can check, we are ahead of them in everything that cannot be checked. I consider this a suspicious argument. The Soviet refugee I mentioned before says that Soviet military technology is way ahead of Soviet technology in every other field. When people say our technology is better than that of the Soviets, they are talking about nonmilitary technology, which, in general, is not secret. As far as the hidden part is concerned, the least that one can admit is that we have no evidence that we are ahead. I myself have pieces of evidence, most of it classified, that they are ahead. One related thing that I can mention, which is known, is that the Soviets already have a protective shield around Moscow. In the last few years, they have greatly upgraded that defense.

Penthouse: We don't have the same thing?

Teller: We have it on paper, and I think in a poorer form. If you actually deploy things, you can learn a lot.

Penthouse: Yet, defense experts, such as nuclear physicist Hans Bethe, disagree with you. They say that while the Soviets have more missiles, we have more warheads on each missile. And Bethe says that they naturally have more land-based missiles because they have a larger landmass, but we have more submarine-based missiles because we have more access to the sea. The upshot, he says, is relative equality.

Teller: Bethe does hold the opposite point of view—no question about that. I don't know the latest figures on the number of submarines. I do know that the Soviets are building submarines at a much faster rate than we are. Let me give you an example. I'm not giving you a statement, only a potential statement: We may be carrying more nuclear rockets on our submarines. That is what Bethe may have asserted, and that may be true. What about the nuclear submarines that don't carry nuclear warheads? The hunter-killer submarines that can be used to destroy our nuclear submarines before they're even deployed? The beginning of their first strike may consist of a quantitative destruction of all our submarines. Now, that can be done by conventional methods.

Penthouse: Then, we take it you feel the Soviets would win a nuclear war?

Teller: The Soviets may win it, but the definition of winning depends on your value system. If you want power and care less about human life and human suffering, then you can win. In our value system, the moment we have nuclear war—in fact, the moment we have war—we have lost.

Penthouse: But you believe that we can survive a nuclear war?

Teller: Yes. If we can survive, that in itself is a deterrent. To survive is a duty. It means there is a future, for us and for those who want freedom. Our survival may make the nuclear war unwinnable for them. Now, I don't think we can win a nuclear war; what we must do is deter it. But one can deter by defense and even by assured survival.

Penthouse: Do you think war might be prevented altogether by something like the nuclear-freeze movement?

Teller: The freeze is as simple as a can opener—and as useful as a can opener for preventing nuclear war. There is no such thing as a two-sided freeze. If 750,000 people demonstrate for a freeze in Manhattan, then the Kremlin applauds. When seven people demonstrate in Mos-

"It's okay, Miss Farwell, I can fuck you and fuck the public at the same time."

cow, they are promptly sent to the Gulag Archipelago. You see, while the terror is certain, the balance is not. We need to defend ourselves with something more stable.

Penthouse: Many of those in the nuclear-freeze movement are also opposed to nuclear-power plants that generate electricity. They fear that these plants may be dangerous, too. How do you feel about that?

Teller: After the atomic bomb was dropped, when nuclear power began to be used for peaceful purposes, safety played a central role. In 1948, the Atomic Energy Commission was established, and one of the first orders of business was to form a committee to make nuclear reactors as safe as possible. I was the first chairman of this committee and worked on it for several years. It was clear even back then that nuclear reactors would simply not be tolerated if a single really big accident occurred. Our goal was to see to it that industrial nuclear reactors should never cost a single human life. To date, nuclear power, from a health standpoint, is the safest source of energy we have. And why? Because even 20 years before the first industrial nuclear reactor was finished, we went to work with great foresight and care. Such caution was never before practiced in any other area of industrialization—not with coal, not with waterpower, not with natural gas or oil. There's the paradox: That which is most safe is what we most fear.

Penthouse: Would you move into the vicinity of a reactor and live there?

Teller: I wouldn't be in the least worried. An automobile accident poses more of a danger. It so happens that my children and grandchildren live in Illinois, which has, I think, the greatest percentage of reactors.

Penthouse: Surely, one of the fears is that people who live in the immediate area of a reactor can be exposed to harmful radiation.

Teller: Here's an amusing story that answers your question. This happened during a public discussion with a local antinuclear group before the building of the Dresden III reactor, in Illinois. Don't ask me why an American reactor is named after an East German city—I haven't found the answer to that one yet! Anyway, someone I know who was there was arguing against the planned site of this third reactor. A friend from the Atomic Energy Commission asked him, "What gives you more radiation: If you lean against this reactor for a whole year or if you regularly sleep every night next to your wife?"

Now, the man had no answer, so my friend continued: "You know, everybody has radioactivity in his own body, because the potassium in the blood and elsewhere is slightly radioactive. You can't escape this irradiation. So your wife *is* actually giving you some radioactivity. Now, which is the greater source of irradiation? The reactor has more radioactivity, but it also has more padding than your wife. Actually, you get a little less radioactivity from your wife, and, therefore, I'll object to having a law enacted that says that married people must sleep in separate beds. But I must warn you against sleeping with two women at night, for then surely you will receive more radioactivity than you would from Dresden III."

Penthouse: Another problem seems to be the disposal of radioactive waste.

Teller: This problem was solved more than ten years ago. The basic method is as follows: When a fuel element is used up, it is withdrawn from the reactor and placed in a 30-foot-deep pool. There it is cooled by the natural circulation of the water for about ten years. The rod is then reprocessed, the usable fuel recycled, the other valuable elements like cesium removed, and the residue incorporated in borosilicate glass or some other insoluble material. The little remaining residue is then buried in a dry, geologically stable underground area, such as a salt mine or an alluvium. In a few hundred years, the radioactivity will have declined to below the level that exists in a uranium mine.

> Men and women should have the same rights. But I'm also persuaded that men and women are different and I hope they stay that way. It's more fun.

In Sweden, the method has been modified so that fuel rods are cooled in a pond for 30 years and then buried in granite. In the United States, several such projects were begun as early as 1976, but they were stopped by President Carter. You see, after he became a navy lieutenant, he studied under Admiral Rickover, who built the first atomic submarine, and Carter didn't finish the course. When he was president, he let it be known that he understood nuclear energy, when in fact he carried a great antagonism toward it. He even wanted to prevent other nations from tackling the questions of waste disposal. Now Ronald Reagan has taken over the rudder, and he is a more reasonable person. We're steering a more realistic course, because while reactors are safe, the final disposal of waste material can be made even safer.

Penthouse: Finally, there's the expense of nuclear energy. It was always touted as the cheapest form of power, yet how could the accident that took place at Three Mile Island cost as much as $1 billion.

Teller: A nuclear reactor is completely different from a normal boiler, which works on oil. There you are paying for the oil first. Today's fuels make up perhaps 75 percent or more of the electric bill for those generators. With a nuclear reactor, the raw materials, such as uranium, cost 10 percent or less. Three-quarters of the costs are generated by the capital investment. When a nuclear reactor stops functioning, there are huge financial losses. First of all, there is the cost of repairing or replacing the capital-intensive reactor. Next, however, there is the high replacement cost of electricity, which the reactor would have produced cheaply and now has to be replaced by more expensive power from other non-nuclear power plants. Then, out of excessive fear, the safety committee will decide that other reactors of the same type must not be operated at full power. This is a mistake. It hardly results in making these reactors safer. We've begun to correct another mistake by raising the salaries of the people responsible for running the reactors. The pay was too low, and as a result we got operators whose competency was limited. If pilots were as ignorant as nuclear-plant operators, I wouldn't fly in an airplane.

Penthouse: Dr. Teller, you are usually regarded as a man of logic and intellect. Do you think people are too often swayed by their emotions?

Teller: True. We are all led more by emotions than by thought and logic. I won't say that it should be totally otherwise. Future man must not be cold and calculating; he should have enough intelligence to keep himself and everyone else alive so that he can use the new technology for the good of mankind.

Penthouse: You once took part in a discussion of atomic energy on Austrian television. While you were speaking, there were close-ups of the only woman on the panel, and she had tears running down her face. Would you consider that an expression of female emotion versus male logic?

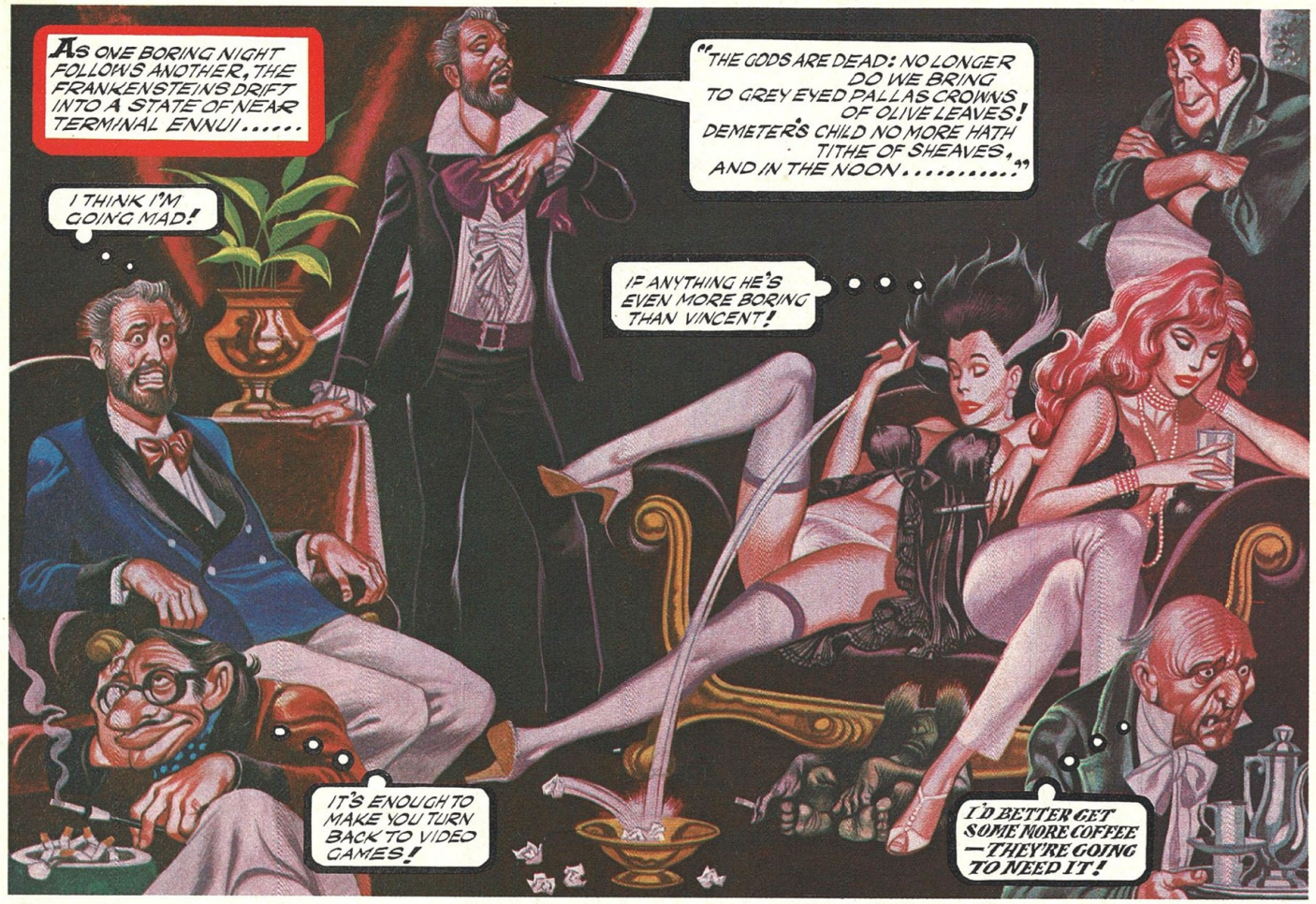
Teller: It is possible that women are sooner given to shedding tears than men. I think this is one of the most important areas where women are ahead of us. One shouldn't, of course, generalize too much here. I'm of the opinion that men and women should have the same rights. But I'm also persuaded that men and women are different, and I hope they stay that way. It's more fun.

And with that, I'll tell you a final story. In 1957, after the Russians launched *Sputnik*, I spoke in Washington before a congressional group about the developments in space travel. One of the congressmen asked me if I thought that women should also be astronauts. My answer was, "In my opinion *only* women should be astronauts." And when he asked me why, I said, "Because women weigh less and they have more sense."

Sweet chastity
GASP! IF ONLY THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION HAD STARTED IN 1905!
OTTO VON FRANKENSTEIN, VINCENT'S TWIN BROTHER AND BLACK SHEEP OF THE FAMILY, HAS RETURNED TO CASTLE DREER. BUT, AS WE ALL KNOW, THE OUTWARD SIGNS OF FAMILY HARMONY OFTEN CONCEAL A MULTIPLICITY OF STRONG EMOTIONS AND DEEP ROOTED FRUSTRATIONS THAT BOIL AND FESTER JUST BENEATH THE SURFACE. IF WE LIFT THE LID OF THE CAULDRON.....
SHE HASN'T GOT ANYTHING I HAVEN'T GOT—IT'S JUST PUT TOGETHER IN A DIFFERENT WAY!
WHY DIDN'T THEY DROWN HIM AT BIRTH?
DO YOU THINK THE LAVENDER CRAVAT IS JUST A BIT TOO, TOO MUCH? ONE DOESN'T WISH TO APPEAR NARCISSISTIC — BUT ON THE OTHER HAND ONE DOES WANT TO CREATE A TOUCH OF FRISSON!
YOU LOOK SUPER, UNCLE OTTO! ROD STEWART COULD NEVER GET AWAY WITH THAT!
I'VE LEFT MY BEDROOM DOOR OPEN FOR A WEEK! WHAT DOES HE WANT— AN INVITATION ON PINK NOTEPAPER?
ME—JEALOUS OF THAT GREAT NERK? THAT AIN'T STYLE — THAT'S DOWNRIGHT VULGARITY!
JV
by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE

I COULDN'T SLEEP FOR THINKING ABOUT YOU! AM I DISTURBING YOU?
DISTURBING ME? I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU, OTTO!
SEX for the FUN LOVING
ER... IT IS OTTO, ISN'T IT?
YES!
HAD ME WORRIED FOR A MOMENT! I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE THAT BORING HUSBAND OF MINE—VINCENT!
IT'S WELL... I WONDER IF YOU'D DO SOMETHING FOR ME?
SEX for the FUN LOVING
ANYTHING, OTTO —ANYTHING!
WELL... IT'S... ER...
YES! PANT PANT YES!
WOULD YOU TELL ME THE NAME OF YOUR HAIRDRESSER? MINE'S AN ABSOLUTE MESS!
RATHER AN OVER EMOTIONAL RESPONSE TO SUCH A SIMPLE QUESTION!
THE CURSE OF THE FRANKENSTEINS CLOUDS EVERYTHING!

BOLLINGER '64—FOR BREAKFAST? I DIDN'T ORDER THAT!
IT'S FOR MR OTTO, BARON!
CAVIARE AND SOUFFLÉ OF ORTOLAN BRAINS?
IT'S FOR MR OTTO, BARON!
DON'T TELL ME....
..IT'S FOR MR. OTTO!
LET'S GET ON WITH THE MAIL, MISS AMPLETITT!
OH, VINCENT—HOW LONG MUST THIS PRETENCE GO ON?
I KNOW YOUR WIFE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND YOU!
I KNOW MY BODY DRIVES YOU WILD WITH UNBRIDLED PASSION!
WHY DO YOU FIGHT IT?
OH, NO—WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?
MR. OTTO'S EXPENSES, BARON
WHY DON'T YOU TEAR OFF MY CLOTHES?
WHY DON'T YOU THROW ME ACROSS THE DESK?
I'M YOURS! TAKE ME!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE WOMAN? WHY IS SHE STARING AT ME LIKE THAT? HAVE I GOT EGG ON MY TIE OR SOMETHING?


AS ONE BORING NIGHT FOLLOWS ANOTHER, THE FRANKENSTEINS DRIFT INTO A STATE OF NEAR TERMINAL ENNUI.....
"THE GODS ARE DEAD: NO LONGER DO WE BRING TO GREY EYED PALLAS CROWNS OF OLIVE LEAVES! DEMETER'S CHILD NO MORE HATH TITHE OF SHEAVES, AND IN THE NOON....."
I THINK I'M GOING MAD!
IF ANYTHING HE'S EVEN MORE BORING THAN VINCENT!
IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE YOU TURN BACK TO VIDEO GAMES!
I'D BETTER GET SOME MORE COFFEE — THEY'RE GOING TO NEED IT!

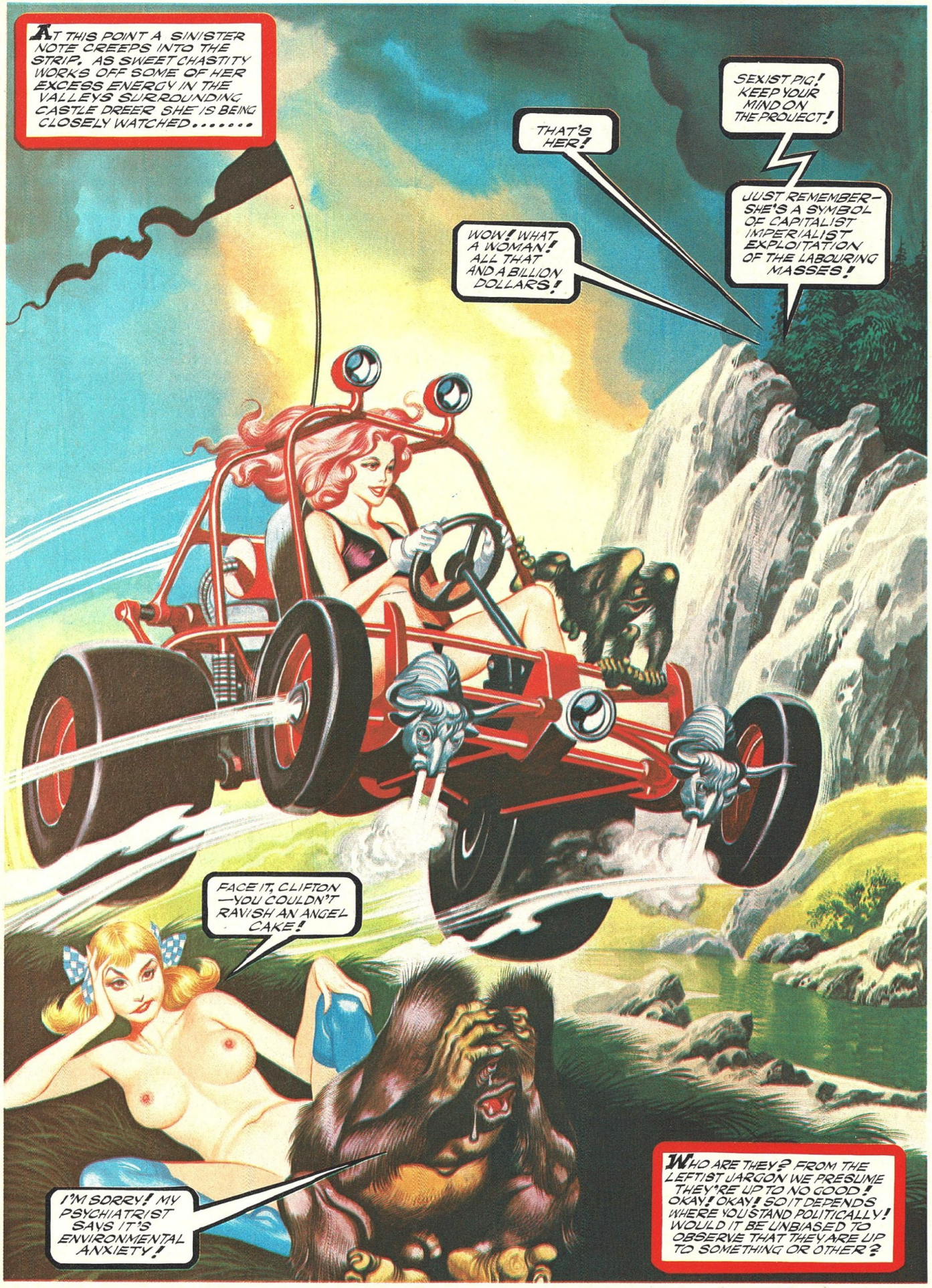
YE GODS! SALMON PINK LOCHNER NUREMBERG ARMOUR!
I HAD IT PAINTED TO MATCH THE CURTAINS! SWEET, ISN'T IT?
I'M GETTING NIGEL — THIS GILDED AND TALENTED YOUTH, TO RUN HIS ARTISTIC EYE OVER THE DECOR OF THE CASTLE!

HE'S GOT TO GO! HE COULD FALL FROM THE BATTLEMENTS!
WE COULD DROWN HIM IN A VAT OF MALMSEY!
BUT THAT'S MURDER!
NO! IN HIS CASE IT'S EUTHANASIA!

THE ONLY PERSON IN CASTLE DREER TO REMAIN UNAFFECTED BY THE SOPORIFIC PRESENCE OF OTTO IS SWEET CHASTITY. BUT THEN HER INTERESTS LIE ELSEWHERE
THANKS, GUYS— GREAT PARTY!
MAN—HAS SHE GOT STAMINA!
ROCKY
22

DID YOU HAVE A PLEASANT EVENING, MISS CHASTITY? IS THERE ANY-THING I CAN GET FOR YOU?
NO THANK YOU, TOOMBS. YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE WAITED UP
OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MISS CHASTITY —IT'S ONLY 5 A.M!

I CAN'T RATTLE AROUND THIS OLD MAUSOLEUM FOR EVER! I'VE GOT TO MAKE A LIFE OF MY OWN!
THERE'S A GREAT BIG WORLD OUT THERE!
—AND I WANT TO BE PART OF IT!


AT THIS POINT A SINISTER NOTE CREEPS INTO THE STRIP. AS SWEET CHASTITY WORKS OFF SOME OF HER EXCESS ENERGY IN THE VALLEYS SURROUNDING CASTLE DREER SHE IS BEING CLOSELY WATCHED.....
THAT'S HER!
WOW! WHAT A WOMAN! ALL THAT AND A BILLION DOLLARS!
SEXIST PIG! KEEP YOUR MIND ON THE PROJECT!
JUST REMEMBER— SHE'S A SYMBOL OF CAPITALIST IMPERIALIST EXPLOITATION OF THE LABOURING MASSES!
FACE IT, CLIFTON —YOU COULDN'T RAVISH AN ANGEL CAKE!
I'M SORRY! MY PSYCHIATRIST SAYS IT'S ENVIRONMENTAL ANXIETY!
WHO ARE THEY? FROM THE LEFTIST JARGON WE PRESUME THEY'RE UP TO NO GOOD! OKAY! OKAY! SO IT DEPENDS WHERE YOU STAND POLITICALLY! WOULD IT BE UNBIASED TO OBSERVE THAT THEY ARE UP TO SOMETHING OR OTHER?

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MURDER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 135

and the man in charge of the orchestra's day-to-day summer operations, had noticed that Helen was missing and alerted Antonia Sunderland, the assistant house manager, who was on duty that night. Sunderland organized a search of the most obvious areas backstage. But Helen wasn't found.

Maccourt telephoned Helen's apartment on West Seventy-fifth Street and left a message on the answering machine for Helen or her husband, Janis—who, it turned out, had called at the same moment, got a busy signal, and assumed his wife had returned home. Janis, as was his habit, had been waiting for Helen on a side street in their old van. When she didn't arrive, he called, then drove the few blocks back to their apartment. Three of Helen's coworkers then arrived looking for her. By 1 A.M. on what was now Thursday, Janis realized something was wrong.

The 20th Precinct in the meantime had checked out neighborhood restaurants, bars, and the nearest hospital. Three cops made a second search backstage at the Met. Detective Jerry Giorgio now suggested that they do a thorough canvass, a room-by-room sweep of the entire building. Impossible, said the security guards. Even they didn't know their way around the whole place. The Met was a maze. Corridors on corridors. Flights of stairs vanishing up into the six top floors and down into three basements.

But Jerry wanted to make a start, so the guards led him, Egan, and Heaney to the stage. The curtains were closed. The cables for opening it ran diagonally across the cloth like sutures. Above them, the huge vault of the files, where scenery backdrops were hung, disappeared in shadows. On either side of the stage were wagons, as large as the stage itself, that could roll back and forth. Scattered around in the darkness were glowing blue exit signs. There was a smell of stored wood. Black curtains hung everywhere like funeral crepe.

Jerry walked upstage to the freight elevator, which carried scenery into the bowels of the building. With Egan and Heaney he descended the stairs to A-level, passing double-bass cases, crates of costumes, and canvas bags—all large enough to hide a body.

They looked in the locker rooms, the artists' dressing rooms. Their flashlights swept across papier-mâché mountains, painted forests, towering columns, minarets, a Romeo and Juliet balcony, a ship's mast with rigging that looked like the work of a giant spider, some gladiator shields, a stagecoach, a World War I army truck. There were so many out-of-the-way places in which Helen could have gotten trapped or been hidden. Jerry figured that to adequately inspect such a vast and confusing area, they would need 100 men, each escorted by someone on the Met staff who knew the way.

At 5 A.M., Jerry, Egan, and Heaney went to talk to Elena Barere, the last person to see Helen alive that they knew about. Her apartment was near Helen's—and the Met—on West Seventieth Street. She was so upset she hadn't been able to sleep. She told them what she knew of Helen and Panov—not much—and about how Helen had said she wasn't feeling well. Maybe Helen had gotten sick, Jerry thought; maybe she had lain down to sleep or had passed out somewhere.

The early morning was already muggy. It would be a hot, humid day in the mid-80s. After checking back at the Met—no news—Jerry, Egan, and Heaney went to the Mintiks' apartment.

Helen had received a letter from her mother, who had recently broken her hip. Her parents still lived on the farm in British Columbia. Although in pain, her mother was hobbling around on a walker doing chores—which upset Helen.

"Could she have just taken off to go home?" Jerry asked. "Gotten on a bus or plane without telling you?"

Janis shook his head. No. Their relationship was close. She wouldn't have left without letting him know.

"Could she have gone off to a hotel by herself to think?" Jerry asked.

Janis said no—for the same reason.

"I'm sorry to have to ask you this," Jerry said, "but could she have a boyfriend?"

Janis again shook his head. No.

As the detectives left the apartment, Jerry said, "You watch, we'll find out she's on her way to Canada to see her folks."

Heaney turned thumbs-down.

"Nope," he said. "She's dead somewhere."

They got back to the Met at 7 A.M. and were told that the female-musicians' dressing room was locked. When the door was at last opened, they found the room just as it should have been. But in Helen's locker, No. 4, they found something that was not as it should have been. Helen's street clothes were still there. She had never changed out of her orchestra blacks after leaving the pit.

While waiting for police reinforcements who would help in a full-scale search, Jerry watched Met employees drift in through the stage door. Mostly rough-and-tumble guys, Jerry thought. Not the kind of men who'd be happy to see cops hanging around. That could be a problem. They were asked to report anything unusual they might see—and to keep Helen's disappearance to themselves.

A little after eight o'clock, a maintenance man, Lawrence Lennon, came up to Jerry. He was pale and looked scared. He'd been on the roof to turn on a fan, his usual morning job, and had seen a pair of woman's shoes.

"Oh, shit," Jerry said. Helen, feeling depressed about her mother, must have taken a header: jumped. "Okay," Jerry told Lennon. "Show us where."

Lennon led Jerry, Egan, Heaney, and two Emergency Service officers to the sixth-floor fan roof. Jerry glanced at the parapet, which was virtually impossible to climb, and thought, "She didn't jump."

The cops spread out. Jerry hadn't gone far when he heard one of the Emergency Service officers say, "Oh, my God!"

Jerry ran to where he stood by one of the fans. He looked down through the narrow opening into the shaft and saw at the bottom, 29 feet below, Helen's body: naked, hands apparently tied behind her back, legs draped over the sluiceway on which she lay.

Jerry had seen thousands of corpses and worked on 300 to 400 homicides—so many he'd lost count—but this was one of the most gruesome, pitiful sights he'd ever come across. The whole lower part of her face and her neck were bloody. He thought her throat had been slit.

Suddenly a fan roared on. Jerry jumped. Mist sprayed them.

"This is going to be a bad one," Jerry said.

Not only was the murder horrible but it had happened at the Met. The victim, as he had learned already, had been on her way to talk to a ballet superstar who also happened to be a Russian defector. Publicity—and it would be national—could make the case a carnival. Pressure on the department would be intense. And they would need the cooperation of the backstage crew, one of the most tightly knit, father-son unions in the city.

Jerry left the Emergency Service cops to safeguard the roof and went with Egan and Heaney to the third floor, where Helen had landed. On the way down in the elevator, Jerry thought, "My God, the husband's at home waiting for a call from us." He was certain Janis was not involved, and he was sick at the idea of his having to be told.

On the third floor, they went through the electrical shop to the bottom of the shaft. Exposed pipes were raised on blocks about a foot off a damp floor. Lying below the bend in one pipe were Helen's bra and slip. Behind another pipe, next to a brick wall, was Helen's pocketbook, the contents scattered about the floor.

Jerry stood right under the sluiceway on which Helen lay. From that angle, her torso was hidden. All he could see were her legs, which looked strange. They were bent not at the knees but halfway up the thighs, where there is no joint. The bones had snapped.

Jerry climbed up to the sluiceway for a closer look. The spray from the fans rained on him.

"Jesus," he said.

Her throat wasn't cut. A rag was stuffed in her mouth. She had hemorrhaged, and blood had soaked the gag and spilled over her jaw and neck. A tuft of hair, and possibly scalp, ripped off in the fall, was caught along the edge of a trapdoor in the sluiceway.

"Call the 20th," Jerry said. "Tell every-

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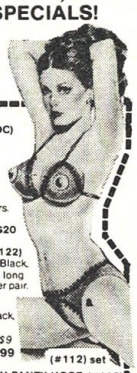

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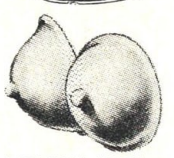

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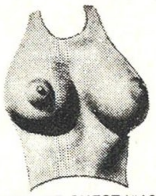

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body who's working to get their tails up here."

When Detective Mike Struk got to the Met, the place was swarming with employees trying to find out what had happened by eavesdropping on the cops. On the third floor, he went into the electrical shop, where the cops who had arrived already had set up temporary headquarters. Spotlights two feet high stood in a group, like R2-D2's family reunion.

Heaney came over to Mike and with a grin asked, "Are you the lucky one?"

"I think I'm in the jackpot," Mike said.

It was normal for a detective from the local precinct to take over from whoever on nightwatch had been handling the case.

"Who's dead?" Mike asked. "Is she the palace blowjob? A nun? What?"

"She checks out okay," Heaney said. "A decent gal. Happy marriage. Nothing shady in her background."

"Anybody touched the body?" Mike asked Egan.

"Far as I know," Egan said, "you got a cherry scene."

Trailed by cops who would be helping on the case, Mike rattled off what had to be done.

"We'll need more manpower," he said.

"Jerry Giorgio took care of that," he was told.

"The borough office has to be notified."

"Giorgio called."

"What about the chief?"

"Giorgio let him know."

"The medical examiner?"

"Giorgio phoned."

"Crime Scene Unit? Press Office?"

Giorgio. Giorgio. Giorgio.

At last, Mike asked, "What the fuck's a Giorgio?"

Mike went to his boss, Arthur O'Connor, a lieutenant at the 20th Precinct, to find out if he was catching the case, or if it was being given to the Task Force—to this guy Giorgio.

O'Connor assured Mike it was his case. The Task Force was assisting.

"Who from the Task Force?" Mike wanted to know. He didn't want to work with Giorgio. He didn't like the guy's style. It was Mike's case, and Giorgio hadn't even had the courtesy to come over and introduce himself.

One of the other Task Force detectives was assigned to help, Mike was told. Benny Leotta.

Leotta was a nice guy. Mike figured he could work with him.

By now the press had heard about the murder. They were demanding information. People were throwing facts at Mike, offering him details about Helen's movements the night before, as well as possible suspects: the guy downstairs with the broken tooth, weirdos who hang around the opera. Mike got an instant headache. Then Leotta came over to Mike and said he wasn't working the case after all.

"Who is?" Mike asked.

"Jerry Giorgio," Leotta said.

Mike was pissed. He went to Heaney and told him, "Look, when your friend Giorgio gets caught up with his bullshit, have him come over and tell me what he's doing."

Heavies were arriving. The Manhattan chief of detectives, Richard Nicastro. The chief medical examiner, Elliot Gross, who rarely did fieldwork.

Mike and Gross hunkered down side by side and examined the body. The victim was tied, but this didn't seem to be the typical sex crime. Except for her nakedness, it had none of the usual sex-crime signs: no bite marks on the nipples, nothing shoved inside her.

Two hairs—"fiber," the medical examiner called them—were found: one in the gag, the other stuck to her chest with what appeared to be sweat or blood. After an hour and a half, Mike would admit that the medical examiner had given the job first-class treatment, which was one of the advantages of pulling down a big case. When Mike climbed down from the sluiceway, he was told that the Crime Scene Unit's photographs, which often take two or three weeks to be processed, would be in his hands by the end of the day.

> Helen ran to the door and pulled. It was locked. She must have kept pulling and pulling, hoping that it would open. Pleading, praying that it would open.

On the way up to the roof, Mike learned that in the stairwell outside the electrical shop they'd found a pen, bobby pins, a cigarette butt, and a flower. When Helen was last seen, she'd been wearing a flower in her hair. Evidence of a struggle.

The roof was swarming with cops. "How many Met employees were here last night?" Mike asked.

"About 200," he was told.

"Great," he thought. Two hundred possible interviews just to start with.

"How many people worked here since January 1?" he asked.

"Two thousand six hundred."

Fingerprint experts were dusting the roof. Mike doubted that they would find anything. When they did, it was usually only a fragment that appeared after hours of painstaking work. But one of the cops slapped a duster against a low, horizontal pipe and up popped a perfect print, and not just fingerprints but a whole palm! Too good to be true. Mike assumed a sloppy cop had contaminated the scene. He ordered everybody off the roof except the few cops doing specific jobs.

The first strategy session was held in the electrical-shop office. The room was hot, they were all in shirt-sleeves. Chief Nicastro told them he was going to pull men from all over the borough. As the chief talked, Mike and Jerry eyed each other with distrust. Mike didn't like Jerry and had pegged him as one of the Task Force stars. Jerry didn't like Mike and had pegged him as a hothead, someone without finesse. But for the duration of the case, they were married to each other.

At the elevator, Jerry came up to Mike and said, "Let's get together for a minute."

Mike, trying to needle Jerry, said, "Gee, after working all night you must be tired."

"Fresh as a daisy," Jerry said, his grin widening.

Mike asked, "You a third-grader?"

"No," Jerry said. "Detective second grade."

"You must be high up on the list for first grade," Mike said. "This case won't hurt you."

"Let's cut the crap," Jerry said. "What's your plan?"

"I'm going to talk to the husband," Mike said.

"I talked to him already," Jerry said.

"Are you forgetting what the man said?" Mike said. "It's Mike Struk's case."

They were silent in the elevator on the way down to the atrium. This was the section of Met headquarters that had been offered to the police department for its investigation. Compared with the hell of backstage, this was heaven. All red-plush, gold and silver. The teak doors were so tall they seemed designed for superhuman creatures.

Outside the door to one room, Mike and Jerry stopped. Mike peeked in to check out Janis Mintiks, who sat at a table with a bottle of Jack Daniels for company. Mike glanced at Janis's beard and asked Jerry, "What is he? A beatnik?"

"He's okay," Jerry said.

Look, fucko, Mike thought, I know I'm probably wasting my time talking to him, but you know I got to do it. If I don't do it, I'll look like a country asshole. So don't give me that shit. I'm going to eliminate him, or make him a suspect real quick.

When Mike entered the room, Janis swung his head up. The expression in his eyes and the wildness of his beard made him look like one of the disciples mourning Christ. Mike ran through his questions. Janis said he'd spent the evening working on their new loft with a friend. Mike could see Jerry was right. It was unlikely that Janis was involved in his wife's death.

"Go home," Mike told Janis. "Get some sleep."

After Janis left, Mike said, "Let's get some ground rules around here. You scratch this way. I'll scratch that way. At

the end of the day, we'll get together. Just let me know what you're doing. I don't want no surprises. Like, 'Hey, Mike, I just closed the case.' "

Start with the obvious. Start with the husband. If he's not involved, look for a lover. If there's no lover, find someone who was where he shouldn't have been.

Helen's stand partner in the orchestra, Clay Reude, had seen a balding white man wearing a uniform with a red-and-white patch lurking around the Met about midnight. The uniform made sense to Mike. By now, he figured the murder had to have been an inside job. The murderer had to know the layout of the Met well enough to get Helen to the roof. And the employees of the Met, who were most likely to know the layout, were also the ones most likely to wear uniforms, or something resembling a uniform, like coveralls. Security guards, engineers, porters. . . Mike asked for lists of all of them. He wanted to know who hadn't shown up for work that morning, or who showed up with a fresh black eye or scratch marks on the face, possible defense wounds.

One porter, Jarett Kipp,* also had been seen lurking. This, according to Panov, who himself was a suspect. There were all sorts of rumors involving Panov, from an assignation with Helen, who after all had been on her way to see him when she'd disappeared, to CIA-KGB involvement. But Helen apparently was going to see Panov only to help Janis get work as a set designer. Panov was rapidly eliminated as a suspect. So too was the lingering porter he had seen. Jarett Kipp had a swollen foot, so swollen, in fact, that half of his shoe had had to be cut off before it would fit. He could barely walk, let alone have struggled with a healthy, strong woman like Helen.

Mike learned that Joe Brady, one of fifty cops who had been canvassing the Met, had found a witness: a dancer who had been in an elevator the night before with Helen and an unknown man. The witness—Laura Cutler—spoke in such a low voice that Mike kept asking her to repeat things.

"Show us which elevator," he said.

Laura led Mike and Heaney through corridors on the stage level. A matinee was in progress. Dancers and stagehands rushed back and forth. It was like being in a submarine on battle alert.

At the elevator—No. 12, near the women's dressing room—Mike, Heaney, and Laura acted out what had happened, with Laura playing herself and Mike and Heaney playing Helen and the unknown man. Jerry, not wanting to miss out on the report of a key witness, joined them. Mike was annoyed. Jerry immediately assumed the role of director of their little playlet.

They went over and over what happened. From the way Helen and the man

** Editor's note: The names of several people questioned by the police have been changed in this article.*

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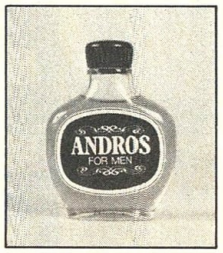

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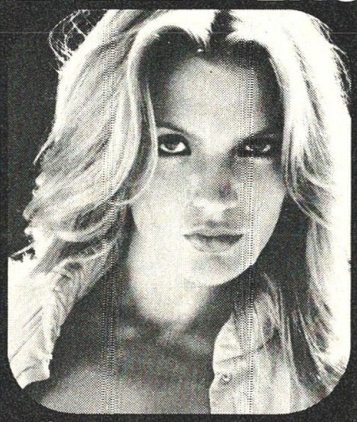

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were acting, Laura had formed the impression they were together.

Why?

Just from their talking together. From the way he answered Helen's question about which floor Panov's dressing room was on. He had said "two" or "three" very quickly and confidently—although Laura now admitted that if she'd given it some thought, it should have seemed odd, since all the stars' dressing rooms were on the stage level.

Laura said she had been surprised because the elevator had not gone up—as the directional arrow had been pointing—but down—to C-level, where she'd gotten off.

"Let's go to C-level," Jerry said.

Down and up they went, occasionally surprising performers who were waiting to use the elevator and, when the door opened, did not expect to see three cops and a dancer milling purposefully around as though they were choreographing a ballet for cramped space.

"What about this guy?" Mike asked.

Laura hadn't gotten a good look at him. He was white. Maybe five feet ten inches. Dark hair, not very long, not terribly short. Sort of flyaway, she would later describe it. She thought the man was a little overweight. Not freshly shaven. Maybe he had a New York accent. And he was dressed in work clothes. Laura assumed he was on the Met crew.

After Laura left, Mike said, "We got to find that guy."

The opera buff in the ratty swallowtail coat who haunted the Met. The stranger who was once on the grand staircase, gazing at the chandelier and getting an erection that was obvious even through his baggy pants. Someone's brother-in-law. Someone's mother-in-law. By that night, the madness had started: the anonymous callers, the freaks, the cranks, each with a theory, each with a suspect. Each had to be logged into the record book—the bible of the case—checked out, filed away.

While Jerry was doing fieldwork, Mike was stuck with paperwork in the atrium, playing ringmaster to the circus. Employees were stopping by with tips. Cops were feeding him bits of information, most of it random facts that wouldn't match up with anything in the investigation.

When Vinnie Jenkins came in, Mike was in a bad mood. Mike liked Jenkins, who was a detective with the Task Force. He thought he was capable, a real pro. But Jenkins had been Jerry's partner for seven years, and some of Mike's anger at Jerry spilled over on him.

"Mike," Jenkins said. "On C-deck. We were down there searching the back of the building. And we found some napkins and this tampon."

"What about it, Vinnie?" Mike said.

"Well," Vinnie said. "It looks like it's got a little blood on it."

Big deal, Mike thought. Blood on a tampon. What's unusual about that.

"Where is this again?" Mike asked.

"In the back of the building and way down in the subbasement," Vinnie said. "C-deck."

There are three subbasements. C-level is the lowest. The murder happened nine flights up and on the opposite side of the building. To Mike, the tampon could have been on Mars. And Mike had no memory of the medical examiner mentioning that Helen was having her period. The tampon seemed like one more random fact. One out of hundreds.

"Thanks, Vinnie," Mike said. "Anything else? You want coffee or something?"

"What do you want to do with the tampon?" Jenkins asked.

"What do *you* want to do with it?" Mike said.

When Vinnie said nothing, Mike said, "Hey, Vinnie. Why don't you take the fucking thing home and suck on it."

The next day, in a strategy session, Mike was reporting on what he had learned.

"Nothing real hot," he said. As an afterthought, he mentioned Jenkins's telling him about a tampon being found on C-level.

"What?" Jerry said.

After being Jenkins's partner for so many years, Jerry trusted Jenkins's instincts. If he mentioned something, it was worth checking.

"Well," Jerry asked, "where's the tampon?"

"Probably where he found it," Mike said.

Jerry and Captain Frank Ward, of the 5th Detective Zone, descended into the bowels of the building. The bright colors gave way to gray. The music from the show got softer and softer until they could no longer hear it. They passed dressing rooms, rehearsal halls, storage rooms—until they came into the landing at the bottom of the stairs on C-level. There were graffiti—"Fat Louie Sucks"—on the walls, and on the floor, the tampon.

This is it, Jerry thought. A classic setting for a rape. But if Helen had been taken there, it meant that the crime scene was spread over the whole building. Laura Cutler saw Helen riding the elevator, apparently headed for the second or third floor, at about 9:45. According to the autopsy report, Helen was probably killed between 11 and 11:30, which meant that sometime between 9:45 and 11:30 the murderer had to get Helen from the second or third floor to C-level to the roof through a maze of corridors in a busy building without being seen. Improbable.

But Jerry figured the tampon was Helen's. He was annoyed at Mike for having ignored it.

When Jerry returned to the atrium conference room with the tampon, claiming it was a crucial bit of evidence, Mike was furious at him for what seemed to be grand-

standing. He was sure that Jerry was going to let him do all the paperwork and then grab all the glory for himself.

A former employee, who was under psychiatric care because he'd learned that his best friend was the real father of his child, was at the Met the night of the murder. So was a supervisor who had once ripped a woman's blouse backstage. And a member of the crew who once had ground out a cigarette against a woman's breast. Mike had rarely seen in one case such a collection of likely suspects.

An engineer, Matthew Potts, said that an electrician, Tommy Anton, had a room on C-level that he kept locked. Anton said he kept the room locked because he brought his girlfriend there. And, Anton added, he'd seen Potts on C-level the night of the murder. Potts admitted that he'd been on C-level about 9 P.M. and said he'd heard a moan.

The two hairs found at the crime scene, one in the gag and the other stuck to Helen's breast, had tiny knots in them. "Who would knot their hair like that?" Mike wondered. And how could they do it? Tweezers and a magnifying glass? The paper towels found stuffed around the pipes between B- and C-levels were stained with semen from three different men at three different times. On the third floor, not far from where Helen's body landed, was a room the crew called the "Motel," where more semen stains were found. What were the stagehands doing? Spraying their hoses every which way? A tampon tube was found on the grid in the files above the stage. It was beginning to look as though there was more sex backstage at the Met than at Plato's Retreat.

It turned out the tampon container was not connected to the murder. The semen stains in the Motel had nothing to do with the case. The semen-stained paper towels were also red herrings. And the knotted hairs remained a mystery.

Mike was so frustrated that when a professional psychic named Gray Wolf, whom Mike had seen on television, sent him a tape with information about Helen, Mike, a skeptic, took the tape to the chief. The chief listened politely and then said, "Throw the thing in the garbage."

On August 1, Mike and Jerry learned that the C-level tampon was Helen's. It had been tested for blood type. After the daily strategy session, Jerry left to pick up his daughter from ballet class. Fifteen minutes later, a reporter called up the Met to ask if it was true they'd identified the C-level tampon as Helen's.

Only two people outside the conference room at the Met knew the tampon had been identified, the chief told Jerry the next morning—Jerry, and the lab technician.

"Then we know who's the leak," Jerry said. "The lab technician."

The conference room was swept for bugs. And the following Friday, August 8,

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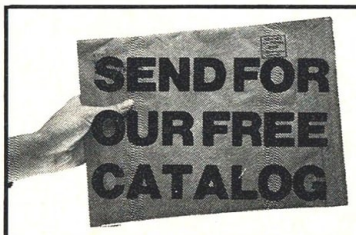

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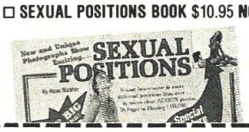

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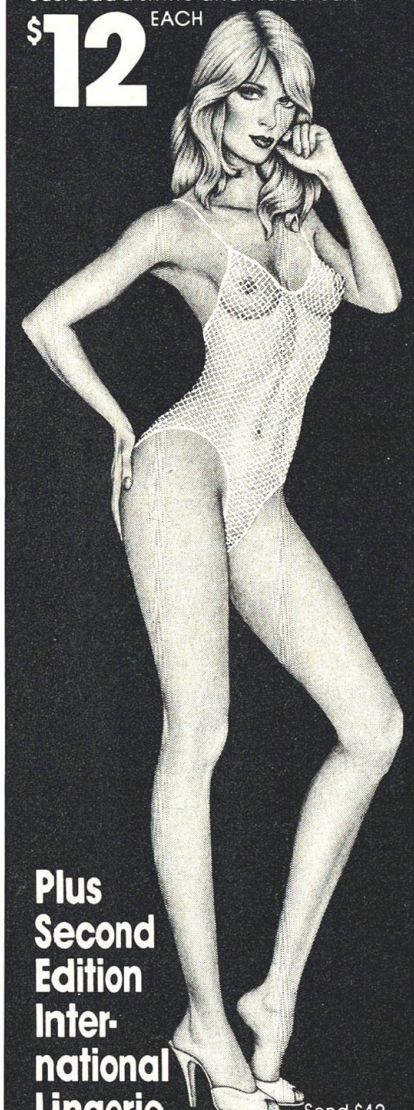

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the chief called Mike to a secret meeting. The meeting was limited to about half a dozen people. Jerry was not there.

Using an extraordinary new method, the police lifted prints of fingertips from Helen's skirt. From the hem—just where they'd be if someone had grabbed the skirt to cut or rip it. The tips were not Helen's. They must belong to the killer. Now they had to get prints from everyone at the Met and find the ones that matched the prints on the skirt.

The didn't want to let the killer know what they had, so instead of saying the prints came from her skirt, they concocted a story: The tips—they would say—came from a boatswain's whistle they'd found. Since the killer would know he'd never touched a boatswain's whistle, he wouldn't refuse to let the cops take his prints.

One more thing, Mike was told. This plan had to remain secret. No one except the people in the room could know the truth.

"What about Jerry?" Mike asked.

Not even Jerry could know.

Mike thought, "They must figure Jerry's the leak."

Good cops don't hold out on each other. No matter how much you might hate your partner, someday your life may depend on him. You don't hold out. Mike felt terrible.

That evening, Mike worked himself to exhaustion in the gym in the basement of the 20th Precinct station house. Then he ran around the Central Park reservoir until he was ready to drop. By the time he got back to the bunk room at the precinct headquarters, he'd decided to tell Jerry the truth about the tip-prints.

"Listen, I got to talk to you," Mike said to Jerry the next morning.

Afraid of bugs in the atrium offices, Mike drew Jerry into a storage room.

"I know we're not kissing cousins," Mike said, "but there's something I got to say. I don't want to carry it around no more. But you got to promise you won't tell nobody I told you. Not the chief, nobody. If you do, I'm dead."

Jerry promised.

Mike told him that the boatswain-whistle story was a ruse. The tips really came from Helen's skirt. He'd been ordered not to tell Jerry.

Jerry puffed out his cheeks the way he does when he's upset.

"I'll be a son of a bitch," he said. "I'll be a son of a bitch."

For the rest of the day, during meetings about fingerprinting the Met employees, Mike and Jerry kept exchanging glances. Together, they interviewed some members of the crew to see if they had triconodosis, a condition that causes hairs to knot as they grow—the condition that knotted the two hairs found with Helen's corpse. This, too, turned out to be a blind alley, but they didn't know that then. And in working together, Jerry engaged suspects in talk while Mike stood behind and peered down into the guy's hair, looking for the patchy bald spots caused by the disease.

The next day, Thursday, August 14, the crew came down to the atrium in twos and threes—so the show would not be interrupted—to fill out questionnaires about their movements around the time Helen was killed, to be photographed, and to have their fingertips printed. Just for the record, their palm prints were also taken—to prove that the perfect palm print on the roof pipe was not connected to the investigation, but was a souvenir of some careless cop.

That evening, one of the officers doing the printing told Mike and Jerry that a couple of Met employees had refused to have their prints taken. For various reasons, neither seemed a likely suspect. But a third employee, a stagehand who did let them take his prints, had been very nervous. He'd been hyperventilating.

Mike was curious about the nervous stagehand, whose name he took note of: Craig Crimmins.

The next day, they were told the tips were not Craig's.

Mike and Jerry shrugged. So they didn't get lucky.

But the palm print from the pipe on the roof, the print that was so perfect everyone assumed it had to be worthless—that print was Craig's.

Craig Crimmins was twenty-one years old. A stage carpenter. His father, Edward Crimmins, and his stepfather, Martin Higgins, both worked backstage at the Met. He was a husky, slope-shouldered man with a baby face. He seemed like a picture in a kid's mix-and-match book, in which you can put the head of one figure on top of the body of another.

On his questionnaire, he claimed that on the night of Helen's murder he hadn't missed any of his cues—which, according to his boss and some fellow stagehands, was not true. Not only was he missing for the whole second half of the show, a search party had looked for him—unsuccessfully.

The detectives sent for Craig.

"This might be the ball game," Jerry told Mike before Craig came in.

"Should we hit him with everything?" Mike asked. "He's got to know why he's here. Maybe he'll crumble?"

"Me," Jerry said. "I like to go slow. Easy. Methodical. Just go on. Rap. Rap. Rap."

"You don't think he'll cave?" Mike asked.

"No," Jerry said. "I don't think so."

"All right," Mike said. "You got a few years on me. Let's try it your way."

At 4:30 P.M., Craig came into the conference room in the atrium. He seemed, Mike thought, very cool.

"Feel free to smoke," Jerry said. "This is Mike Struk. If you want to call him Mike, it's fine. If you want to call me Jerry, it's fine. Can we call you Craig?"

They started with Craig's background.

They asked him about his movements the night of the murder, showed him the questionnaire in which he claimed he'd missed no cues. He said the questionnaire was right.

"Gee, Craig," Jerry said. "Something isn't jelling here. Something's not right. We've talked to hundreds of people. You know how many guys we've had in and out of here, and there seems to be something wrong. You say you were here for all these portions of the show, and yet somebody missed you."

Craig said he'd been drinking. He couldn't remember everything too clearly.

"We've been very careful in asking you about all your movements that night," Jerry said. "What you did and didn't remember, and you were positive you were here for the whole show. Now that I tell you we know you weren't here, you say you're unclear."

Craig said he hadn't wanted to tell them he'd missed his cues, because he didn't want to get in trouble with his boss. He'd been drunk; he'd fallen asleep on the left rear wagon.

"There's something else wrong here," Jerry said. "That night, your friends, coworkers, and boss looked for you. And do you know where they looked? They looked on the rear wagon. And they looked not only on the left side but also on the right side."

Craig was silent.

"The first statement you gave us, about not missing any cues, we went over that several times," Jerry said. "Each time, you said that it was absolutely correct. Then we told you we knew you'd missed your cue, and you said you were on the rear wagon. And that was absolutely correct. Then we told you they searched for you and didn't find you."

Craig was silent for a little while longer. Finally, he asked if he could talk to Jerry alone.

When Mike left the room, Jerry asked, "Well, what is it, Craig?"

There was something about that night he hadn't told, Craig said.

"Go ahead," Jerry said.

Craig said he was the guy on the elevator with Helen.

Charles Heffernan, the assistant district attorney assigned to the case, was at Meadowlands Arena, in New Jersey, watching a Giants game when he was paged and asked to come to the Met. By the time he arrived, Jerry had locked Craig into his new story: He'd met Helen as they were going to the elevator. She asked him directions to Panov's dressing room. He told her it was on the second floor. She got off at the second floor. He went to A-level, took a six-pack of beer from his locker, drank it, and fell asleep on the couch in the electricians' lounge.

Craig had agreed to videotape his statement. While reading Craig the Miranda warnings, Heffernan repeatedly emphasized Craig's right to get a lawyer.

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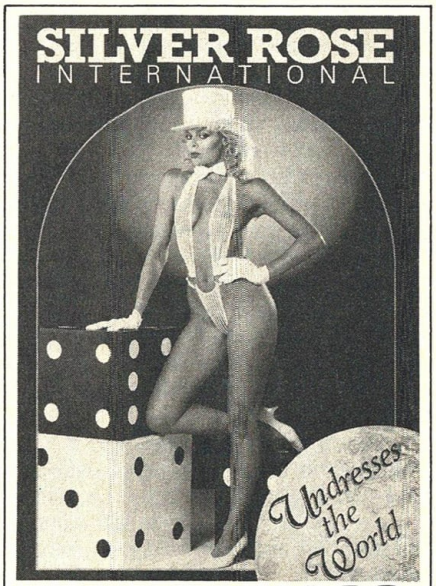

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He's over-Mirandizing him, Mike thought. *He'll take the hint, get a lawyer, and we'll lose our chance to get a statement.*

But Craig didn't ask for a lawyer.

Once the videotaping was done, Mike and Jerry told Heffernan they were sure that if they now told Craig he was under arrest he'd confess. But Heffernan wanted a stronger case. Mike and Jerry couldn't believe it.

They argued for almost six hours. Heffernan would not relent. He wanted Mike and Jerry to prove Craig was not where he said he'd been—the locker room and the electricians' lounge.

At 7 A.M. on Sunday, Craig left the Met.

For the next two weeks, Mike and Jerry punched holes in Craig's new story. One of the stage carpenters said Craig couldn't have been drinking in the locker room around the time of the killing because he'd been down there alone, snorting coke.

A stagehand, Mike Murray, said Craig couldn't have been asleep on the couch in the electricians' lounge that night, because *he'd* been sleeping on that couch at the time.

By Thursday, August 28, Mike and Jerry had destroyed Craig's alibi. But because they wanted one more chance to get a confession, they didn't want to arrest Craig or in any other way prompt him to get a lawyer. On Monday, when he returned from vacation, they'd have another talk with him. Until then, there was nothing to do. It was Labor Day weekend. They decided to take a few days off.

Mike met his family at Beach Haven at the New Jersey shore on Thursday night. On Friday morning Mike had one foot in a boat and one foot onshore—he was shoving off to go crabbing with his kids—when his wife called from the house that he had a phone call. It was Frank Ward, the 5th Detective Zone Commander. There was a problem. The *Daily News* had called the district attorney's office to say that they knew Craig Crimmins was the suspect and they were going to break the story that night at seven o'clock. Once the paper hit the stands, Mike and Jerry would lose their chance to get Craig's confession. They had to find Craig, convince him to come down to the station to talk without arresting him, and hope he'd spill—before seven o'clock.

"Shit," Mike thought. "I'm not going to be there when this guy gets collared."

He had visions of arriving at the precinct headquarters to find Jerry in his television suit posing for the cameras.

"The son of a bitch is doing it to me again," Mike thought.

He jumped in his car and headed up the New Jersey Turnpike for New York City.

Jerry had heard about the call from the newspaper at about 1 or 2 P.M.

"Where's Mike?" Jerry asked.

"On his way," he was told.

Jerry and his assistant, Leo Rosenthal, drove to the Bronx—to where Craig lived with his father and sister. They waited. At 6:50, ten minutes before the news was due to break, Craig strolled out of the apartment house.

Craig spotted Jerry, crossed over to him and said, "Hi!" He asked if anything was wrong.

"Nothing wrong," Jerry said. "But if you recall the last conversation we had, there were certain areas you said were unclear—that you couldn't remember. You said if you had some time to think about it, you might be able to clear these matters up. Would you mind very much coming back to the office, and we'll go over it?"

Craig asked if it would take all night again.

"Oh no," Jerry said. If he balks, Jerry thought, I'm going to have to put him under arrest, and we'll lose our confession.

Craig agreed to go.

By the time they got to the 20th Precinct, the press had already descended. As they pulled up in front of the station house, another Task Force detective, Peter Mangicavallo, warned Jerry in Italian, "Take him to our house"—the Task Force office at the 13th Precinct.

> Good cops don't hold out on each other. No matter how much you might hate your partner, someday your life may depend on him. You don't hold out.

They arrived there at about 8:10. When they walked in, Jerry surreptitiously motioned to someone near the television to turn the set off. He didn't want Craig to hear over the news that he'd become their prime suspect.

Mike gave Craig his Miranda rights. Then he and Jerry once more took Craig through his story about getting the beer from the locker, drinking it, and falling asleep on the electricians' lounge couch. Was he sure he did that? Yes, he was sure. Was he sure about the time? Yes, he was sure.

Now, they listed all the inconsistencies and changes in his story.

First, he said he missed no cues. That wasn't true.

Then, he said he'd fallen asleep on the left rear wagon. That wasn't true.

Then, he admitted he was the man on the elevator with Helen.

Then, he said he got off at A-level, got beer from the locker, and had fallen asleep on the couch in the electricians' lounge.

"Craig," Jerry said, "That's not true, either."

Craig asked if he could talk to Jerry alone.

After Mike left the room, Jerry could see him through the frosted glass on the top of the door crouched down to listen through the louvers at the bottom.

"What is it, Craig?" Jerry asked.

"You know," Craig said.

"What?" Jerry asked.

"That I killed the lady," Craig said.

Craig said he didn't know where to begin. He wanted Jerry to ask him questions—which Jerry, being careful not to lead or feed, did.

"Did you see Helen Hagnes Mintiks Wednesday night, July 23, 1980? And where?" Jerry started.

"I seen her at the back elevator, No. 12," Craig said. "I said something to her on the elevator, and she hit me."

"How did she hit you?"

"She smacked me on the right side of my face, on the ear."

"When you got to the second floor, did you get off with her?"

"She kept looking for the studios. We checked all the studios, everything was out. When she smacked me on the elevator, she said something snotty and loud. I said to her, go this way and she did. I meant go to the stairs."

"Was she afraid of you at this time?"

"Yes, she was, and she went with me."

"Where did you go on the stairs, and what happened?"

"We went to either C- or B-deck, and I sort of talked her into fooling around. I said it won't hurt, and she started to get worse. She started freaking out on me. She tried to hit me. I grabbed her hands. That's when I took out the hammer. I just held it and told her to walk up the stairs."

"Before you went up the stairs, what, if anything, happened?"

"When she saw the hammer, she started taking off her clothes. She took them all off, and I saw her take out the rag, but she didn't say anything about it."

"Did you tell her to do anything?"

"I told her to lay down, and I tried to put it in. It wouldn't go in. I tried for about five minutes, and I couldn't get it in. I told her to get dressed and told her to walk up the stairs. On the way upstairs, I don't know which shop it was, she ran and tried to go into a door. I knew the door was locked. And she tried to open the door. I grabbed her and gave her a shove and said, 'Keep walking upstairs.' "

"What happened then?"

"We got to the roof, and I didn't know which of the doors went out. I wasn't sure then. I held her hand and opened the door. It led out to the roof. We went out and sat right by the pipe."

"What happened then?"

"She was trying to make conversation, asking if I worked here and if I was afraid I couldn't get out of this. I said I didn't work—I didn't work here. I tied her right

there because I was going to leave her there. I didn't have anything to do with her sexually after the first time on C-deck."

"Did you ever reach a climax that night?"

"I came on C-deck. I was just rubbing against her and came on her. I wasn't in her."

"Did you have it between her legs?"

"I guess so."

"Now, after you tied her on the roof, what happened?"

"I tied . . . I tied her with rope. I told her I would leave her. I would call somebody and tell them she was there."

"Then what happened?"

"I left her there, walked back toward the door, and like was standing there thinking, *If she gets out of it.* As I was thinking, I heard some rattling, and I saw her with her feet undone, and she ran to the pipe, sat on it, and went over. I ran after her, jumped over the pipe, caught her, and took her back to the same spot."

"Then what?"

"I think there was a bucket there with a whole shitful of rags in it. I tied her feet."

"Do you remember if she still had her shoes?"

"I remember I took them off and tossed them away, so that if she ran it would hurt her feet. I put the rags over the rope so that it wouldn't come loose again. At that point, I picked her up and carried her in my arms, carried her to the ledge, sat her down, then pulled her down and leaned her against the fan. She wasn't gagged. She was talking to me, trying to be nice. I decided to gag her and laid her flat on her stomach. I know I gagged her, and I think I put one around her eyes."

"How did her clothes get off?"

"I had my knife in the case on my belt. I took it out and cut them off. I figured if she got loose she wouldn't run, because she would be embarrassed."

"What did you do with the clothes?"

"I just threw them down on the side of the fan."

"What else did you do?"

"At this point I was just sitting there thinking."

"What were you thinking?"

"What should I do. I sat there for a few minutes."

"What did you decide to do?"

"I decided to leave. As I was walking away, I heard her pouncing up and down and that's when it happened. I went back and kicked her off."

Jerry saw Mike leap up in joy. They got the confession.

After it was over, Craig asked if he was under arrest.

"Yeah," Jerry said. "Yeah, Craig."

They videotaped the confession, which was used in the trial. On June 4, 1981, the jury returned a verdict: on the first count, intentional murder, not guilty; on the second count, felony murder, which is not premeditated, guilty.

Craig Crimmins was sentenced to 20 to life.

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IN THE FEBRUARY FORUM

INSIDE MASTERS & JOHNSON'S SEX SPA

The brochure from the Masters and Johnson Institute promised a weekend devoted to "sexual health and wholeness" in resort surroundings. The sex-enhancement program for couples only was moderated by M.J.I. staffers Robert Meyners and Claire Wooster, a husband-wife team. *Forum* writer Eric Nadler and spouse signed up with 16 other couples to find out what sex gospel was currently being preached by America's high priests of sex therapy. Meyners confided to Nadler that he was sympathetic to open marriage but would not bring the subject up at the weekend. "We have to be as conservative as the church," he said.

HIGH-TECH SEX SURVEILLANCE

A new generation of sophisticated electronic gadgetry—requiring little expertise and relatively inexpensive—has revolutionized voyeurism and sex-spying. Even respectable scientific catalogs now offer a variety of bugs, phone taps, directional mikes, voice changers, and infrared photographic equipment that make it possible for suspicious lovers to confirm their worst fears instantly. Jack Martin surveys the best and brightest of 1984 snoopware.

OF NAKED MEN AND JUST DESERTS

Against a wallpaper pattern of vaginas, the dinner table was laid out for a sumptuous feast. Guest of honor was Spike, a porn star, who arrived naked. Hostess was Jackie Livingston, a SoHo artist. Assembled guests included Mariette Pathy Allen and seven other women. The meal was ostensibly an art event. But when dessert was served, Spike arose with showstopping proof that there was more to eat than just cake.

ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

cries—which are so sexually related—from my own pain and the feeling of helplessness provoked an overwhelming state of sensitivity, similar to the feeling of an approaching orgasm. By the time my therapy period ended, I had come to terms with my masochistic tendencies.

Since my experience with knee surgery and the required therapy, pain has become a necessary aspect in my sexual endeavors. Conventional sexuality can no longer hold a place in my sexual activities. In order to become successfully aroused, pain must be inflicted and a certain degree of captivity must be sensed. I give credit to the surgery for helping me finally discover my true sexuality and enjoyment beyond any limitations.—*Name and address withheld*

NIGHT MANEUVERS

As an avid reader of "Forum," I am truly glad to find it on sale here in Israel. I'm working here for the Israeli Defense Forces and have discovered why the Israeli men don't balk at military service. I had been told the Israeli women soldiers were very accommodating to the soldiers of Israel—and now I know it.

A couple of weeks ago, I was stationed at a tank base in southern Israel, where I was helping with some semi-sophisticated sighting equipment. As part of the job, I would go out with the tank crews on maneuvers and check out the equipment. On one particular evening I was sent out for night moves with a new crew from the north.

I was really amazed when the group captain introduced me to Drora, Orit, and Anat—and all-girl crew. I was amazed at a girl crew—but even more amazed at their looks. All were Sabras with well-tanned bodies and large breasts that seemed tightly confined by their regulation bras.

I was told to meet them an hour later at a certain tank. When I arrived, Anat was at the controls in the standard military jumpsuit. As I climbed inside, I saw that Orit and Drora were wearing their shirt-and-skirt uniforms. They said that since they weren't really involved in the war games, they didn't need the full uniform.

After we had been out for about an hour, and the maneuvers passed us by, we were relieved of duty. While waiting for further orders, we started to converse. We talked of many things: politics, sex, and religion. Under the last category, things got pretty interesting. Orit told us the Jewish rite of circumcision was a practice pretty much confined to Jewish people. I begged to differ and told her that most Americans, Jewish or not, were circumcised, including myself. She refused to believe me without proof. So, I promptly proved it by opening my fly and producing my already semi-hard cock. After a close examination, she and Drora agreed that I was correct.

As I started to put my dick back into my pants, Drora reached out and began to slowly stroke it. As I started to relax, I watched as Orit unbuttoned her shirt and unsnapped her bra. She must have been wearing a 35C—she needed a 36D, because both breasts sprang forward when released. Orit took over for Drora as she loosened her bra and removed her panties. She then knelt down and began deep-throating me. Orit, not wanting to be overlooked, stood up on a shelf of armor plating and shoved her hot muff down onto my face. I gladly licked and sucked until she came.

Anat finally ducked in to see what was happening and quickly unzipped her jumpsuit and joined Drora on the bed of the tank. Both took turns licking and sucking my swollen cock. Drora, the ranking officer, demanded first satisfaction and hung onto our gunsight while I pumped her pussy with my tool from behind. Anat was now up where I could eat her and Orit was below me, tickling my balls and eating Drora's cunt.

Drora and I came fairly quickly. Orit then wanted hers. She washed me off with canteen water and began to rub her nipples against my cock while I took turns sucking on Drora's and Anat's breasts. Soon I was hard again. Orit squatted over my cock and worked herself into at least three orgasms before I came.

Last, but definitely not least, Anat crawled out onto the tank's turret, removed her clothes, and asked me to buttfuck her on the barrel of our 88-millimeter cannon. She inched her way out and wrapped herself around the barrel as I joined her. I finger-fucked her ass to loosen it and then plunged my hardened cock deep inside her. As I began to rock in and out, she raised her ass to meet me. We came quickly and nearly fell off the barrel from sheer exhaustion. We then crawled back into the tank and received orders to return to base. I was chewed out by my commander for not having better observation notes, but he arranged another set of night moves for me and my favorite all-girl crew.—*Name and address withheld*

MR. AND MRS. ALL-AMERICAN

I am 28 years old, six foot four, and have been bodybuilding for seven years. My wife is 25, five foot five, and 117 pounds, and also has a keen interest in bodybuilding, which has provided her with an exquisitely toned body. She is also a most talented dancer, with the most perfectly shaped legs imaginable.

My wife and I are very well liked and respected by our community. I own my own business and my wife has just opened her own dance studio. To most observers we come across as an all-American, down-to-earth, conservative couple. Actually, we are—50 weeks out of the year, that is. It is during the remaining two weeks of the year that we take extravagant and exciting vacations. I will share some of our most

memorable escapades with you.

Last year, we vacationed at a beach resort 400 miles from our home. One night, after spending the day sunning ourselves, we dressed up and went to a bar in a nearby village. My wife was wearing a very short mini-dress and black stiletto heels. Across the crowded bar, we noticed two handsome boys having drinks. My wife nudged me, which is my cue to get lost for a few minutes. I gladly obliged. When I returned, my wife was sitting at the bar with Brett, aged 19, and his brother Chris, aged 18. Their eyes were glued to my wife's thighs, as her dress was hiked up almost to her pussy. I suggested we go back to our motel room to have some drinks and listen to music.

At the motel, we sat around the living room. The brothers were seated on the couch and my wife sat in a chair opposite them. Anxiously, I paced the room. Within minutes, the action began. Seductively, my wife kicked off her shoes and put one foot on each of the brother's crotches. She rubbed her sexy feet on their crotches until both of them looked as if they were going to pass out from excitement. I decided to let her work them down a bit, so I excused myself and headed for the bedroom.

About ten minutes later, my wife walked into the room with her new friends. She was gloriously naked and the boys were wearing only the smallest of bikini underwear, which boasted their prominent bulges. She stood between them, alternately kissing each young stud as they ground their cocks into her hips.

The threesome fell to the bed and my wife began probing their tight ass holes with her rapid-fire tongue. With a swooping nosedive, she stuffed Brett's cock deep into her mouth. Within minutes his body tensed and he pumped a huge load of come down my wife's throat. Unsatisfied, she ripped Chris's underwear off and was confronted with something she had not bargained for. His cock was enormous, not long, but incredibly thick with the most tremendous head I had ever seen. She began rubbing his proud cock all over her face as he dived into her pussy. With wild abandon, they ate each other. After about ten minutes, she greased his cock with lotion, got on all fours, and begged him to fuck her like a dog. At the same time, Brett shoved his hard cock into her mouth and simultaneously fucked her mouth while his kid brother stretched her cunt to the limit. After about ten minutes, Chris's well-muscled body tensed, and he exploded into her gaping cunt, causing Brett to come again and filling my wife's waiting mouth.

Another exciting experience happened on our most recent trip to a lovely Caribbean island. One night, after many martinis, we wandered around the casino, looking for prospective participants. Many situations arose, none of which we felt comfortable with, so we retired to our suite alone. I then told my wife I had a fantasy of watch-

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IN THE FEBRUARY VARIATIONS ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

VALLEY-GIRL STORY OF O

An updated version of the classic tale of female servitude, in which a modern woman fantasizes herself a humble pupil in a harsh school for submissives.

ANONYMOUS AFFAIRS

Wary of emotional entanglements, a recently divorced businessman determines to keep his new lady love women of mystery by not permitting them to reveal their identities.

A GATHERING OF HEARTS

A pair of restless housewives give vent to their long-repressed mutual attraction in a vibrant Valentine's night of bisexual bliss.

HOT-TUB ORGY

Anything goes when the raunchy new neighbors invite an adventurous young couple to take a dip in their Jacuzzi—and a whole lot more.

EXOTIC SEX CRUISE

There's a lot to learn about the hedonistic life-style from an uninhibited sex cruise to the carefree Caribbean.

THE LADY TAKES CHARGE

She's cool and collected to a fault until she takes an assertiveness-training course and ends up fulfilling her delighted husband's most exuberant dreams of a woman truly in control.

ing her give head to someone who didn't know I was watching. Luckily, our room had well-positioned mirrors, which enabled me to hide in the bathroom with the lights off. With the door slightly ajar, I had a great view of the next room.

With our plan in hand, my wife called room service and ordered a cup of coffee. We anxiously waited for the knock at the door. When the moment arrived, I scurried into the bathroom and my wife opened the door. In walked a tall, very handsome black man. My wife's eyes opened wide and I could see she was very excited. She walked across the room to get her wallet and purposely dropped the money on the floor. Bending over, she exposed her bare ass and cunt to the young man. After retrieving it, she asked him if he was in a hurry. He said no. She then walked over to him, dropped to her knees, opened his belt and unsnapped his trousers. His face lit up like a kid's at Christmas. He stepped out of his pants, and she began nibbling his cock through his underwear. She spent a lot of time licking and rubbing the inside of his legs, his nipples, and his stomach. She then pulled his underwear down and out popped a nine-inch pulsating cock. My wife gobbled up his dick and grabbed the cheeks of his ass while he slowly fucked her face. He had a huge set of balls, which she licked furiously. The speed of his movements increased and she knew he was close. His cock swelled in her mouth and later she told me she could feel his come travel the length of his shaft. She whipped his cock out of her mouth and sprayed his milky come over her face, hair, and tits. He thanked her hurriedly, got dressed, and left. I scampered out of the bathroom and jumped my wife, and we fucked like crazed animals for the duration of the evening.—*Name and address withheld*

MONKEY SEE, MONKEY DO

I've read many of the letters in "Forum" and have enjoyed them thoroughly. They have always been a great source of erotica for both my husband and me. I have a story to relate that could be as much of a turn-on to read as it was to experience.

The town in which we live has a couple of all-night adult bookstores and porn theaters. Of course, they have the run-of-the-mill quarter booths and that's where we usually start. We then proceed to the regular theater, where they show full-length porn films. The one theater we like best has two enclosed booths, with large windows to facilitate viewing. Even though it's possible to see into the booths, there is a modicum of privacy.

One night a few months ago, my husband, Tim, and I went to the bookstore. It was late, about 2 A.M., and we were the only ones there. We entered the theater and sat down in the booth nearest the door. We prefer this one because it has a good size chaise in it and it's very comfortable. As the movie became more erotic, Tim started to get excited. He began stroking my nipples with one hand and tugged at his zipper with his other. After opening his fly, he pushed my head down toward his dick. I slowly and gently began giving him head. Even though people began to enter the theater, I continued. The girl in the movie was also giving head and I tried to match my movements to hers. I wanted my husband to come at the same time as the man on the screen. It must have worked, because he did. Then came the best surprise of all.

Tim reached over and pulled my jeans down to my ankles. He massaged my clit with one hand and my tits with the other. I was getting so hot that I couldn't stand it. Then he did the same thing to me that I had done to him. About the same time that the guy in the movie started eating the woman, Tim went down on me. Now I knew why it had gotten him so excited. Feeling it and watching it at the same time was more erotic than anything I had experienced. To top it all off, Tim pulled me up and sat me down on his erect dick with my back to him, facing the screen. As we fucked, we watched the couple on the screen fuck. There were several people in the theater now, and the chance of being caught heightened our excitement. Since I'm not one to come quietly, I had to put my fist in my mouth to keep from screaming. Tim and I generally come at the same time, and this was no exception. Just as he was ready to come, he grabbed my hips and forcefully pulled me down. My orgasm almost rattled my teeth. I couldn't move for about 30 seconds afterward. After we had caught our breaths and straightened our clothes, we left the booth and walked out of the store as though nothing had happened. When we got home, thinking about what we had done got us so excited that we were ready to go again. This time, though, we took the time to do all the things we were unable to do in the theater. Doing something that daring in public had been a definite turn-on for both of us. I don't know if we'll ever do that or anything like it again, but it will always remain one of my favorite sexual experiences.—*Name and address withheld*

UNIFORMITY

I'm a nineteen-year-old redhead with big tits and a nice ass. I have always fantasized about older men, especially ones in uniform. Whenever I see a patrol car, I always have to check out the cop to see if he looks like a good fuck or not.

I was walking home one night and saw a police car parked at a restaurant. I just couldn't help but go in and check it out. Once inside, I spotted the man in uniform and walked up to him. "I'll be with you in a minute," he said, as he finished his Pac-Man game. I decided to freshen up in the ladies' room. When I came out he was sitting at a table in the back. I walked up to the table and sat down. We talked about different things, and finally got to the one subject I had been waiting for: sex! He told me he would love to eat me. As I watched

this handsome man lick the blue cheese from the celery, I was starting to get hot, wondering what it would be like to have his tongue on my juicy cunt. After he finished eating, he stood up—I could only imagine what was under that uniform. I knew he could tell I wanted his cock.

He offered me a ride home and I of course said yes. How could I say no to a ride in a patrol car? On the way home he said, "Well, if you ever want to get together, you know where to find me." As we stopped in front of my house, I thanked him for the ride and told him I'd think about the offer.

I wasn't in the house 45 minutes when I was on the phone trying to locate him. When he answered, I said, "Well, I thought about it!" "That was fast," he replied. "I'll pick you up at 11:45." "See you then," I answered. At 11:35, I heard the horn beep. As I stepped into his nice black truck, I could smell his sweet cologne. We drove to a hotel bar on the other side of town and after a few drinks we got a room and went upstairs. I was kind of scared to be alone with him, but I just couldn't say no!

Sitting on the couch, he put his arms around me and we fell into a deep kiss. The next thing I knew, he had me in bed with my clothes off and was kissing me and licking me all over. It was so dark I couldn't see anything. In a minute's time I felt an enormous cock entering my hot cunt. I panted in breathless ecstasy. As he ran his large hands up and down my back with gentle, caressing motions, I quivered. I could feel his cock getting harder and longer inside of me. My head began to spin and I exploded. I begged him to stop, but he wouldn't. He had me right where he wanted me, and I loved it. I felt his dangling balls push into the crack of my ass and his huge prick jerking with contractions. As his joy-juice squirted into me, I fainted dead away.

When I regained consciousness, I was still plastered to his glorious body. When he got up to go to the other room, I tried to follow him, but I couldn't move. He laughed, watching me try to get up. "Well what do you think?" he asked. "I told you I would give you the fucking of your life." This glorious, handsome man has been fucking and sucking me for the last year, now and I've never been happier.—*Name and address withheld*

THERMODYNAMICS

A recent experience has taught me that the use of a basic medical diagnostic device can have a pleasurable and erotic effect on both sexes. This device is found in almost any medicine cabinet. It is a thermometer.

Until recently, I had never thought that taking one's temperature could have an erotic effect. I came home from work one evening feeling slightly feverish. I went to the medicine cabinet and removed an oral thermometer from its case. As I attempted to shake the thermometer down, my doorbell rang. Surprised by this noise, I carelessly let the thermometer slip from my fingers. It shattered in the sink.

I opened the door and found my neighbor Carol, a shapely, attractive and single woman in her early twenties, with mail in her hand. She was still dressed in her nurse's uniform and had just returned from work at the local hospital. Some of my mail had been mixed in with hers and she wanted to give it to me.

After handing me the mail, Carol asked how everything was going. I then explained that I had been feeling slightly ill and, as a matter of fact, was attempting to take my temperature when the doorbell surprised me, causing me to break the thermometer. She suggested that since she had indirectly caused me to break the thermometer, she lend me a hand by taking my temperature. The offer seemed simple enough, so I agreed.

I should have been suspicious of her method of temperature taking when she suggested that I get on my bed for the procedure. While I sat on the edge of my bed, Carol explained that as a pediatric nurse, she normally kept a thermometer in her uniform pocket. When she removed the glass object from its case, I winced. The instrument had a rounded pear-shaped end. Carol then stepped into my bathroom. She returned with a jar of petroleum

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jelly and told me to lie down on my stomach. It was then that I knew for sure the thermometer was rectal.

I immediately protested and explained that I couldn't even remember my temperature being taken rectally, particularly by a woman my own age. Carol then argued that a rectal temperature is a simple procedure that clearly yields the most accurate temperature reading, especially when compared with the oral method. She stressed that it was the only thermometer she had with her and that I should act my age and let a professional nurse do her job.

Eventually I gave in to her logic. I slowly loosened my pants and lay on my stomach. But I began to think twice about it when Carol grabbed the waistbands of my pants and underpants and quickly pulled them down to my knees, exposing my bare bottom. She then lubricated the thermometer and placed her hand on my buttocks. The result of her touch was an out-and-out erection. As she separated the cheeks of my ass, I became tense. She told me to relax. It was then that I felt Carol gently slip the cold, petroleum-jelly-coated thermometer into my rear. The feeling was incredible. The cold glass was obviously pressing against my sensitive prostate gland. That feeling, combined with her smooth hand across my bottom, aroused me greatly.

With the thermometer still inserted, she told me to lie still while she went up to her apartment for some cold capsules. After she left, the rubbing caused by movement of my hips along with the thought of what was occurring and the sensation of the cold thermometer in my rear produced an incredible ejaculation.

Carol returned and removed the thermometer. She gently slapped my backside and told me that next time I should not act like one of her pediatric patients by protesting the rectal temperature taking. She informed me that I had a slight temperature and that she would leave the thermometer with me for further use.

In a few days, after recovering, I was able to return the favor. I went next door to return the thermometer to Carol and discovered that she had apparently caught the same bug I had. Carol was in her pajamas and had come home early from work because she was feeling feverish. I asked her what her temperature was and she stated that she had brought home an oral thermometer but had not yet taken her temp because she had just had a cup of hot tea. Evidently, warm drinks alter temperature readings.

I then handed her the rectal thermometer and offered to return her a favor by taking her temperature. She immediately protested, just as I had done. I reminded Carol of the same argument she had made to me—particularly her stressing the accuracy of the method. When I called her on her hypocrisy, she agreed.

Carol took the thermometer, shook it down, and went to her bathroom to smear it with petroleum jelly. She then called me into her bedroom and handed me the well-lubed object. She quickly lay down on her stomach and slipped down her pajama bottoms, revealing a beautifully shaped bottom. I proceeded to separate her buttocks and noticed that she had become wet and very stimulated. I gently inserted the thermometer into her ass as she let out a quiet moan. I thought it would be best if I left the room, so I went into the next room. Through the door, I watched as she layed bottomless on the bed. After a few moments, I noticed that she had placed her hand between her legs and was massaging her clitoris. Obviously, the erotic effect of having a rectal thermometer placed in one's rear by a member of the opposite sex has erotic effects for both men and women. After some time, I returned to Carol's bedroom and removed the thermometer from her bottom. I informed her that she was definitely warm.—*Name and address withheld*

SWEET REVENGE

Four years ago, my husband, Jim, and I split up after four years of marriage. During our marriage, Jim really got into bizarre sex: wanting me to wear garter belts, heels, and heavy makeup and to dominate him. Usually I found this degrading, but it usually led to hours of sexual bliss for me, as he satisfied me orally. Recently, after endless boring hours in cocktail lounges, I began to miss those sessions. And since Jim has never bothered with me after we split and has remarried, feelings of intense jealousy arose in me. I sought for revenge.

After a trip to Frederick's of Hollywood, I decided to see how far I could go. I

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snapped a picture of myself, from the waist down, in a garter belt, stockings, and heels. On the back I wrote a date, a time, a telephone number, and the words "Mistress Ginger commands your obedience," and tossed it into the mailbox. I wasn't shocked when the phone rang at precisely the designated time. "Mistress Ginger commands your presence, your worship, and your complete obedience, slave," I said. He sounded intrigued, so I gave him an address and an appointment.

I admitted Jim to my apartment and immediately commanded him to strip and prostrate himself before me. Attired in my highest heels, seamed stockings, garter belt, heavy makeup, and a sexy short skirt, I circled him, giving him gentle kicks with my foot. I explained that he would have to do exactly as I said or the session would end, and that he would never be given the same opportunity again. I also comforted him by telling him that I had no intention of telling his wife.

After knocking down several drinks, I began to humiliate him verbally by asking him if he missed my pussy. I made him crawl to me and kiss my feet and beg for a chance to eat me. Instead of allowing him any pleasure, I told him there was no way a mistress could ever share her pussy with a male slave. I began to masturbate. I licked my fingers and moaned about the good taste of pussy. After this period of torture, I decided to go further in my process of humiliation, since not only was I enjoying myself, but watching his prick aching to explode was just too much of a turn-on.

I arose and sat Jim in the chair. I turned my back to him, bent over, raised my skirt, and placed my ass in his face. "So why don't you kiss your mistress's ass hole? C'mon, lick where the shit comes out," I said. He didn't need much more of an invitation. I told him that if he did a good job and begged alot, I'd let him be my ass whore and just maybe he would eventually get some pussy.

I was enjoying humiliating him so much that I forgot how nervous I was. I commanded him to follow me into the bathroom and take a seat in front of my lighted makeup mirror. "Since you like pussy so much," I told him, "I think you should look like one too." I made him up with eyeliner, mascara, lipstick, false eyelashes, and a blond wig.

Next it was into the bedroom, where I began to dress him in a garter belt, heels, stockings, etc. I began to taunt him further. I told him that he was a pretty little whore and made him dance and pose for me.

After pulling out a dildo, I began to fuck myself. I commanded my whore to eat my ass. Next, I pulled out the wet dildo and told him it was my cock and commanded him to suck it like a good little whore. He did it immediately.

Ordering him on his hands and knees, I proceeded to penetrate his ass with the strapped-on dildo. Needless to say, my humiliation was now complete. "Take that cock, you big whore! Take it up your cunt!" I shouted as I had the most violent orgasm of my life. I wasn't done, however, with my revenge. Before letting him leave, I led him into the shower, still attired as my whore, and commanded him to jack himself off. After masturbating myself to another orgasm, I pissed all over him as he lay on the floor of the shower. After showering, he made his way to the door to leave. With a vengeful laugh, I said, "Next time I need a good fuck, I'll give you a call, whore."

—Name and address withheld

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or, for this month's copy, send $2.50 to **Forum Magazine,** P.O. Box 358, Belleville, New Jersey 07109.

PHOTO CREDITS

Pet of the Month Antonia Larsen, who appears on page 75, was photographed by Hank Londoner with a Nikon F3 camera, Nikkor 500 and 80-200 zoom lenses, and Kodachrome 64 film. Hank Londoner also photographed this month's cover. Heather Lynn, who appears on page 56, was photographed by Allan J. Wash with a Nikon F2 camera body, an MD3 motordrive, and Nikkor 24, 80, 135, and 180 lenses. "Birds of a Feather," featuring Candice Starrek and her pet falcon, Maltese, was photographed by John Copeland with a Nikon F2AS, Nikkor 24, 105, 135, and 43-86 zoom lenses, and Norman and Balcar lighting equipment. It begins on page 101.

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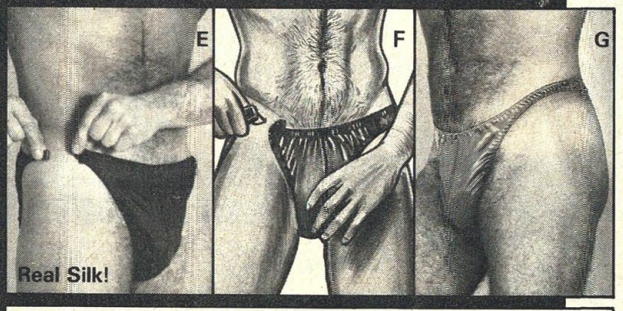

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U.P.I.

AMERICAN JUSTICE IS A CRIME

If you are one of millions of people who believe the courts are too lenient, you are probably right. The last 20 years of legal decisions ultimately are allowing criminals to go loose on the flimsiest of procedural errors. In an exhaustive examination of the American justice system, reporter Bill Tucker explains why violent crime continues to run rampant in the United States. And in an accompanying story, writers Ernest Volkman and John Cummings peer under the black robes of our judges and find a large number of them to be a thoroughly unqualified and incompetent lot.

JOHN MUTH

MAFIA PRINCESS

For years, Sam Giancana was one of America's most powerful and ruthless Mafia bosses. He personally ordered the executions of hundreds of people—even plotting with the CIA to assassinate Fidel Castro. Eight years ago, Giancana himself was murdered in a mysterious gangland-style rubout. Now, in an exclusive *Penthouse* interview, his daughter Antoinette discloses what it's really like to grow up in a Mafia family and talks about her father's relationship with Frank Sinatra, how her life was almost destroyed by Giancana's strange Jekyll-and-Hyde personality, and her forthcoming autobiography, *Mafia Princess*, which will be published by William Morrow.

HERBERT SCHULTZ

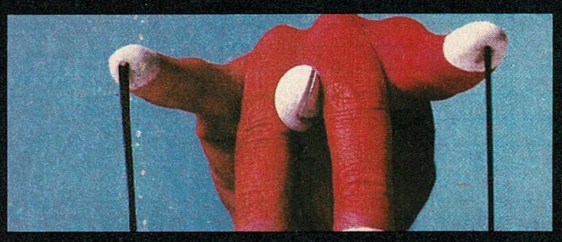
STAR QUALITY

Best known for his portrayal of Harold Abrahams, the idealistic Jewish runner in *Chariots of Fire*, Ben Cross is featured in the latest line of spring outerwear. In an unprecedented fashion appearance, Cross speaks candidly about women, clothing, his past, and a demanding career. Adding Olympian status to outerwear is just one of the intrinsic talents that will undoubtedly make Cross one of tomorrow's superstars. Of men's fashion, Cross says, "Men have come a long way."

U.P.I.

DEATH AIRLINE

After Korean Airlines Flight 007 was shot down, most Western nations denied the official Soviet airline, Aeroflot, landing rights for a few weeks. Then they lifted the ban. Aviation writer Jerome Chandler argues that the ban should have been in place years ago, and should be permanent. His reasons have nothing to do with unprovoked attacks or East-West wars of words: They have to do with safety. Chandler explains that Soviet aviation is a long story of disaster and cover-up, and that anyone boarding a Soviet airliner is gambling with his life.



ROBERTO MARCHIORI

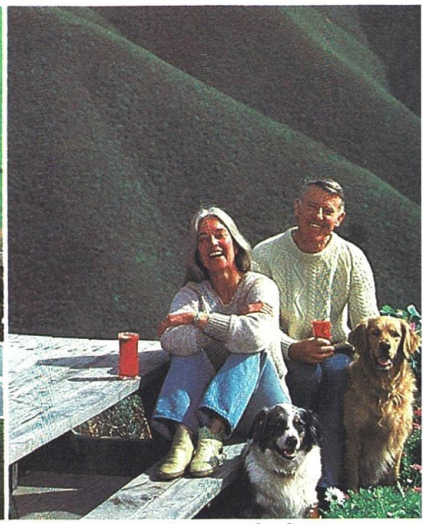
DIGITAL DIVERSIONS

Games are where you find them—in coins, matchsticks, quiz questions, or poetry (as in this month's "Unprintable Limericks"). Even at the ends of your arms, as in these unusual forms of artwork by Italian artist Mario Mariotti, published in his picture books *Hanimals* and *Humands* (Green Tiger Press). Games editor Scot Morris will look at more Mariotti handjobs and other weird art, along with the usual mix of puzzles, in the March *Penthouse*.

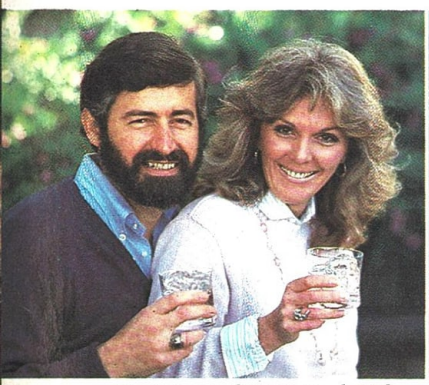
Rum. It's What's Happening.

America is switching from vodka and gin to Puerto Rican white rum. It's happening in Monterey and everywhere else.

After a round on the fabulous Pebble Beach course, there's nothing like a refreshing white rum and tonic. Just ask Cypress Point's Jim Langley and Johnny Pott of Carmel Valley Ranch.



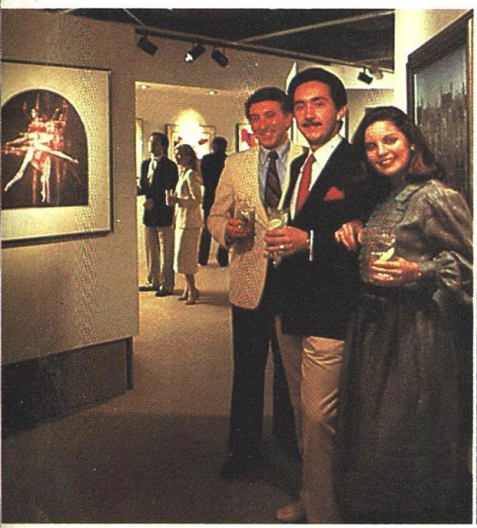
A pre-brunch white rum Bloody Mary at the scenic Big Sur digs of Will and Carol Surman.



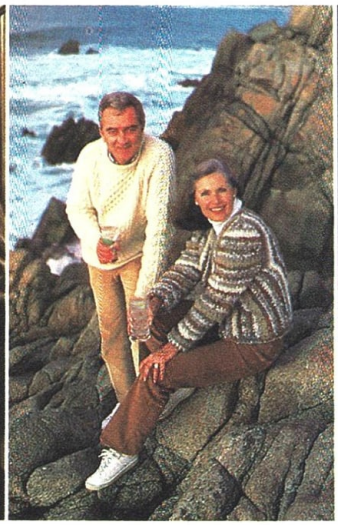
Monterey residents Kenneth and Virginia Bartlett with smiles all around and rum on the rocks.

After a lively doubles match, Tricia Alliotti, Theresa Briant, Maureen Duffy and Vance Killen pause for rum screwdrivers. Seen with Pebble Beach Tennis Club Pro Andy Briant.

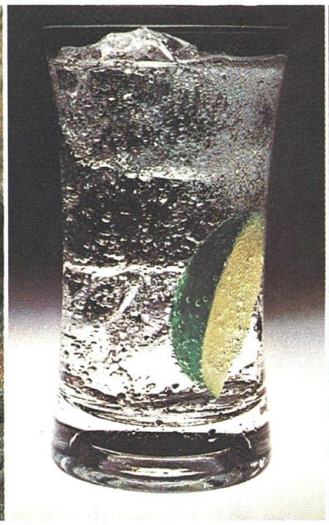
Imagine savoring a rum and tonic on the running board of your own 1923 Rolls-Royce! Antique car collector Win Estes.



A party at Carmel's Atelier Galerie. Owner Sam Ehrenberg and Puerto Rican visitors Ricardo and Ingrid Jimenez. With white rum, of course.



Carmel attorney Don Hubbard and his wife Phyllis like white rum with their whitecaps.



Puerto Rican white rum has a smoothness vodka or gin can't match. Because it's aged one full year—by law.

Airline executive Norm Edwards and his wife Jackie take a rum and tonic along on a Saturday afternoon stroll.

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